

RHODES



R H O D E S

By

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*The fronsipiece is a reproduction
of the death-mask of Rhodan*

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RHODES

CHAPTER I

THE MATOPPOS AND BISHOP STORTFORD

1

"YOU worship Rhodes?" George Meredith wrote to a lady. "I would crown him and then scourge him with his crown till on him."

He wrote on April 22nd, 1890. The Boer War had a month to go. Rhodes was dead a month. He died at the age of forty-eight, less pleasantly than he had supposed people did die of heart disease. "At any rate, Jameson, death from the heart is clean and quick. There's nothing repulsive about it. It's a clean death, isn't it?"

But they say the heat at Cape Town that summer was a plague. Such summers come to Cape Town. Then the blue hydrangeas climbing up the mountain at Rhodes' command he pulled in their tracks, the whiteness of his house is a pain to the eyes, the Indian and Atlantic Oceans meet and the van air is not stirred by the gigantic emulose.

And in such a heat Rhodes, his clothes unbuttoned, his face swollen and purple, his knee wet beneath his grey, streaked hair, wandered from room to room of Great Selous, his house, trying to breathe. He lay on a couch in the darkened drawing-room and could not breathe. He crouched on a chair at his desk and could not breathe. He laboured up to his bedroom and slept in it. He stood at the window that faced his mountain. Below him a regiment of flowers, in big, hard, brilliant, scarless masses, climbed the mountain slope by regular steps, and the trees he had lopped of their branches that screened the mountain, striped with black in purple and blue.

But what would a man see of such things who could not breathe?

2

3

He was carried to his cottage by the sea, and they made a hole in the wall to let in the air, and laid ice between the ceiling and the iron roof to cool it, and waved punka to stir it to life.

Every day for two weeks his coloured man got ready a cart and horses to take him to his farm in the Drakmanian Mountains. But he was not called upon to inspect. Rhodes decided instead to go to England. It was cold now in England. Life seemed to be in that coffin.

It was arranged that he should sail on March 16th, a cabin was fitted with electric fans and oxygen tubes and refrigerating pipes. He died on the day he should have left.

A man might think the worshippings, coverings and accompanings of his world an equal facility who had given his name to a currency and could not get a little air.

II

Rhodes was born in an English village on July 25th, 1863. He began in the little greenness of a place called Bishop Stanford and he ended in the granite desolation of a land called after himself.

Rhodes rests in a grave of rock. Here he came to breed on mortality, and here he chose to be laid. Forcibly, grotesquely piled boulders, hurrying agitated monkeys lead to it. The approach is alive. But on the other side of this hill of granite, this glacier of black stones so smooth it is hard to climb, on the other side of this smooth, shivering, black hill on which there lie carelessly, as if in an abandoned game of Tsching-naga, stones round as sea-pebbles and large as houses, a world spreads itself of rough grey rocks spattered out on a desert landscape like the final vomit of planets long since dead.

In a cave near Rhodes sits the skeleton of the Matabele who taught him how a monarch who was also a poet should be buried. As the Matabele to Bishop Stanford, so Matabe-

lance to the Williams, Thomases, and Samuels of Rhodes' ancestry who farmed or made bricks or bought land in London and the country; so Cecil Rhodes to the vicar, his father, whose sermons lasted exactly ten minutes.

The meaning of Rhodes' ancestry lies in its very lack of meaning. It proves merely that men like Rhodes came independent of their begetting and also of their land. And Rhodes himself recognized this when he set no name beside his own on his tombstone: not of ancestor or of birthplace. He was that being, Cecil John Rhodes, belonging to nobody, belonging to everybody—self-contained. He exemplified this largeness of spirit, this desire, for good or evil, to go big, which is called greatness and which is the attribute of no nation.

For greatness is a sort of genius: a quality, not an accident or an achievement, a gift and not an inheritance. It inhabits a man like poetry or courage. The great man may not be better than the next man, he has his vices like anybody else, and as there are minor poets there may even be lesser great men—village, if not world, great men. The point is that greatness is a kind of spiritual growth gland that makes for enlargement. The great man enlarges himself as the poet writes.

He is equally conscious of his gift. He knows the mould he has to fill. He is dedicated to the work of filling it. It is the first sign of greatness in a man that he is aware of his greatness. 'Be not afraid of greatness!' He is not afraid of greatness! From the beginning he has asked Life, not, like a beggar, for a penny, but, like a creditor, for a pound. When Rhodes is here called great, the quality of hisness is meant.

Rhodes used to say he left England, not so much from love of adventure or on account of his health, but because he could no longer stand the eternal cold weather. What did he mean but that he wanted a larger life? He came to South Africa when he was sixteen.

His brother Herbert, the eldest son, was there before him.

Cecil Rhodes was one of a family of twelve. He had a half-sister, two sisters, and nine brothers, two of whom died young. Of all this family of big-boned, quelling, well-placed men and women only two married—the half-sister and James, the brother following Cecil. Does it mean anything in particular for so many people in a family not to marry, anything that would concern scientists? Or is it that things are sometimes just simply what they are, and the Rhodeses were captured by adventure and it would not release them to the prosaic business of settling down? The Rhodes men, descendants, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, of cowkeepers, brickmakers, landowners—not to mention their paternal father—were soldiers or emigrants. Their father had wanted them all to become parsons. But they were not of those who remain quietly at home. To this extent Cecil was like his brothers. But his brothers had not his ruthlessness, his imagination, his desire, that capacity for utter absorption in an idea which was his genius and made him Rhodes.

If Rhodes' mind found something to engage it, that was all he could think of, that was all he could talk about, that was the cross (one of his favourite words) the cross of everything. An idea would appear to him in a certain form, in a certain combination of words, and he could not bring himself to express it in any other but that form or combination. Over and over again the same thought, the same phrase would come out, not to be abandoned until every possible relation to it had been explored. Rhodes is supposed never to have made a note for his speeches. But, actually, he rehearsed them, sometimes to the point of boredom, in his conversations, for he talked of nothing but what concerned him at the moment. And it mostly depended on the kind of thought it was—a minor one or a major one, a thought of few facts or many,

fact—it depended on how long it took him to explore this thought, whether he held it an hour, a year or a lifetime. Some thoughts he did not give up in his lifetime. He spoke of them as thoughts. 'I am giving you these thoughts.' 'If I may put to you my thoughts.' 'I will give you the history of a thought.' 'Work with these thoughts.' 'The North is my thought.' 'Co-operation is my thought.' . . .

This force of concentration was the difference between Rhodes and his brothers, between Rhodes and people who are not like Rhodes.

His sister Edith is said to have resembled him. His sister Edith, however, became no Master Bishops or Gertrude Bell or Florence Nightingale. To match Cecil Rhodes that is what she should have become. Unproved potentialities are the spirits of the dead whose limits may be the universe, but they merely tap a table. There are no more inglorious Milnes. The point about a Milne is precisely that he is neither more nor inglorious.

Although Cecil adventured to South Africa to join Herbert, in the end, of course, most of the brothers buzzed about Cecil. One, Arthur Montagu, found himself a farmer near Bulwerpo, and, after the Matabele rising, he put in a claim for meadows destroyed. When it was discovered that the meadows had never existed he explained that he had an arrangement for supplying the natives with seed-grain, and sharing the resulting crops with them. The seed had not been planted on account of the rising. Therefore he wanted reparation. Cecil wrote across his brother's claim: 'This is the most impudent claim that has yet been submitted.'

Of his brother Bernard he said: 'Ah, yes, Bernard is a charming fellow. He rides, shoots and fishes. In fact, he is a leader.'

He said to one of his secretaries: 'I have four brothers, each in a different branch of the British Army, and not one of them could take a company through Hyde Park Gate.'

Herbert, the chief Rhodes wanderer, camping solitary in

Africa, opened a cask of gin. It caught fire, and he was burnt to death.

Frank was a man of charm, popular with men, and still more with women. People speak much of his delightfulness. Two months before the Jameson Raid he took the place of his brother Ernest as Cecil's representative in Johannesburg on his gold companies. He found himself caught up in intrigues foreign to his easy nature and ended as one of the leaders in the movement that led to the Raid. With three others he was sentenced to death, but all four were released on payment of a fine.

Kruger said of Frank Rhodes that he was the only man among the rebels who knew his business. His fellows thought otherwise. They mostly said: 'Dear old Frankie.' Men who knew him in those days still speak of him as Frankie.

The name of Cecil does not yield itself to diminutives. But no one ever called the big Rhodes even Cecil. He was called Rhodes as a boy at school. He was called The Old Man when he was thirty—and by men twice his age.

Frankie was not only popular but honest. He clearly told the truth at the inquiry that followed the Raid.

The inheritors of Rhodes' estate in England were the descendants of Ernest, and it was they who were compelled by Rhodes' will to work before entering into their possession.

IV

Unlike his elder brother, Rhodes had not been sent to Winchester or Eton. There must have come a link, even for a man wealthy enough to build a church, to sending sons to Winchester or Eton. Cecil went to the Bishop Stortford Grammar School, and his career there may be judged from the blighting fact that he won a medal for education.

He left this school when he was sixteen, and read under his father. He had an idea he might like to become a clergyman or a barrister. But then he was found to be tubercular

and sent out to Herbert in Natal. He arrived on September 22, 1870, after a seventy-days' voyage, and joined Herbert as a cotton planter. He was enlisted, as an immigrant, to fifty acres of land to be paid for in five years.

In Natal, for a year, he struggled against caterpillars, beet-worms, and his own inexperience; made friends with a youth related to the President of Oriel, and invested his earliest savings in a new local railway. Then he followed Herbert, always the impatient planter, to the newly discovered diamond fields in Griqualand West. He was now eighteen. At this age Clive was shipped to India. At this age, too, Warren Hastings went to India. And at this age Alexander Hamilton, the Federalist, born an Englishman in the West Indies, wrote a series of papers in defence of the rights of the American colonies as against England.

Rhodes is not known to have remarked on the man who, a century earlier, helped to federate America as he wished to federate Africa, but he did once speak to W. T. Stead of those Englishmen ('so low have we fallen!') who considered it a good thing that England had lost the United States. 'There are some subjects on which there can be no argument, and to an Englishman this is one of them. But even from an American point of view just picture what they have lost. . . .' 'Fancy,' he writes later in his open letter to Stead, 'the chance to young America to share in a scheme to take the government of the world.'

The government of the world was Rhodes' simple desire.

CHAPTER II

THE SOUTH AFRICA TO WHICH RHODES CAME

SOUTH AFRICA is no less sentimental than other lands. It likes to refer to itself, first, as a young country; second, as a country made safe and great for a white civilization by its ancestry of pioneers. It forgets that, like America, it was settled by people who came from the great civilizations of Europe, and grew uncivilized in the process of pioneering. It ignores the contradiction of the two boasts, their mutual cancellation.

There are no young countries to-day—no countries rightfully immature. To which country is the past now not an equal inheritance and the present an open dedication? We are alike as old as history, the poets that praise, the seers and gas that draw, the wires and the waves that speak. If in this twentieth century a country remains young it is suffering from arrested development.

And then the pioneers, the early settlers. In South Africa, as in America, there is talk of these pioneers and these settlers. In the United States they say the real America is the Middle West because the descendants of pioneers live there and work the land. These are held to be *per se* Americans than the inhabitants of New York because the British, Dutch, Swedish, French, German, Scottish, and Irish blood in them is an older mixture. Yet no one has demonstrated why the meaning of a country should lie in its earliest corners unless they have done something beside come first: why, except in a race, there is any merit in doing a thing first apart from that which attaches to the demonstration of its possibility. Nor is the *methodus* necessarily the *significans*.

Pioneering is still going on in various parts of South Africa, ..

and one can see with one's own eyes that pioneers are not always better than other people. The very foreigners of New York may be the oriental America. If no white man had come to South Africa before 1850 the South Africa of to-day would have been, materially, little different, and, spiritually, not, in every sense, worse. Old roots, old bonds, their traditions, might not have been there, and the dignity of long possession, and, among tangible things, some noble houses and furniture. But also a few old herds might not have existed; and, courageous and touching as was the advance of the pioneers through the unknown—a thing admirable in itself of which the memory may well be treasured—the actual effect of that advance: the clearing of the land of savages, its tentative cultivation, could now be achieved in two or three years with the aid of a certain number of machine guns and motor tractors. Now are generations needed to create a feeling for Africa. It is a land that does not softly melt the heart, but that seizes (as it seized Rhodes) with a swift and passionate grip.

Pioneers—pioneers anywhere—struggling along, living hard and painfully, leave a sentiment, but little else: for they have small help for their minds, and their energy goes out in sweat. Art, thought, and invention comes with ease, and are nourished, as the history of nations through the centuries shows, by prosperity. When the times are stirring and triumphant, *desires arise*: body, senses, and spirit alike demand gratification; and the creature is stimulated to provide that gratification.

South Africa did not exist for the world, and hardly for itself, until its gold and diamonds were discovered.

II

The story of gold in South Africa is an older story than the story of diamonds. They say the Phœnicians once landed on the coast of Mozambique and came to dig for gold in the country destined to bear Rhodes' name, that they worshipped

Baal and Ashtar: there still sacrificed black bulls as some African tribes do to this day. Even the gold of Solomon's Temple, the story, came from Africa, and Southern Rhodesia they call the very land of Ophir, and from the River Sabi (they declare) rose Saba's name.

The stories are pretty, and Rhodes liked to think of them, but scientists are no longer sure that the ruins in Rhodesia from which such dreams arise are anything but the work of Africans, and so perhaps Milton was better informed when he spoke of Soffala as Ophir:

'Mozambique, and Guinea and Malindi,
And Soffala, call'd Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo and Angola furthest South.'

Who knows but that Milton once studied the map of Africa 'done into English by J. S. (John Speed) and published at the charges of G. Humble Arce 1665,' which, among such information as 'here the Americans are said to inhabit,' 'The King of Guinea is adored by the common people,' 'The sons of the Emperor of Ethiopia are held inward in a hill,' points out—in the wrong place—'Here is gold digged up in great quantities'?

Diamonds, although Anthony Trollope once heard an American lecturer speak of a mission map, printed in 1735, on which was written 'Here be diamonds' ('I have not,' comments Trollope, 'seen such a map. . . . Such a map would be most interesting if it could be produced'), diamonds were not found in South Africa until 1867.

In this year a Dutch farmer saw a neighbour's children playing at marbles, and one of the stones was white and bright. The farmer admired the stone, and it was given him. He showed it to some diamond merchants, who considered it worthless. He had it sent to a mineralogist who valued it at £500. At this price it was bought by the Governor of the Cape, who allowed it to be displayed. That is the history of the first diamond found in South Africa.

The second was the discovery of the same farmer. It was being used by a native witch-doctor in his wizardry business, and the farmer bought it for 100 sheep, 20 cows and a horse—all he had. But he knew a diamond now when he saw it. The stone weighed 13 carats, he sold it for over eleven thousand pounds to a trader who would it for twenty-five thousand. 'This diamond is called 'The Star of South Africa.'

There were experts who regarded the two diamonds as fakes. One such expert, whose name was Gregory, reported that there was no diamondiferous ground in South Africa. Hence a blunder came to be known in South Africa as a Gregory.

And now people began to look for diamonds. Two years later they were found in various places over a stretch of eighty miles along the Vaal River. Still another year later they were picked up on the open veld, and the Boers who owned the farms on that veld, which now hold the greatest diamond mines in the world, thankfully sold these farms for two thousand, two thousand six hundred, six thousand pounds, packed their ox-waggons and again walked into the emptiness—away from the vultures sweeping down on the land and picking bare its bones. And so Kimberley began.

It is reported that, in later years, old man de Beer protested to his wife that he should have asked, not six thousand, but six million pounds for his land:

'But what would we have done with all that money? There are only the two of us, and this house is big enough. We have our front-room, and our bedroom, and our kitchen. What more do we want?'

'We could have had a new waggon.'

'We have enough to buy twenty new waggons.'

'And a new Cape cart to go to service—to Nachtnaal.'

'That, too, we can afford. . . . Ah, my little heart, be easy. What have we to trouble about? 'We have enough.'

But the people who followed old de Beer and his wife could never have enough. All over South Africa there are

those who made fortunes in Kimberley, and could not have enough; who, like the fisherman of the fairy-tale, began in a hovel and wished for more and more until the world itself was too little for them, and the charm broke and they were back in their little old hovel again.

III

It is appropriate that Rhodes should have come to Kimberley in the very month of England's proclamation to her rivals and the world that Griqualand West—Kimberley—the Diamond Fields—was British territory.

What right had England to the Diamond Fields? What right had anybody? There are a people in South Africa who complacently call themselves the *Bastards* (officially the *Griqua*) because the blood in them is a mixture of white, Hottentot, and Bantu. Early in the century missionaries had helped them to settle in the land that is now Griqualand West, and there they had killed off the Bushmen and established a Government. They had then wandered this way and that along the Orange River; claimed rights in what is now the Orange Free State; sold them to the Boers for four thousand pounds; and finally crossed the dangerous Drakensberg to found the new dominion of Griqualand East.

When diamonds were discovered in Griqualand West England said Griqualand West was the possession of one Nicholas Waterboer, of the royal line of Bastard Waterboers, and that Waterboer wanted England to take over his country. Against this, the Orange Free State, asking, at the moment, on paper money, protested that, since she had taxpayers there, Griqualand West was hers; and the Transvaal, recently unable to float a loan of three hundred pounds, said No, there were certain concessions. It was born.

At a village on the Vaal River the diggers hoisted a republican flag, and elected as president Stafford Packer, at one time an able seaman in the British Navy.

From this distance of time it all seems merely comic: hereditary ruler Nicholas Waterboer, the Bastard; President Parker, A.B.; the failure of the three-hundred-pound Transvaal loan flotation; the conquest of kingdoms by this vagrant half-Hottentot at last. But behind the comedy was the first wealth that had ever come to South Africa, hitherto a poor and humble country, whose golden air was no use for barter. Much bitterness flowed from the rivalry for the Diamond Fields. And although the Transvaal withdrew her claim without much further talk, and President Parker hoisted down his flag to make way for England, the Free State has not yet overcome the feelings with which she accepted from England, in full settlement of her rights, the sum of ninety thousand pounds.

Into this atmosphere of treasure and intrigue, of covetousness, claim and imperial passion, walked the tall, thinking youth, Cecil John Rhodes.

IV

To this imperial passion, despite the fact that he himself never matched his ideal of an Englishman, to such a passion Rhodes could not have been a stranger when he arrived in Kimberley.

He may have had—he did have—the kind of genius that entrances the legal world when Rufus Isaacs, without reference to his documents, cross-examined Whittaker Wright for hours on questions of finance. Rhodes, too, learnt to do that sort of thing. His speech concerning the amalgamation of all the diamond mines and the buying out of his rivals is nine thousand words long, it is as detailed as it seems clear and simple, and he made it, so they say, without looking at a note. Nor was this the sort of speech to be rehearsed, as before, in conversation. . . .

Again, if photographs and anecdotes are any guide, Rhodes may have developed the face, not so definitely as he imagined,

of a Roman Emperor as of a rather impressive Hebrew financier (a secretary of his tells how he was once mistaken for a Jewish trader by his own Rhodians). . . .

Still, Jewish genius or Jewish face, a Jew he was not. He was, on the contrary, the son of a Church of England clergyman. He belonged to a family that, in the English manner, sent its sons from personages to playing-fields and battle-grounds. The family even moved in those circles that are called 'country.' As it happens, he himself was of those natural merchants of sight of whom, according to Emerson, Nature herself seems to authorize trade; whom, indeed, as he says, she elevates from the ranks of private agents to be her very factors and Ministers of Commerce. Rhodes could not, therefore, be so limited as to express in his person merely a national ideal. Nevertheless, he had always in his mind the sense of his English background. It directed his aims and strengthened his dealings.

When, for instance, there was the question as to who should control the diamond mines, he, or the East End Jew, Barney Barnato, Rhodes played as one of his trump cards membership of the Kimberley Club. For Barnato might be a millionaire; he might buy a house in Park Lane; he might, in the year whose end was to see also the end of Rhodes' triumphant ascent, avert, through his dealings, a panic on the London Stock Exchange—he could not, until Rhodes worked it, achieve what a man who had an Old England behind him found waiting in his path: he could not get into the little iron-roofed Kimberley Club.

Membership, then, of the Kimberley Club was one of the things Rhodes offered Barnato when they were playing for the diamond mines. It went into the scale. "This is no mere money transaction," he said to Barnato. "I propose to make a gentleman of you."

It seems incredible that a gentleman should have said it, or a man accepted it. One has to allow much for the middaying smile or gesture. The fact remains that Barnato agreed

to let Rhodes make a gentleman of him by getting him into the Kimberley Club.

Barnato had as good a business head as Rhodes. But Rhodes, and not Barnato, came to control de Beers, because Rhodes had this advantage over Barnato: he could play with other things than money. Barnato had only money, and in the end he found it not enough.

If Rhodes did not realize the advantage of being English in blood and bone before he arrived in Kimberley, he learnt to appreciate it there. In this cosmopolitan hubbed being English seemed more than an advantage, it seemed a rare and lovely virtue.

The time came when Rhodes could say of a man (it was his friend, Earl Grey): 'Take heed of him, all of you, for in him you see one of the finest products of England . . . an English gentleman.'

It was in Kimberley that Rhodes learnt many things about England, and, first of all, by immediate example, how England went about answering countries, and, second, how she justified such answer.

V

Kimberley is an ugly town. It is an ugly town to-day. But when Anthony Trollope saw it six years after Rhodes sorted his first wash he said that an uglier place he did not know how to imagine. There had been no rain, Trollope reports, for months. The temperature was a hundred and sixty degrees in the sun and ninety-seven degrees in the shade. There was not a tree within five miles, nor a blade of grass within twenty, nor a house of anything but corrugated iron, nor food fit to eat. There were no pavements. The roadways were of dust and holes. The atmosphere was of dust and flies. 'I seemed to breathe dust rather than air. . . . I was soon sick of looking at diamonds.'

Yet it was not this barrenness of Kimberley that struck

Rhodes' imagination, making him think of softer, greener lands. Rhodes loved Kimberley. When life failed him—perhaps, more significantly, when he failed life—when, in his later years, he needed management, he came for it to Kimberley. He had a house opposite the Kimberley Club in the main street of Kimberley where to-day there are only shops. The house was small, ugly, hot and uncomfortable—a working man, at thirty pounds a month, would demand a better. Sir James Rose Innes, later in Rhodes' Cabinet, and still later Chief Justice of the Union, describes how, in the year Rhodes entered Parliament, this house looked. A corrugated-iron chimney. Soiled and rumpled bedclothes on an iron bed. A Gladstone bag for a bolster. . . . It was one of the Kimberley anecdotes: how a man lived who was in Parliament and had just floated a company for two hundred thousand pounds.

But Rhodes was happy in it. All over South Africa one may still meet men who loved Kimberley in its first days and love it now. It is perhaps their youth in Kimberley they really love, the eagerness that will not come again, the thought of those days when wealth dropped on men as in dreams, and they could be young and rich who are now merely old and rich. But, whether it is this or that, still their hearts draw them to Kimberley.

So it was not the ugliness of Kimberley that set Rhodes dreaming of English things. It was not the town itself, but it was, very likely, almost certainly, the people in it.

VI

What sort of people—the natives apart—came to dig in Kimberley? They are described by old-timers, by one or two scoundrelous writers of those days, by several not so scoundrelous, also by Froese and Trollope.

Froese compares them to a squalid Wimbledon camp. 'Beholdians of all nations,' he says—American and Australian

diggers, German speculators, traders, salmon-keepers, professional gamblers. . . .

'They may be the gems of a great future colony, or the diamonds may give out and they may disappear like a loosest screw. It is impossible to say. The diggers were in a state of impatient inaction when I arrived.'

Trollope comments on the vagabondness of their existence.

'I am often struck by the amount of idleness," he says, "which people can allow themselves whose occupations have diverged from the common work of the world. . . . I can conceive no occupation on earth more dreary—hardly any more demoralising than this of perpetually turning over dirt in quest of a peculiar little stone which may turn up once a week or may not. I could not but think . . . of the comparative nobility of the work of a shoemaker who by every pull of his thread is helping to keep some person's foot dry.'

One may judge by these descriptions, particularly by Trollope's comment on the idleness of the digger, that the early Kimberley must have been much like the diggings of to-day. Indeed, even worse. For to-day there is the cinema, the taxi and the motor-car. The digger is not cut off from the world. In Rhodes' time in Kimberley the diversions were drinking, gambling, coloured prostitutes, an occasional boxing-match, dances or amateur entertainment. And the diggers (except for the occasional decent youngsters, gaily adventurous, and the anxious strivers that go everywhere), the diggers were the denizens of other worlds and other occupations; men restless, feckless, unable to work for themselves, unable to work for a master, with nothing to lose and only luck to hope for. As soon as this luck gave out they would expect to hurry away, and their conduct would not be regulated by the fears and responsibilities of the citizen who remains where he must answer to-morrow for his actions of yesterday.

When one reads in the shabby chronicles of those days of the practical jokes, the adorable bar-ladies, the houses of ill

lives, the girls, 'slightly off-colour,' put up to rackets, the drinking, prize-fighting, concerts, racing, gambling, rushing around—it seems that the old Kimberley life may have been a vicious life, but it was also a bright life, full of movement. So, probably, those who think wistfully of the old days remember it. The facts are otherwise. People naturally select or invent the interesting things to write about. They do else, they cannot, record the procession of those days on which nothing happened. Men drink and gamble and go with native women in such places as the early Kimberley because life there is as boring as existence on an aeroplane. To wait for luck is the most tedious, heart-brewing of experiences. To wait for luck is the lot of the diamond digger in these days, and it was the lot of the diamond digger in Rhodes' days. Nor did this luck come to all. Nor, before it was found that the real hoard of diamonds was in the blue ground below the yellow ground, were great fortunes made. 'A man with a thousand pounds was considered well off.' Rhodes' own brother Herbert, the first Rhodes in Africa and on the Fields, the one who was later burnt to death, gave up diamond-digging and went to look for his fortune in the newly discovered goldfields at Pilgrim's Rest—in that large, rich district of Lydenburg which the Boers bought from the Swazi natives for a hundred head of breeding cattle. His brother Frank, who had come out on his advice, returned to England to take up his commission in the cavalry.

Certainly men made fortunes in Kimberley. A score of men—more than half of them Jews—made extremely large fortunes. But not at once, not in the early seventies, not in the days when Rhodes pumped water and sold ice-cream and bought the claims of those prepared to abandon them.

CHAPTER III

FROM KIMBERLEY TO OXFORD

I

There is a photograph of Rhodes which shows him at the age of about twenty. In this photograph the face is thin and delicate, it is a face very different from the big, ruthless, powerful face of the later Rhodes. They say (it sounds well) that Rhodes brought to the Diamond Fields from his farm in Natal his digger's tools, some volumes of the classics, and a Greek lexicon.

And this, they say, is how he looked: a tall, fair boy, blue-eyed, aquiline-fronted, in ill-washed, shrunken white flannels; a silent, silent boy strapping at his pebbles, *dehsh* around him, windlasses turning, buckets creaking, natives picking, heaving, chanting as they worked in the quarry (diggers would call it the *padifoot*) below him. From the mound on which he sat Kimberley displayed itself to him: the white mass of the diggers, the huts, the shops, the sheds of the diamond dealers—all of corrugated iron and shocking to the eyes in the glare of that bitter sun. . . .

'The silent, self-contained Cecil John Rhodes,' writes one who duly served a sentence for attempted blackmail, and whose words, generally untruthful (yet, after all, the words of one who was there), leave Rhodes alone unscathed by their imitative foulness. . . .

'I have many times seen him in the Main Street, dressed in white flannels, leaning wearily with his back to his pocket against a street wall. He hardly ever had a companion, seemingly took no interest in anything but his thoughts, and I do not believe if a flock of the most adorable women passed through the street he would go across the road to see them.'

It is probably true that Rhodes did not freely yield his

interest to women. When he arrived in Kimberley there were indeed no women there—that is, no white women. They came later. 'In those old Kimberley days he danced, he said, for exercise. If he danced as he walked, heavy, rolling, pigeon-toed, it was as well he was also little concerned about his partners. It did not matter to him who they were or how they looked.

'I don't want them always fussing about,' he said of women, little knowing that his words were being noted in Olympus, and that a most preposterous woman was to be the last chapter of a life heroically designed.

But it is strange that Rhodes should be so constantly reported as a solitary. He seems always to have had friends and to have loved and trusted them. There was the youth in Natal, the relation of the President of Okei, with whom he read classics, and with whom he arranged to go to Oxford, though, in the end, he alone did so.

There were Rudd, Beit, Maguire, Jameson—the man who was by him in his beginnings, his schemings, his fortunes, his failure and his end. Jameson ruined him and was forgiven. Beit served him in life and after death, and once, during the great diamond amalgamation, when Beit faced trouble through helping him, Rhodes gave him half a dozen promissory notes signed in blank, saying: 'Whatever I have got is yours, to back you if you need it.'

There were the four he used to meet that they might discuss Imperial problems and teach Denechi his business—they wrote to do so.

There was Sidney Shippard, the Attorney-General of Griqualand West, destined to have power in a place and at a time when Rhodes needed someone to do a bit of queer work for him. To this Sidney Shippard, in conjunction with the British Colonial Secretary, Rhodes' first will assigns all his possessions that they may use it to spread Britain over the world.

And there was the young Neville Pickering, secretary of

de Bona, to whom, in his second will, he leaves everything for the same purpose.

Pickering died young, and, to ease his dying, Rhodes abandoned his larger prospects on the goldfields and left Johannesburg for Kimberley. But it was a sacrifice, so he said, that he never regretted.

* Though he never cared for another human being—not even Jameson—as much as for Pickering, he continued to the end of his life making vehement friendships, always with men. He had something more than a political alliance with the Dutch leader, Jan Hendrik Hofmeyr, which the Boer books. The confidant of his maturity was W. T. Stead. There was Grey, whom he spoke of as that finest of English products—an English gentleman.

Friends naturally came to him as his career blossomed out: he was surrounded, of course, by sycophants and toadies. And sometimes he treated them with impatience and contempt, but yet they were his intimates.

The loneliness of Rhodes, his spiritual solitude, is more remarkable. Isolation seems to fit the character of a great man, that is all. With Rhodes the contrary was the truth. Apart from those phases of brooding and introspection natural to a man of temperament, he was dependent on company. He hated even a meal by himself. He loved to speak. So far was he from being the reserved Englishman of tradition and W. T. Stead, who said of him, among other absurdities, that he drew apart in the sanctuary of his mind into which the profane were not admitted—so far was he from this cloud-like loneliness that he was always explaining his feelings to people.

Rhodes had a passion for self-revelation. He talked (they sometimes say 'chit')—it is the conventional thing to say about a big man) of what most human beings keep secret. He was an eager to confide—not as a child, for children do not tell, but as an adolescent, a traveller on a long voyage, sometimes a genius. If it was not to Jameson, Beit, Hofmeyr, Grey,

Stead, his intimates, it was to General Gordon, it was to General Booth, it was to any little group of people, it was to any large group of people, it was to his settlers, his shareholders, his constituents, his fellow-undergraduates, his parliamentary followers, his hosts, his guests; to Britons, to South Africans, to whites, to blacks, to those for him, to those against him, to anyone, in short, who would listen to what he had to say—which, when a man is Rhodes, means everyone. There his sayings are, treasured by his contemporaries. There his speeches are, reverently collected. There his Open Letter stands, which he asked Stead to publish. There his letter is that he wrote to Sir William Haggart after the Raid—the letter of acquiescence forever nineteen. If posterity chooses to misunderstand Rhodes, it is not because Rhodes lost an opportunity of explaining himself.

III

Not that he was, generally speaking, a great letter-writer. He wrote documents of letters to Alfred Beit, but, on the whole, he belonged to the category of those who send telegrams. His letters that remain are not many, and they have a business-like air—they are hardly what one would call heart-spillings. Secretaries, in the days of his fame, answered the politicians, soldiers, sailors, missionaries, explorers, needy men and quailing ladies who wrote to him. His early letters to his mother—the letters, after all, of a son sent out sick and very young to a barbarous country, not more connected with the activities around him than with family intimacies or the state of his own being. Rhodes' confessions are not paper.

He describes Kimberley to his mother much as Trollope describes it.

'Fancy,' he writes, 'an immense plain with right in the centre a great mass of white tents and iron stores, and, on one side of it, all piled up with the camp, mounds of lime like ant-hills; the country round all the while just plain—green here and—'

there: and you have some idea of *de Tots Jan*, the first spot where dry digging for diamonds was begun. . . .

It was, however, at another camp Herbert Rhodes was digging—at Caledon Kopje on the farm appropriately named *Vooruitzicht*—*Fore-sight*—by the Boer who sold it with all its diamonds for six thousand pounds. Now the camp was known as *de Beers New Rush* to distinguish it from the earlier camp of *Old de Beers*. This became soon merely *New Rush*. And, in the end, since Lord Kimberley, the Colonial Secretary of the day, deprecated the name *Vooruitzicht* because that was unpronounceable, and *New Rush* because that suggested wildness—in the end, and finally, it retained the name of Kimberley. The camp grew to the town. Along the Vaal River, and in Griqualand West generally, one may yet meet old natives and Boers who, when they use the Dutch equivalent of the term *New Rush*, mean the town of Kimberley.

III

When Cecil Rhodes joined Herbert the camp was still called *New Rush*. And there, on a kopje, thirty feet above level country, one hundred and eighty yards broad, two hundred and twenty yards long—on this kopje, divided into six hundred claims, Herbert had his three claims. A claim was, by regulation, thirty-one feet square. It was divided into four sections. On each section several blacks and whites were working. In this small space, therefore, on the kopje, ten thousand people were assembled.

And they had to dispose of the debris, they had to sort and sieve. Rhodes writes how mules and carts, going along the narrow and unmetalled roads, were always tumbling into the chasms below. At the same time he views with complacency his life at *New Rush*. 'I average about £100 a week,' he tells his mother, and he signs his letter, without any affectional *ja-de*, 'Yrs. C. Rhodes.'

He is eighteen, but he is not, like his older brothers, at Winchester or Eton. On the contrary, he averages a hundred a week. He is tubercular—a few years later a doctor gives him not six months to live, yet in a strange world, among strangers from all over the larger strange world, he is able to maintain himself. When his brother Frank joins Herbert at Darben, and together they arrive at Kimberley, it is to find Cecil with a lawyer measuring his ground to prove that a digger's tent door is encroaching on his claim.

Rhodes had then his reasons for saying later in life that children should be given a sound education 'and then kick all the props away. If they are worth anything, the struggle will make them better men; if they are not, the sooner they go under, the better for the world.'

17

What did Rhodes consider a sound education? Not, apparently, the sort of education that would please a Wals or a Bertrand Russell. Not a scientific training, not a commercial training, not the sort of training that may be acquired in what is called the school of life where the same lessons produce such incalculably varied results. Rhodes considered that education a sound education which his father, the Vicar of Bishop Stortford, would have considered a sound education. His genius was a thing apart from his roots, but his tradition was not.

Right from the beginning of Rhodes' life in Africa his dream was Oxford. In his first year in Natal he was speaking about Oxford to his friend, the relative of the Provost of Oriel. He must have come to South Africa with that dream, or what was he doing here with his classics and his Greek lesson? Why had he brought them across the seas, and carried them by Scotch-coat and cane all the slow, lumbering way from Natal to Grigoland West—just (let us believe the story) these books and his digger's tools? It seems clear that, in,

the days when Rhodes' brothers thought of Sandhurst, he thought of Oxford. It was his first love, and remained his last.

The dream began to shape itself a year or two after his arrival at Kimberley.

He was now nineteen, and scandalously at ease; he had had the first of those heart-attacks that were to be his undoing; his brother Herbert, a restless man who could never stay long in any place or any activity, wanted to give up diamond-digging and try the new business of gold-digging. The two brothers bought an ox-wagon and started out for the Transvaal.

It takes a long time to travel by ox-wagon from Kimberley to Pilgrim's Rest where Herbert was going to dig for gold. Time seems in the sun and forgets to rise again while one travels across Africa by ox-wagon. The oxen walk as if in sleep, chewing, with sideways-moving rhythmic jaws, and a Kaffir goes in front with a long whip which he lashes at them, crying their names: Blackboy or Whitelace or Scotchman or something like that, and they wake up for a moment and then fall again into their numinous sleep-walking.

To journey by ox-wagon across the veld is a manner of existence incredibly monotonous, but in the end it lifts one into a sphere which is a thing in itself, a life somewhere between hell and heaven, yet hardly of earth.

And so, by the end of a day, fifteen miles are done, and the oxen are released to wander over the veld, and sticks are gathered to make a fire within a circle of stones, and wild flesh is roasted, and a burning stick is plunged into the coffee that sends into the soft air its friendly, innocent-seeming invitation. And when the dark comes, the furthest nothingness is punctured only by stars, like light shining through little holes in the worn material of a blue-black tent, and there is no

sound but that of a cricket or a frog or a distant lute, and this, faintly blent sounds rise from the earth like threads of memory or of longing.

In such nights, forgiving the hot, dull days, one dreams, in such nights, repeated over eight months, Rhodes dreamt. He thought, as he came to say, of the gold and diamonds and other precious stuff under the earth, of fertility and beaming curls above it. How long had this happiness remained invisible? How much longer would it remain so? Who, finally, would master it? And why, he thought, not he, Cecil John Rhodes, in the name of England? Why not, in the end, through this conception, all the world for England?

When Rhodes returned to Kimberley from his long trek he knew what he wanted of life, he had his goal.

In Kimberley he replaced his brother Herbert with one C. D. Rudd, destined to be his partner in the largest of his enterprises, and, having thus arranged for his affairs to be watched on the Diamond Fields, he sailed with Frank for England.

Frank was going to take up his commission in the cavalry, and Cecil was going to Oxford.

VI

Rhodes used in after-life to tell how he came to Cecil. One might have imagined his talks with his Natal friend who was related to the Provost of Oriel would have had something to do with it. But it appears not. The story is this: The college Rhodes wanted to enter was University. But the Master would not take him when he heard he meant to read only for a pass degree. He had failed, too, his matriculation.

He protested to the Master that he ought to be exempted from ordinary rules. He explained his life in Kimberley; how hard it was for him to achieve what boys in England could carry on their way. 'I am not what they are. I am a man.'

He was twenty.

But the best the Master could do for him was to write to the Provost of Oriel. 'They are less particular there,' he said.

The Provost, says Rhodes, read the letter while he walked. He stared down at his table in hostile silence, and, afraid for his dream, Rhodes waited. 'All the colleges send me their failures,' said the Provost at last.

In this way Rhodes was admitted to the college of Raleigh, the first Chartered Empire-BUILDER, and to Oxford. He did eventually matriculate.

CHAPTER IV

THE DISCIPLE OF RUSKIN

I

Great men begin early and are long young. At the age of eleven Alexander Hamilton, a man in youth, but for ever a boy, became a warehouseman's assistant. At thirteen he was managing the business : correspondence, staff, and cargo dealings. At fifteen he sent himself to school.

Rhodes was not quite so precocious. He was a farmer at seventeen, a diamond-digger at eighteen, a man of means at nineteen, and an undergraduate at twenty.

That, in itself, is not so remarkable. Many men have worked before going to college, and in order to go to college, and to keep themselves there. What is remarkable is the way Rhodes now arranged his life. He conducted it simultaneously in two continents. In one he knew the outlying, bobbing, curving, sun-swept flowers of thirty nations, and, in the other, the fruit of generations of care and particular tradition. He experienced side by side a youth and a manhood. He was together earthy and airy. At Oxford he was concerned with the fortune-snatching of Kimberley, and at Kimberley with the philosophising of Oxford. In the dust of Kimberley he read his classics, and beneath the poetised spires of Oxford he negotiated for his pumping-plans.

The return journey from Kimberley to Oxford was, in those days, a matter of three or four months' travelling.

One might imagine that such a course of life would provide attention. Yet neither the college that rejected him nor the college that accepted him seems to have thought that here was something notable. The memories concerning Rhodes at Oxford are meagre and dull. The most interesting, beside the most candid, recollection of Rhodes by a contemporary has it that, although there were among Rhodes' fellows some

of whom one might have expected to hear again in a world "some degrees larger than Oxford," even Rhodes himself would admit 'that if he personally felt as young men not apt to feel that he had it in him to be, or to do, something great, he did not betray his secret.'

Twenty-five years later, says this writer, Rhodes told him that he was wrong. Already at Oxford he had been filled with the ideas which came to inspire his effort and life.

That Rhodes was not lying may be judged from words he wrote at Oxford, his mind burning with the adoration of Ruskin and the ethics of Aristotle.

'You have instincts, religion, love, money-making, ambition, art and creation, which, from a human point of view I think the best, but if you differ from me, think it over and work with all your soul for that instinct you think the best.'

There was a lecture Ruskin gave at Oxford in which he spoke of

'a destiny now possible to us, the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. Will you youths of England make your country again a royal throne of kings, a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light, a centre of power . . . ? This is what England must do or perish. She must found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, deemed of the most energetic and worthiest of men; making any piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on, and there teaching her colonies that their chief virtue is to be fidelity to their country, and that their first aim is to be to advance the power of England by land and sea.'

Here, it seems, were the words that gave form to Rhodes' *desert dream*.

Strangely think of this geyser spurting up just fifty years ago. The Ruskins of our day toll a knell with harsh: 'There hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy.'

But so it had to happen. A man born most English had to be driven by illness to a far continent. And in the very

year of his coming precious stones had to appear that he might be enriched for what was to follow. And illness again had to send him on a long journey through brooding wastes, and in the end, bright silence the desire for these wastes had to fever his blood.

Then he had to voyage back to merge himself once more in the traditions of his kind. And here he had to be in a place where, at just this time, an apostle of beauty must choose to speak not only, as by right, of pictures and stones and workmen, but also of such dreams as had once been Raleigh's.

Who dare now chant with Shakespeare of royal throats of kings and accepted idols, and with Ruskin of fruitful wastes to be seized for the advancing of a nation's power? It was easy to shout glory in Ruskin's time when life was at its swell, and the vanity of nations brought sorrow only to the weak. Not every nation had yet experienced the older prophecy: "Was to the multitude of many people, which make a noise like the noise of the sea; and to the rushing of nations, that make a rushing like the rushing of mighty waters. . . . They shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind." The boy Rhodes was ripe for Ruskin's heroic message, it was the time also of Darwin.

To the words of Ruskin he linked the thoughts of Winwood Reade and the discoveries of Darwin, and out of this curious compound evolved his creed.

II

This was his reasoning:

He began by asserting, says W. T. Stodd, that there was a fifty-per-cent. chance a God existed.

Take it a God did exist.

What would this God want of Man?

It was a question Rhodes was prepared to answer. God would want man not only to look like him, but to act like him.

Min, therefore, had to find out what God was doing, and do the same.

What was God doing? Darwin had said it. God was perfecting the race through natural selection and the weeding out of the unfit. It remained merely for man to follow this lead and God's will was done.

The eyes of Rhodes were after God. He looked to see what, in this process of selection and elimination, God had achieved. Which, among all the peoples, had he brought to flower?

With all modesty, Rhodes could not help admitting that it was the English-speaking peoples that followed the highest ideal of Justice, Liberty and Peace: the people of Great Britain, her Dominions, and America.

The conclusion was clear. If Rhodes wished to please and follow God, he had, in whatever way he could, to promote the unity and extend the influence of the English-speaking race.

To himself, personally, he allotted the task of Africa.

III

In Rhodes' second term at Oxford his lungs, not yet strong enough to withstand the damp of England, were injured afresh by a chill caught while surfing. It was now a doctor wrote down in his case-book (Rhodes himself later saw it) that he had not six months to live.

Rhodes gave up Oxford for two years, returned to Kimberley, and there began to work out a plan of life.

In 1894 he returned to Oxford. In 1897, spending the long vacation in Kimberley, he composed a document which, many years later, he sent to W. T. Stead.

'It often strikes a man,' says the document, grappling still, in the worrying Rhodes way, with his Ruskin-Darwin-dilemma theme, 'to inquire what is the chief good in life. To one the thought comes that it is a happy marriage, to another great

would, to a third travel, and so on, and at each visit the idea, he more or less works for its attainment for the rest of his existence.—To myself, thinking over the same question, the wish came to make myself useful to my country. . . . I conceived that we are the first race in the world, and that the more of the world we inhabit, the better it is for the human race. I conceived that every acre added to our territory provides for the birth of more of the English race, who otherwise would not be brought into existence. Added to which the absorption of the greater portion of the world under our rule simply means the end of all wars."

And here and now he decides that he will work.

"For the furtherance of the British Empire, for the bringing of the whole civilized world under British rule, for the recovery of the United States, for the making of the Anglo-Saxon race into one Empire. What a dream! But yet it is possible! It is possible!"

In the same year, accordingly, he draws up the first of those six wills in which, in one form or another, he bequeaths his fortune to the purpose of extending British rule throughout the world.

In this particular will a secret society is to carry out his scheme, and a system of emigration is to be perfected for colonizing "all lands where the means of livelihood are attainable by energy, labour and enterprise." The whole continent of Africa is to be settled by Britons, and also the whole continent of South America, the Holy Land, the Valley of the Euphrates, the islands of Cyprus and Candia, the islands of the Pacific not heretofore possessed by Great Britain, the Malay Archipelago, the seaboard of China and Japan, and, finally, the United States. In the end Great Britain is to establish a power so overwhelming that wars must cease and the millennium be realized.

This will, like its explanatory *codicil*, he gave to W. T. Stead with instructions that it was not to be opened until after his death.

Remembering that at the time Rhodes made the will he was twenty-four, an undergraduate at Oxford, and not unique among the young men of Kimberley, one may forgive oneself for finding this provision—the provision that the will is not to be opened until after Rhodes' death—the only sane one in the whole scheme. Children of eight or ten are given to speculating on what they would do if they had twenty million pounds. It is perhaps well that, as Stevenson says, "most men are so wise (or the poet in them so dead) that they keep their follies to themselves." An inhibition or two is cheap at the price. Imagine a man of twenty-four solemnly donating a fortune not yet made to the end of Britain's absorption of the globe!

The will itself is not more astounding than the fact that Rhodes leaves the money which is to alter the face of all the world to two men: the Secretary of State for the Colonies at the time of his death; and Sidney Godolphin Alexander Shippard, an Oriskany, until 1877 Attorney-General of Griqualand West, later a judge, then an administrator in a place and at a time very important to Rhodes, and, finally, a director of the Chartered Company. These are the actual legatees.

It was what Rhodes was always doing in his will: he bequeathed his money to one or two or more individuals, and left it to them to carry out his plans.

It is generally said that Rhodes was a cynic. He did become a cynic: his life made him one. And yet he never lost his natural romantic consciousness. He was prepared to leave the day's output of diamonds at de Beers in the unchecked charge of one man merely because he was an Oxford man. His second will reads simply: 'I, C. J. Rhodes, being of sound mind, leave my worldly wealth to N. E. Fiskering.' A covering letter adds that the conditions of the will can only be carried out by a trustworthy person, and 'I consider you that one.' 'You fully understand,' he adds in a postscript, 'you are to use the interest of the money as you like during your life.'

In other words, this young Pickering, one of Rhodes' chums, an sort of genius, nearly unknown Rhodes loved, is to arrange that, by means of Rhodes' money, the world shall become British. Nothing more!

The human brain is an extremely bit of flesh. Where would one expect the author of such a conception to be working out his dream? . . .

But not so fast. By the time Rhodes signed this will in 1880, he had formed his de Beers Company, entered Parliament, and taken his degree at Oxford.

In 1888, the very year he amalgamated all the diamond mines of Kimberley and achieved the Rudd-Rhodes concession over the territories of Lobengula, he made his third will (young Pickering having died), leaving his estate once more to a friend—again to the same purpose.

In 1890, Chairman now of de Beers and the Consolidated Goldfields, Managing Director of the Chartered Company, Prime Minister of the Cape, he added, in his fourth will, the name of W. T. Stead to that of the previous sole legatee.

In 1893, the year in which he took Matabeleland from the Matabele, and so consolidated the whole of the territory that was to be named after him, he made his fifth will.

And in 1895, three years after the Jameson Raid and his downfall, in the year that was to mark the beginning, not only of the Boer War, but also of England's troubles, he made his sixth and last will. And the old dream is still alive. But its expression is at last that of a man who has discovered, as he said, that Napoleon 're-made boundaries and tried to re-cast the fate of empires yet left France no larger than he found it,' who knows now the limitation of the human instrument, and realises that even he is such an instrument. It needed the actual evidence that he was not a god to make Rhodes feel this globe called the earth was more than his toy.

IV

It will be seen, then, how, by the side of Ruskin's fantastic broodings was his concrete performance, how, indeed, they were dependant on one another. Even through the haze of his first exaltation at Oxford, he saw clearly the material fact of money. He not only, after his lungs became strong enough, kept his terms at Oxford, he also ate his dinner at the Temple (though he was never called), since

'on a *sum* review of the preceding year I find that £3000 has been lost because, owing to my having no profession, I lacked plank on three corners, through finding that one might lose and I had nothing to fall back on in the shape of a profession. . . . I am slightly too cautious now.'

And even while at Oxford he was looking undergraduates to dinner, and, as one of these reports, making speeches to say that every man ought to have an aim in life, and his own was to work for the British Empire, he was also buying shares in a new railway in Natal, picking up an investment in Hampstead on which he made eight hundred pounds, and selling on securities of civil diamond companies and on diamond merchants in Hatton Garden.

Did he, already at that time, want money for nothing but his Imperial schemes? Or—"Philanthropy plus five per cent," as, in a moment of frustration, he came to say scornfully of British policy—did he want a royalty on his imaginings? It may be taken that he was human and he did: for many years, and despite all ray talk, his five per cent and more.

And still, not towards the end. When Rhodes gave his name to a country, and England worshipped him, and the natives he had betrayed called him father, and the young man he had led called him the Old Man—in those days when the bliss of triumph swelled his being until he felt himself, as was afterwards said, the equal of the Almighty, then, despite the Matabele War, his political corruption, his ruthless designs

with money and men, the Janssens Raid and all that followed, Rhodes saw his destiny as something above the gathering of possessions. . . .

Enthusiasm is inspiring even when it is selfish. It dazzles the mind and defers the eye of experience. Let Henry Ford and Northcliffe present their creations, and who can clearly discern the Ford car and the *Daily Mail* of fact? They are Heaven's Golden Chariot and the Tablets of the Law. One is enraptured by the men's own conception of their achievements.

In Rhodes, Spengler saw the Captain of Industry become Statesman, a man who "has really ceased to feel his enterprise as his own business, and its aim as the simple amassing of property." Rhodes is actually the example Spengler gives of this enlarged being.

The world worshipped Rhodes and his idea, and he saw himself a man heroically dedicated. It came to this, that his idea transcended not only conventional desires, it rose also beyond the common acceptations of goodness and honour. Everything had to yield before it.

In a way, Rhodes was a greater man in the days when, seeing the shortness of his time, he cut through caution and right and human feeling to reach his goal. But it was in the Nietzsche-Dostoevsky way. He undid himself—if not in the manner, then in the spirit—of Dostoevsky's Stavrogin, that he might rise above himself.

CHAPTER V

THE TREKKING BOERS

WHAT was this South Africa of Rhodes' destiny? What those people flying before him, dark against a burning sky, and crawling back to kneel to him? Who these men, called Boers, bearded, sable-clothed in Parliament—home-worn, straight-legged, in their saddles on the veld? Who the Englishmen that opposed them?

It was more than four hundred years since the Portuguese, the adventurers of those times, had found South Africa; more than two hundred and fifty years since the English had planted in it King James' flag; more than two hundred years since the Dutch—absorbing other emigrants from Europe—had settled it, and beaten off and out the little yellow Bushmen and Hottentots; not so long since those Dutch had come to grips with black men, flowing down the continent, who had in them much Neger, a bit of Hottentot, and something of such people as the Arab, whose name for them was Kaffir—Unbeliever.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Prince of Orange, a fugitive in London, had asked England to guard this African outpost of his—the Cape—from the French Invader. Eight years later, following the Peace of Amiens, England handed it back. In 1806 she took it again. In 1814, after the Congress of Vienna, she bought it, with some other Dutch settlements, for six million pounds.

There were Dutch settlers who disliked this constant unsettling and they moved away: they did as they had been doing for the last hundred years when they were dissatisfied: there was room enough in Africa: they walked.

These more deeply rooted turned with their slaves until England, as a final test, abolished slavery, and, most well-

meaningly, raised them. Now many of these, too, trekked. They complained officially of their losses through the assassination of chiefs, of their fear and hatred of Kaffir murderers, of the persons who, 'under the cloak of religion,' cast others as there. . . . To this day the misadventure is to the Boer the fundamental traitor, the white man who stands for black against white. . . . 'We despair,' said the missionaries, 'of saving the colony from these evils that threaten it.'

And so they trekked. They called themselves the Voortrekkers: those who go before. This was, indeed, the trek of trek, the Great Trek. Some trekked north-east across mountains they named the Mountains of the Dragon; fought bloody battles with the Zulus (those said still the town of Wameu—Weeping, and a Blood River); and stayed in Natal until England told them they were British subjects there no less than at the Cape, when they trekked again, this time towards the Vaal River.

To the lands through which this same Vaal River flowed the other trekkers had meanwhile journeyed. They had arrived at the source of a river which they took to be the River Nile (five hundred miles across Africa by ox-wagon might well seem five thousand); they had driven farther north still than Monellbarn, who was so much Rhodes how a conqueror of imagination should rest in death; they had settled themselves on both sides of the Vaal, hoping that at last they were free of England. . . .

But they were not. England knew her children. The Boers had been, they remained, England's children. She claimed her own. The Vaal was crossed and re-crossed in motherly pursuit. There was talking, fighting, talking, fighting—possession, release—at last, warlike. England gave up. On one side of the Vaal there came into being the South African Republic (the Transvaal), on the other the Orange Free State. Conventions recognised their independence. Natal, hitherto attached to the Cape, became a separate colony. The Cape received a constitution.

All these things took place in the fifteen. A few years before the land of the Kaffirs—Kaffrland or Kaffraria, a region sharing with Cape Colony the foot of South Africa, had become a Crown Colony. There were now three British colonies, and two Boer republics.

Among the Voortrekkers, a boy of ten, journeyed Paul Kruger.

II

So much for the trekloers. There were now the Boers in the South African Republic, the Boers in the Orange Free State, the Boers who had preferred not to tuck and were Cape Colonists. The Boers who had trekked north hated with a deep and contemptuous hate the Kaffirs they had fought against on their terrible journeyings, they hated—respectfully, and not unkindly—the English from whose embrace they had wrenched themselves to experience these terrible journeyings. They developed the virtues of pioneers and lost the civilization of cities.

The Boers who had remained—it follows from their remaining—were sane and not rebellious, they regarded themselves, many of them, as the old families, the aristocrats of the Cape.

They were all of them, those who went and those who stayed, equally earnest and political-minded. Beneath everything they felt their common blood.

There were, indeed, some, even in the north, who still wanted to be ruled, in their local helplessness, with those they had left behind. The Free State had hardly achieved its independence when it was making the intervention of the British against the Basutos, and passing resolutions in favour of a union or alliance with Cape Colony.

The request came at the very time the Governor of the Cape, Sir George Grey, was asking England to take measures 'which would permit of the various states and legislatures of the country forming among themselves a federal union.'

Bulwer Lytton, the viceroy, was the Colonial Secretary of the day, and he rejected the proposal. His Government, he said, was not prepared to depart from the settled policy of their predecessors. England, at the moment, did not want to saddle herself with distant, unprofitable lands.

Thirteen years later she found that at least one place of Africa was profitable, and she annexed Griqualand West with its diamond fields. In the same year a young Cape Dutchman, Jan Hendrik Hofmeyr, received this talk of annexation. As the time Rhodes had only just arrived at Kimberley, he was eighteen against Hofmeyr's twenty-six, he was not ready, for many years, to fight beside Hofmeyr for the cause which, in Hofmeyr's eyes, he was later to betray.

In the Transvaal Burgers, once a Dutch Reformed minister, now advanced for his flock and now the Transvaal's President, came to speak of himself as 'an ardent Federalist.'

In England the fashion was Disraeli and that Imperialism which had enchanted Rhodes in his Oxford days. There was an example to South Africa in the federation of Canada. As against the conservation of Bulwer Lytton, another viceroy, the historian Froese, had been sent out by the Colonial Office and was going about the country passionately advocating union. And though, by the time Froese had done talking, South Africa was begging to be allowed to mind its own business, everything seemed to be fairly set for a consummation, generally desired and apparently inevitable, when, in 1895, Sir Thomas Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, rode into Pretoria with eight civil servants and twenty-five policemen and arrested the Transvaal.

That, as the saying is to-day, tore it. That did tear the silver cord. The word blood came to be used as it had not hitherto been used between the Dutch of the colonies and the Dutch of the republic. 'Do not,' cried Kruger, 'wash your hands in the blood of your brothers.'

It was a story destined to be repeated twenty years later in the Jameson Raid.

Krugger called for England to protest against the annexation, and for the Continent to seek intervention.

III

A third writer makes himself heard. Stapleton's commission had been to annex the Transvaal 'if it was desired by the inhabitants, and in his opinion necessary.' The ubiquitous Trollope was travelling in South Africa. Now, in the Transvaal at exactly the right moment, he comes forward to testify that it *was* desired by the inhabitants, and highly necessary.

He describes the condition of the country, the rebellious natives, the impotent President, his stiff-necked and ignorant parliament . . . hardly any education, hardly a mail-service, property worthless, no justice, no order, no obedience, no longer even a fighting spirit.

As for the feeling of the Boers he never, he said, except from Burgers, heard a word of protest, and even Burgers thought that 'the wrong done would be of great advantage to everyone concerned.' 'My conviction is,' says Trollope, 'that, had not the English interfered, European supremacy throughout a large portion of South Africa would have been endangered. I think annexation was an imperative duty.'

He goes further. The Boers are still, in his view, England's 'migrating subjects' who have the right to English government. If England denies this, let her abandon them, and be done with it. It cannot be, he says, now 'Rule Britannia!' and now 'Economy!' Now 'Protect the native!' and now 'Let the native look after himself!' He points out that there are, at this date, eleven living Colonial Secretaries, all honorable and deserving well of their country, and as many equally admirable 'at peace beyond the troubles of the Native Question.' If only, situated as they are 'by every virtue which should glow within the capacious bosom of a British statesman,' they knew their own policy! . . .

Trolope, then, seems to defend Shepstone's action. It is at least decisive. There is one thing, however, against his reasoned assertion: his premises are wrong. He does not understand the feeling of the Boer, which he finds so weak and acquiescent. Nor did Rhodes understand it when he said, many years later, that, for all Shepstone's impetuosity, the Transvaal would have been happy under British rule had not the Imperial Commissioner who now came to take charge of the Transvaal 'conducted the business on the lines of a second-rate line regiment.' If Rhodes had understood the real feeling of the Boer about the Shepstone annexation, the Jameson Raid might not have happened. . . .

The temper of the Boer is slow. He says nothing. He does nothing. It is all going, one thinks, very smoothly. . . . A shock! His chance comes, and the whole time, one sees now, he has been remembering. . . .

The fighting spirit Trolope thought dead was no more than sleeping. It had been awakened by outrage and strengthened by resentment. It was gathering itself together. It was rising. There needed, at last, little to spur it to urgent activity when that little came to it—from Scotland.

IV

Gladstone's Mifflithien campaign is still spoken of in South Africa.

When, thirty years after, Gladstone's son came out to be the first Governor-General of the Union, his name was a hindrance rather than an asset to him.

The Mifflithien campaign had one supreme object: to get out Durnell. To that end Gladstone was prepared to do everything Durnell was not. If Durnell wanted to expand the Empire, Gladstone wanted to contract it. If Durnell was, as Harcourt said, 'resolutely pursuing an Asiatic policy,' Gladstone's 'despatching century,' as Durnell called that, was out to check it.

Shepstone's assertion was to hand. Gladstone spoke of 'the free subjects of a monarchy going to coerce the free subjects of a republic to accept of citizenship which they decline and refuse.' 'If Cyprus and the Transvaal were as valuable as they are valueless,' he vowed, 'with that unknowingness of the immediate future which is so logically gilding to later generations, if they were as valuable as they are valueless I would regard them because they are obtained by means dishonourable to the character of the country.'

Nothing could so have heartened the arming Boers as this evidence that the Lord, as represented by Mr. Gladstone, was with them. They wrote, hoping he would be victorious in his campaign, and that, 'by the mercy of the Lord, the reins of the Imperial Government would be entrusted again to men who look out for the honour and glory of England.'

Their hope was fulfilled. The Lord was merciful. The reins of the Imperial Government were duly entrusted once more to Gladstone. They asked him (Krugger, as he reports in his Memoirs, made the appeal) not to compel them to accept a citizenship which, in the words of the campaign, they declined and refused. Seven thousand Boers—practically the whole electorate—supported Krugger. Gladstone regretted his inability to help the Boers. Inspired by Joseph Chamberlain, he could not, he felt, desert the natives. The assertion might not, he said, be unaided.

On December 16th, 1880, then, on the anniversary of the day even now held sacred to the memory of the victory of the Voortrekkers over the Zulu Dingaan, on this day the Boers proclaimed again their republic. They took up their arms. In February, 1881, they utterly routed a small English force at Majuba and killed the general in command.

Now, at last, Gladstone returned the Boers their independence. It was a qualified independence, the kind of self-government which, as Krugger expressed it, meant that 'first you put your head quietly in the noose so that I can hang you, then you can kick your legs about as much as you please.'

The English were no less dissatisfied. The defeat of Majuba stayed unavenged. Shamed, resentful Englishmen, when they heard of the settlement, dragged their flag through the dust of Pretoria.

V

Two months after the battle of Majuba Rhodes took his seat for the first time in the Cape Parliament. In 1880 the district of Griqualand West had been added to the Cape, and at the election that followed, and even before getting his peer degree at Oxford, Rhodes had stood as an independent candidate for the river-digging district of Barkly West, and been elected. He represented Barkly West till he died.

He had not cut a great figure at Oxford. He never took rooms at college. He went little into Oriel. He was no sportsman. He belonged to no important group. And, as to his work, he seldom attended a lecture, was not known to be anything of a student, and was warned against his idleness. He said then that, if he were let alone, he would pull through somehow, and, somehow, he did.

He had at Oxford, as always and everywhere, the habit of discussing exclusively, exhaustively, repetitively, shamelessly, a subject that interested him. He told his friends, a number of whom afterwards became successful men, how things were in Kimberley, what he understood by life, how one might seek it and experience it in a remote continent.

The anecdotes concerning Rhodes' time at Oxford are few. The most interesting is that, at a dinner following his initiation as a freemason, he cheerfully, ignoring ungracious protest, made a speech consulting the success of his craft.

He was, by turn, romantic and cynical. He was a man who sharply took his tone from his surroundings and his associates, but as, beneath it all, he held to a few inviolable principles, this was not recognised.

He came away from Oxford having learnt (1) that Oxford was great, (2) that England was great.

He was a rich man by the time he had his degree. Already, in 1874, he and Fould had taken in another partner. In his last year the three partners had become six, and they had floated the de Beers Mining Company with a capital of two hundred thousand pounds.

Rhodes entered Parliament still wearing, as he pointed out, his Oxford tweeds. 'I think I can legislate in them as well as in sable clothing,' he said.

Sable clothing was the form in the Cape Parliament of those days. It was what the good old-fashioned English members wore, and certainly what the Dutch wore.

Rhodes' Oxford tweeds really meant a new way of life in the governing of South Africa.

South Africa was soon to know it.

CHAPTER VI

RHODES IN PARLIAMENT

It may be seen that, when Rhodes entered the Cape Parliament, the air was charged with resentments, suspicions, hostilities. The Dutch of the Free State could not forget the assassination of Gekquaand West, their loss of the Diamond Fields. The Dutch of the Transvaal could not forget the Shaperson assassination. The Dutch of the Cape felt for their northern brethren. In the middle of 1880 a new scheme for confederation had been before the Cape Parliament, and to Cape Town had come Paul Kruger, inflamed by the betrayal of the Gladstone Government, to speak against it. The fan Hendrik Hofmeyr who, for years, had preached South African union, now opposed it until the association was annulled.

But then, modified, he linked his Farmers' Defence Association to a society run by a Dutch Reformed minister called *du Toit*, whose principles were 'A United South Africa under its own Flag'—but not under England, and together the two societies formed a body which called itself the *Afrikaner Bond*, which felt itself to be, defensively and protectively, Dutch, and which, as Hofmeyr's rancour faded, ceased to be hostile to England, and became (with the Rev. *du Toit*) Hofmeyr's instrument for his own particular brand of Union.

The influence of the Bond spread to the Free State and the Transvaal. Hofmeyr's word became law. The Bondsmen voted as Hofmeyr instructed them to vote. Ministers were formed subject to Hofmeyr's approval. For thirty years, although he only once, for a short period, took office, he was the success of his party. He was called, for his subterranean methods, the *Mole*. But he was a sticky man, and, slightly varying the Duke of Plaza Toro's method, he led his regiment from below because he found it less exciting. He was one/

of the ablest of South African managers, and is remembered in South Africa as *Oude Jan—Oor Jan*.

It did not take Rhodes long to decide that Hittmeyer was his man. Hittmeyer, for his part, saw in Rhodes what he could see in no other Englishman. They found, very soon, that they could work together.

II

The English of the Cape, generally speaking, were not as amiably inclined towards the Bond as was Rhodes. For, if the Dutch colonists had feelings about the Transvaal, so had they; if the Dutch could not forget the Slapstone Assassination, neither could they forget the humiliation of Majuba.

Then there was a depression in the country such as had not been known since the fading of diamonds, and, naturally, that made people hate and blame one another.

Then there was the perennial Native Question concerning which there had been conflict between English and Dutch from the beginning of the century. Nobody really knew what to do about the Native Question, and here was a fresh re-statement of it: should, or should not, the Basuto and natives be disarmed?

The Boers themselves did more than talk. They fought. Already this disarmament policy had cost the Cape a war, the lives of men, millions of money, and a certain reputation for fair dealing.

Rhodes had seen in Kimberley what guns meant to the natives. It was the reason they came to Kimberley, walking hundreds of miles on their pale, hard soles; sweating, far from their kraals and women, on the floors of great ditches: that they might earn the money to buy the white man's magic. They would work half a year and more for a gun. The guns were their investment, their claim to modernity, their title to power among those who knew only the old-fashioned magic. They had found it beyond justice to be asked to give them

up, they had fought rather than give them up, they had not given them up.

Rhodes' speech concerning the disarmament of the Basutos was his first in Parliament. He had three reasons, besides the feelings of the Basutos, for speaking against this policy. The first two he mentioned, the third he did not. He said it was no time to throw away millions. He asked who were they, in South Africa, to play about with native policies: 'Are we a great and independent South Africa? No, we are only the population of a third-class English city spread over a great country.' He did not point out that if the natives were not allowed to carry arms they would lose their chief inducement for coming to work on the Diamond Fields, and that would be a great assistance for Kimberley.

On the other hand, he did, on behalf of the Diamond Fields, say that if Kimberley were not given a railway he would smash the Ministry. The railway was refused, and the Ministry fell.

He then went himself to Basutoland to investigate the claims of loyal Basutos. It was in Basutoland he met General Gordon, who had come out as military adviser, and they became friends. England took over Basutoland, a rocky little country full of natives, for it was land the Cape needed, said Rhodes, and not natives. What with Disarmament and railways, it was something like a political triumph for Rhodes. He was, for a few weeks before his end, Treasurer-General in the Ministry that followed.

III

But as if South Africa had not already enough racial troubles: Boer against Briton, Black against White, racial troubles must needs now begin to come in from outside. For suddenly the European nations had discovered what Rhodes had discovered at the age of nineteen, on his long trek from Kimberley to Ntjin'a Rest: that the only great untaken land left in the

world were in Africa; and they were all scratching at Africa, raising agitation and the spirit of rivalry in South African bosoms. The Belgians, led by the explorer Stanley, were in the Congo. The French, led by the explorer de Brazza, were in the Congo. Italy was colonizing. Portugal was colonizing. Germany was colonizing. It was more than Kruger, now President of the South African Republic, could bear. His republic was young, feeble, poor, harassed by debts and natives; its wealth of gold was barely, as yet, realized; it was already too big for its scattered people. But what country is ever big enough? Kruger's Boers wanted to have so much land that they need do nothing but let the cattle browse on it. It was their dream not to have to see the next man's smokes. Kruger could hardly stand by while everybody else was taking Africa from the natives, and do nothing himself. Kruger was in it now.

There were, as Kruger tells the story, two native chiefs of Bechuanaland who were at war with one another. Each had an ally. Each sought also white assistance. One offered land to English settlers in return for their help, the other offered land to Boer settlers in return for their help. A Royal Commission following Majuba had laid it down that the Boers were not to interfere with the natives. So Kruger, he says, virtuously, forbade his Boers to join the natives. The Boers were tempted, however, he says, by the land, renounced their bürger rights under the Republic and, consequently, his authority, and did join.

The chiefs supported by the Boers won. The Boer mercenaries claimed their reward. They got the land. They were joined by other Boers, and founded the Republic of Stellaland and Oosters, which immediately began to quarrel with one another and their native allies.

That, according to Kruger, is how the Boers happened to be in Bechuanaland.

Oosters tell a different story. They remember that already, in 1870, Kruger had offered to ally himself with the chief

Mossie, and the chief, Montsise had declined, saying: 'No one ever imprisoned an man with an ox in one year'; how, four years later, Montsise begged the British to help him against the marauding Boers; and how, in the end, the Boers had so much power over the natives, that England was compelled to warn them off.

Whichever story is right (and, as far as they go, they are both probably right), Rhodes had not been long in Parliament when, not only were the natives of Europe, and notably Germany, insisting on Africa, the Boers also were stretching themselves in Bechuanaland.

Rhodes knew something of Bechuanaland. The District of Griqualand West which held his Kimberley was geographically a part of it. Even now there were hearthstones over a piece of the chief Mankosane's ground that had been wrongly assigned to Griqualand West. Bechuanas came to work in the Kimberley mines. Trade went out from Kimberley into Bechuanaland. Rhodes saw Bechuanaland and its meaning where it lay on the map of Africa. He loved maps. Still, today, there sits on a small massive table in the middle of his bedroom an enormous atlas. His house is full of maps.

He arranged to have himself sent up to Bechuanaland on a commission that was to inquire into Mankosane's rights.

But he did more than investigate Mankosane's rights. He investigated the possibilities of annexing the country; the possibilities that Kruger, about to go on a mission to England, might lure, from innocent or indifferent statesmen, the power to annex it himself. 'Don't part with an inch of territory to Transvaal,' he wired urgently to Cape Town. 'They are breaching. The interior road runs at the present moment on the edge of Transvaal boundary. Part with that, and you are driven into the desert.' Not an inch, not an inch, iterates the long, impassioned message. 'You can take the country without costing you a shilling.'

He made touch with van Nieuw, the Boer Administrator

of Bechuanaland, and, when he returned to Cape Town, it was with a petition from the white inhabitants of Bechuanaland for the protection of the Cape. He had also spoken ably for the Cape, for Mankorane asked him to come to the Cape, for Mankorane knows what consideration, his disputed land. Now he demanded the backing of the House.

'You are dealing,' he urged, 'with a question upon the proper treatment of which depends the whole future of the Colony. I look upon this Bechuanaland territory as the Bech Canal of the trade of this country, the key of its road to the interior. . . . Some honorable members may say that this is immorality. . . . "The lands," they may say, "belong to the chief Mankorane. How improper! How immoral! We must not do it!" Now I have not these scruples. I believe that the natives are bound gradually to come under the control of the Europeans. I feel that it is the duty of this Colony when, as it were, her younger and more fiery sons go out and take hand, to follow in their steps with civilized government. Is not this also the principle of the British Government? . . .

'If we do not settle this ourselves we shall see it taken up in the House of Commons, on one side or the other, not from any real interest in the question, but simply because of its consequences to those occupying the Ministerial benches. We want to get rid of the Imperial factor in this question and to deal with it ourselves, jointly with the Transvaal. . . . What did we build railways for? To secure the trade of the interior. . . . I solemnly warn this House that if it departs from the control of the interior we shall fall from the position of the paramount state in South Africa, which is our right in every scheme of federal union in the future, to that of a minor state.'

IV

It is said, even by the admirers of Rhodes, that he was not a good speaker. They admit he was effective because his matter was good, and he could now and then flash a phrase. But he began and ended awkwardly. He was rambling and

repetitive. He had a voice that broke startlingly into a high falsetto.

We are, on the other hand, assured that his speeches, which are here quoted, were not edited. But, unless his manner was quite incomparably bad, there can be no explanation of why those speeches seemed so indifferent when they were delivered and read so well now, except that fashions in oratory have changed in the last fifty years.

For Rhodes' speeches are not only bold, wise, direct and epigrammatic in the reading, they give an impression of direct contemptuous sincerity. Here is a man, one feels, who, in his successful twenties, had already discovered what Samuel Butler felt bound to tell himself after a lifetime of the pain that comes from the consciousness of neglected merit: 'The world will, in the end, follow only those who have despised as well as served it.'

When Rhodes made this, his first speech on Northern expansion, he was thirty. But he was already in what Conrad, thinking of a man's forties, used to call 'the force of his life.' In experience, achievement, habit, thought—and body too—he was a middle-aged man.

He had always, since his arrival in South Africa, been ahead of his years. At an age when his contemporaries were still schoolboys, he was managing a farm, he was 'averaging about a hundred pounds a week' as a digger. When they were undergraduates he was an undergraduate too, but he was also a many-sided commercial adventurer. He knew his mind, and had a plan of life at the age of twenty. When he entered Parliament his income was said to be twenty thousand a year. He had come to Parliament with a definite purpose which was nothing less than to make Africa British. ('I went down to the Cape Parliament, thinking in my practical way, "I will go and take the North."') He was then twenty-seven.

And he was something of a cold brute, was he not?, in his speeches, a tramping realist: 'Are we a great and independent

South Africa? No, we are only the population of a third-rate English city spread over a great country.' (1881.) 'Some honourable members may say that this is impossibility. . . . Now I have not those scruples.' (1883.) Yet, in the year between these two offerings to Parliament, he makes a will leaving all he possesses to one inexperienced young friend because his conditions 'can only be carried out by a man-worthy person, and I consider you one,' and this young friend is to see that the money is used for the 'foundation of as great a power as to hereafter render wars impossible and to promote the best interests of humanity.' Nothing less.

Can two such conflicting attitudes both be honest? Was Rhodes presenting a false front to humanity or a false inside to himself? Did Rhodes make his will as children write their secret diaries: for the joy of impressing with his virtues a world to which he now chose to show himself seemingly indifferent? Was he a realist or an idealist? . . . Was King David a realist or an idealist? Was the Shakespeare of the Sonnets a realist or an idealist? Which human being is wholly the one or wholly the other—a straight flush: all the cards one colour, one kind, one sequence—that is outside a house for the insane? . . .

And he had not only, so soon, lived far into life, he looked a man past youth. At thirty he looked forty; at forty, fifty; at his death, even more than sixty. The portraits of his thirties show him a man, square-mouthed, double-chinned; heavy in stance, heavy in test; big, thick, square, his very hands big and thick and square. But they show him, too, with the head, hair, brow, eyes, nose of a man beyond his fellows. Take up a picture with Rhodes in it—invariably in the front, in the middle, of a group of men significant in their day—and he demands the eye, something different, something, for both good and evil, unique. 'The reason why this or that man is fortunate,' says Emerson, "is not to be told. It lies in the man. . . . See him, and you will know as easily why he succeeds, as, if you see Napoleon, you would comprehend his

foreign.' That is not well written, and it is not inevitably true. But it is true of some, and it is true of Rhodes. The history of Rhodes does overtly lie in his body, and, as it is clear now, it was clear in his own time. He commanded attention, he drew curiosity: 'Who is the young man . . . ?' writes a travelling Baron von Hubsch, once Austrian Ambassador in Paris, 'the young man with an intelligent look, a grave deportment and a sympathetic air?' . . . The sympathetic air is not generally reflected in Rhodes' portraits, but the Baron answers his own question correctly enough: 'The path which he has taken, and means to take, marks him out to me'—and so forth. Even then it is not a totally unknown young man he considers: it is a young man already notable for 'the path which he has taken.'

And Rhodes was now in good health. He was not destined to be so for long. But, just at this time, the germs of disease were not eating his flesh, a stinging heart was not swelling it out. He was full of vigour. He was full of coherence. He knew what he wanted. He felt he must get it. More. In the way of men who have strong desires, he felt it his duty to the world to get it. In this very speech of his, the first on Northern expansion—actually within the few lines here quoted from it—there are ranged all the things that came to make up Rhodes' plan in life.

V

There are, first, three expressions: The Suez Canal to the interior, the Imperial factor. There is the impatience of professional politicians. There is the thought: 'I have not those examples.' There is the question of the rights of the natives: the control of them by this or the other power; the conviction that they must give way before the white people. There is the theme of colonisation: the going forth of the young and fiery sons. There is the understanding that co-operation with the Dutch is essential. There is the thought

of railways and permanent trade. There is the promise of Union—conservation—increase. . . .

It is an overture, a Wagnerian overture. The conductor lifts his baton : we have a prophecy of all the themes in the drama to come.

CHAPTER VII

WHO SHALL HAVE BECHUANALAND ?

I

RHODES used to call this piece of Bechuanaland that contained the republic of Swatland and Land of Goshen—sometimes the neck of the bottle, and sometimes the Beas Canal to the Interior.

This, roughly, is how the map of South Africa looked when Rhodes began to study it :

At the foot of it lay the Cape Colony, on the East Coast, Natal, and higher up, Portuguese East Africa. Almost opposite Portuguese East Africa, on the West Coast, lay Portuguese West Africa.

North of the eastern part of the Cape was the Orange Free State and its little mountainous neighbour, Basutoland. North of the Free State was the Transvaal. Rising from the middle of the Cape border, right in the heart of what South Africans call the sub-continent, at no point anywhere near the sea, spread the land of the Bechuanae that led to the lands of the Matsiela, the Mankoma, the Barotsa and so on—all the lands that were presently to become Rhodesia.

Then came the Congo Basin, then the Great Lakes, and, above these lands, again, a great bare continent through which England might break a path, if she chose, that reached to Egypt.

Bechuanaland, in short, four thousand feet above sea-level, more than a quarter of a million of square miles large, had as adjoining neighbours the two Dutch Republics ; the colonies of England and Portugal ; these marauding offshoots of the great Zulu nation : the Matsiela, and their drooping vassals, the Mankoma. They all saw the meaning of Bechuanaland. They all wanted it : not for the beauty it did not possess ; for the streams that had ceased to flow and the forests that were

no more; for its terrible summer heat and its terrible winter cold; for its dwindling rainfall, its sands, its droughts, its deserts; for its little yellow-brown people who were not of the Zulu-Xosa, but of the Basuto type, and with some Bushman and Hottentot blood in them. . . . The chief town of Bechuanaland is Mafeking which was besieged in the Boer War, and which lies in the midst of that barrenness whose sands rise up to girt the neck of the traveller to the Victoria Falls.

Rhodes used to say that the country was not of much use to the Bechuanas, but white farmers could preserve the water and cultivate the land. Yet it was not, in truth, for its own sake the nations, and most passionately Rhodes, wanted Bechuanaland: it was for what lay beyond it.

II

Beyond it lay this Africa Rhodes called, first, the Hinterland, and then, when the thought of it absorbed him altogether, My North. There is a statue of Rhodes which shows him pointing northwards and saying "Your Hinterland is there."

But what is this about the Imperial factor? Why did Rhodes, the excessive Englishman, now not want British interference?

The trouble was, very largely, missionaries.

III

It has been remarked already that the missionaries and the Dutch hated one another.

Now what the Dutch of those days could not understand was, as Treglope suggests, the hypocrisy of the English. They did not apprehend that hypocrisy might be, not the deliberate desire to deceive, but merely a failure to live up to an ideal. They saw only the double-faced coach. The Kaffir must not be a slave! No, but you could take away his land and so

compel him to work for you as if he were a slave. Was ever anything more illegal, more essentially false?

And yet even such an attitude (thought the Dutch) had some merit. It did at least recognize the fact that the black man had been put on earth by the Lord to toil for the white man. What did the Bible say? Did it not say: 'Cursed be Canaan. A servant of servants shall he be to his brethren. . . . God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant'?

Was that clear, or was it not? Yet now came the missionaries and insisted that the black people and the white people were brethren. Were they brethren? Did they look like brethren?

There was a missionary going about Bechuanaland whose name was John Mackenzie. He was the successor of Livingstone; he found the Bechuanas amiable and inclined towards his religion, and he initiated himself not merely their spiritual, but their political, guide.

And he hated the Dutch. He said the Dutch ill-treated the natives. He said they had a plot to make the whole of South Africa into one great Boer republic. He begged England to take the Bechuanas under her own protection.

He was a vigorous, vehement, courageous and determined man. By the time he had finished doing his duty to the Bechuanas a number of people in South Africa were thoroughly hating and distrusting one another, and, still more, the professed servants of God.

These are the things that happened while the Rev. John Mackenzie was doing his duty to the Bechuanas:

The Bechuanas went marauding and then overcame a punitive expedition led against them by that same officer (Langens, the Administrator of Griqualand West) who later, as Rhodes got it, caused all the trouble in the Transvaal by running it on the lines of a second-rate line regiment. Rhodes himself was in that punitive expedition: hence his bitterness.

Afterwards a Colonel Warren was sent out to restore order,

but did nothing much more than positive positions for the protection of one tribe from another.

These happened to be the days of Imperial distraction, therefore, instead of the British coming in, the Boers came in and established the Republic of Southland and Goshen.

The Rev. Mackenzie saw in this a Dutch plot to take the whole of South Africa, with results terrible to the natives and the cause of civilization, and went to England to protest. He engaged the sympathy of the Aborigines Protection Society, so that Rhodes, for the rest of his life, lost an opportunity of joining at their : opposed the granting of certain concessions Kruger was now seeking in London ; and, to the chagrin of all those he had colonized, was duly sent back to Bechuanaland as Deputy Commissioner.

He answered the call with energy. He raised the Union Jack in Southland in the face of the furious Dutch. He carried his flag to Gosheland, and while he was reading his proclamation the Boers rode away and looted, as it is said, the cattle of the natives who were respectfully listening to the proclamation. But it is also said the Boers went out to repel a native raid on their capital.

Whichever way it happened it is clear that Mackenzie found himself in a ridiculous and intolerable situation, and returned, with a force of police, to Southland, to find the flag he had set up there pulled down, and the republicans applying to be taken over by the Cape that they might be saved from him. He sent a bitterly complaining telegram to the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, and received in answer the news of his recall and his substitution by Cecil Rhodes.

This is not the end of the Rev. Mackenzie, but one may understand now why the Dutch hated him. Why, however, did Rhodes hate him?

The reason may be found partly in that very sentence which

contains the much-quoted expression: 'Imperial factor—' We want to get rid of the Imperial factor in this question, and to deal with it jointly with the Transvaal'; and partly in his distrust of the combination of religion with politics—in so far, at least, as it applied, not to the political professions, but to the political missionary.

Rhodes, whether as a matter of prudence or predilection, perhaps of both, was, in those days, an adherent of the Cape Dutch.

'I have great sympathy with them; they have needs and aspirations which we are all, I sincerely think, apt to overlook. I help them as far as I can instead of opposing them. Is not that the better way? It pleases them and it pleases me. . . . As for minor measures, which I have supported, if men like to put blue ribbons on their cattle when they send them to market, why shouldn't they?'

Why, indeed? There is an undertone of cynicism in the last sentence which is not without its suggestions. But, in fact, in the whole style of diplomacy which this quotation embodies Rhodes was the pupil of Hofmeyr. One might call it the art of seductive leadership.

They became friends, Rhodes and Hofmeyr, they worked together. As Rhodes was successfully pushing his way northwards Hofmeyr said to him: 'You have got hold of the interior. Now be generous. Let us down gently.' 'I will not let you down,' said Rhodes. 'I will take you with me.'

Yet what Rhodes did ultimately do was precisely as Hofmeyr felt, to let them down, and not in Hofmeyr's meaning of the term. For twelve years Rhodes and Hofmeyr worked together in unity, even in community; through Rhodes Hofmeyr learnt to forget the distrust of the British which had caused him, after the Shepstone association, to throw over his ideal of union; and when an older, stronger passion led Rhodes to bring their long association in the Jameson Raid, Hofmeyr compared himself with a dishonoured husband. And that,

indeed, was his position. He had been wronged, charmed back to belief, and wronged again.

There was even a time when a leader of that Bond whose motto had been 'A united South Africa under one Flag—but not under England,' came and asked Rhodes to throw in his lot with theirs. Rhodes himself tells the story. The ordinary said: "Mr. Rhodes, we want a United South Africa," and I said: "So do I." . . . He said: "There is nothing in the way." And I said: "No, there is nothing in the way—we are one!" . . . "And we will take you as our leader," he said. "Only one thing. We want, of course, to be independent of the rest of the world." "You take me," said Rhodes, "either for a rogue or a fool. I would be a rogue to forfeit all my history and tradition, and I would be a fool because I would be hated by my own countrymen and mistrusted by yours."

That seems, really, to define Rhodes' attitude towards the Dutch. He was prepared to work with them, he was prepared to admit, as he said, that men under republican institutions had republican feelings, he was prepared to unite with them, but "May my right hand wither if I forget thee, O Jerusalem"; there was something nearer his heart than Africa, and that was England. He did not want the Imperial factor, it is true, but it was in the spirit of a soldier who, in the midst of hostilities, resents the ignorant interference of those at home. That is not to say he won't fight to the uttermost.

"I believe," said Rhodes, "is a United States of South Africa, but as a portion of the British Empire."

"No greater future can belong to any statesman than that of dealing with the complicated questions of South Africa and the enormous expansion that lies before us in the dark interior. With that I believe my life to be connected."

"If I forfeit my flag, what have I left? If you take away my flag, you take away everything."

"I believe, with all the enthusiasm bred in the soul of an inventor, it is not self-glorification I desire, but the wish to

live to regret my pining for the benefit of those who, I think, are the greatest people the world has ever seen.'

Nevertheless

'It is the amateur meddling of irresponsible and ill-advised persons in England that makes every resident in the Republic, English as well as Dutch, rejoice in their independence, and converts many a socialist from an Imperialist into a Republican.'

'The principle must be recognized in the Old Country that people born and bred in this Colony, and descended from those who settled in this country many generations ago, are much better capable of dealing with the various matters that arise than people who have to dictate from some thousands of miles away.'

V

Here we have, then, not only an explanation of Rhodes' attitude towards the Dutch, and, again, towards the Imperial factor, but we approach also the reason for his dislike of misadventure.

He felt himself British, but he wanted, first, to work together with the Dutch since he recognized a union of the two white nations to be the destiny of South Africa, and he wanted, second, no unqualified interference in his plans: neither the interference of those whose kingdom was narrowly England, nor of those whose kingdom was narrowly Heaven.

If it was, in short, a question of taking sides as matters affecting the natives, he was rather with the Dutch of South Africa than with the English of England.

Rhodes had spent his young manhood in Kimberley. There he had seen thousands of natives—men but newly arisen from the earth—working, like oxen, like camels, under their white masters. They were very far from their kins, their law, the things that were good and natural to them. Such social and spiritual qualities as they had could not be apparent in those strange conditions. Take a liberal Englishman to-day, put

come from overseas full of sympathy and indignation on behalf of the native, and show him a mine: the natives, naked, awaiting on the slopes; the natives, crowding, dark-brown, into shops with hams in their hands; the natives, herded in their lodgings, their concrete banks one over the other; the natives, blanketed, fire-faced, dark, shouting, swearing; and watch that Englishman's face. It will show, not tenderness or brotherhood, but a sort of weakening, an awe, an apprehension. Here is not what he had imagined. The native is too frighteningly different. . . .

Next to the ugliness of Kimberley the thing that most impressed Trollope on the Diamond Fields was this strange way the native was being civilized by the mines: 'One is tempted sometimes to say that nothing is done by religion, and very little by philanthropy. But love of money works very fast. . . .'

Yet even Trollope understood—and, if he did not endorse, he did not deplore—the Nam point of view: 'This savage! This something more, but very little more, than a monkey!' The words are Trollope's.

It was not till many years later that Rhodes struck the word 'white' from his election cry, and admitted the common rights of every civilized man, whatever his colour.

But that was after his fall, after the Dutch would have no more of him, when he had nothing to lose from the Dutch, and something to gain from the natives: it was in the days of his struggling to rise again, of his sorrow, and, perhaps, who knows?, of his greater sympathy with those who had had to abandon hope, not before entering hell, but even before entering life. It was expediency, it may have been (how often is not expediency the father of principle?) also something else along its beginning.

The thing, then, for which Rhodes' name stands in South Africa—this equal rights idea—was not at all at the root of a political life. In his early days, in those eighteen-eighties, he differentiated most determinedly between 'every white

man ' and ' every civilised man ' : he followed, not the missionary but the Boer, tradition ; he felt it necessary to link with the Boer tradition and he said :

' I will lay down my own policy on this native question. Either you have to receive them on an equal footing as citizens, or to call them a subject race. I have made up my mind that there must be class legislation, that there must be Free Laws and Franchise Preservation Acts, and that we have to treat natives, where they are in a state of barbarism, in a different way to ourselves. We are to be lords over them. These are my policies on native affairs, and these are the policies of South Africa. . . . The native is to be treated as a child and denied the franchise ; he is to be denied liquor also. . . . If I cannot keep my position in the country as an Englishman on the European vote, I wish to be cleared out, for I am not going to the native vote for support. . . . We must adopt a system of despotism, such as works so well in India, in our relations with the barbarians of South Africa.'

The sense of superiority the present has over the past is due, in part, to the way Time so mischievously shows up the poor old past. There is Rhodes' remark about the despotism that works so well in India. There is his contemptuous : ' I am not going to the native vote for support.' There is a further remark he now proceeds to make : namely, that the natives will, without question, be given the franchise when the missionaries turn out men capable of administering the telegraph and postal system, of engineering and managing machinery. Is there, also, anything more condescending to the present-day South African than the fact that the native wants to do work which is reserved to the white man ?

In this very speech, ironically enough, Rhodes congratulates himself that, by good luck rather than discrimination, he has nothing to contend on the Native Question, since, he confesses, it was in ' a mild jingo ' he came down to the House ; and he goes on to declare ' the extreme philosophic sympathy of those who wish to endow the native at once with the privileges it

has taken the European eighteen hundred years to acquire.' Only in the matter of drink, he says, have the missionaries any right to interfere. Refuse drink to the natives, and what further need is there for missionaries? The franchise is not their business. 'Let the missionaries be taught a lesson!'

Rhodes made this speech after the Bechuanaland trouble, and it was the Bechuanaland trouble that inspired it. It was of the Rev. John Mackenzie he was thinking when he said: 'Let the missionaries be taught a lesson.'

51

For the Rev. John Mackenzie, a prisoner of the Lord, was not the man to abandon a duty. After his recall he went about Cape Town denouncing (1) Kruger, (2) Rhodes, (3) Hofmeyr. He spoke also, as Rhodes himself was doing, of a fourth enemy, Bismarck: Germany was scoring to South Africa.

And were they, he demanded, to let the Dutch take Bechuanaland; or the Cape, or the Germans? These people who considered only themselves, and not at all the natives? There was one country alone that could be relied upon to do her duty to the natives without any thought of personal advantage, and that was England.

He spoke with the passion England herself has for subject races, and which is as moving and comic, both together. For a nation need be little more than humble, and England not only pities it, not only likes it, but, indeed, admires it.

While Mackenzie was fulminating in Cape Town, Rhodes was in Bechuanaland trying to smooth down the quivering muscles and notes of exclamation that had raised themselves over the soil of Bechuanaland like hairs on the back of a defiant, apprehensive dog.

It has been said that Rhodes was overbearing and ruthless, and overbearing and ruthless he was. But he could be all things when he had an object to achieve. He could be reason-

able. He could be cordiality. He could be sympathetic. Persuasiveness—a simple, confiding, colloquial, explanatory, and yet bluff man-to-manishness was, as he knew himself, one of his most successful attitudes.

'You can't resist him,' said Barnato, the Jew, as he yielded to him.

'We had a talk,' said Hofmeier, the secretive Boer, 'and were friends ever afterwards.'

'You have come back to us again,' said the Matabele, whom he had despoiled of their country, 'and now all things are clear, and we are your children.'

'Stay and work with me,' begged Chinese Garden in Bechuanaland, and afterwards asked him to come along and help to 'smash the Mahdi.' Rhodes did not go, and, too late, was sorry for it. Yet in time, so far from 'smashing' the Mahdi, he was to say, that he did not 'propose to fight the Mahdi, but to deal with him.' Whereupon 'squaring the Mahdi'—the idea of bribery, because an assumed catchword to be employed against Rhodes. And a story is told of how Parnell complained to Rhodes that the priests were against him, and Rhodes said: 'Can't you square the Pope?'

And, in fact, Rhodes was not above bribery—he was not above anything that could help his plans. But precisely in this Mahdi business, he seems to have been relying on charms other than those of money, since 'I have never,' he goes on to say, 'met anyone in my life whom it was not as easy to deal with as to fight.'

He was not altogether accurate. He did have one or two failures in his 'dealings.' He even failed now in Bechuanaland. He began brilliantly.

He went first (it is a story he tells over and over again) to van Nieuw, the Administrator of Stellaland, with whom he had been able to negotiate before, and he found him not less pliable this time. But van Nieuw had a lieutenant, an enormous backslider called 'Groot,' that is 'Big' Adrian de la Rey, and de la Rey would have none of him. He lived up

to his eyes reputation. 'Blood must flow,' he roared. Rhodes, the Giant-killer, six feet tall himself, smiled at him. 'Give me my breakfast,' he said. 'Then we can talk about blood.' And he stayed with de la Rey, he says, a week, became god-father to his grandchild, and made a settlement, the chief feature of which was the cancellation of everything done by Macdonald.

This is the Rhodes who, unaided by the gods, might have altered history by dealing with Kruger. He said so himself. For there was that in Rhodes which there never was in Milner, as he reveals himself in his Letters. How could Milner, so lonely, academic and withdrawn; so harrassed in his literary gentleness; so unable to vary himself with a variable humanity—how could such a fruit of nineteenth-century bureaucracy meet a Biblical patriarch?

Kruger had had three months' schooling in his life. He had read the Bible, and no other book. He was married at seventeen, a widower at twenty-one, remarried twice, and the father of sixteen children. Early in the morning, on the stoep of his little iron-roofed house in Pretoria (not much better than Rhodes' iron-roofed house in Kimberley), facing his Dopper Church, he sat among his people, drinking coffee, smoking his pipe, spitting at large, talking as if he were Abraham of the Bible. This is how he established diplomatic relations with Moshech, the leader of the Basuto. Kruger said to him:

'If you are so devout, how do you come to have more than one wife?'

'It is true. I have just about two hundred. Still, that is not half so many as Solomon had.'

'But surely you know that, since Christ's time, and according to the New Testament, a man may have only one wife.'

'Well—well, what shall I say to you? . . . It is just human nature. . . .'

And this is how, Solomon-like, Kruger decided a dispute between two brothers about an inheritance of land. Let one

brother, he said, divide the land, and let the other have *his* choice.

With such a man, as with Great Adrian, Rhodes might have parlayed. To him, too, he could have said: 'Let us have breakfast, and then we can talk about blood.' Kruger would have liked that. He lived instead to say of Rhodes: 'This man was the curse of South Africa.'

VII

It was actually during the Bechuanaland affair Rhodes first met Kruger. Why could he not now talk pleasantly about blood and breakfast?

The answer is that he did not come alone, and others did the talking.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST STEP NORTH

I

When Rhodes met Kruger, it was in the company of General (he was now General) Warren, and the Rev. John Mackenzie.

It was through Rhodes himself Warren was in Bechuanaland. Things had not gone in Bechuanaland as Rhodes had expected. The exhilarating success with van Nieuwe and de la Rey had been the end of success. And though it might seem that he achieved in Bechuanaland what he desired, which was Bechuanaland itself for England, and a path to the North, he achieved it, according to the Rev. John Mackenzie's plans and not his own. He had said: 'We want to get rid of the Imperial factor on this question, and to deal with it ourselves, jointly with the Transvaal.' He had not been long in Bechuanaland before he was asking for Imperial intervention.

For, even while he was attempting to 'deal' in Goshenland as he had dealt in Suddland, things were happening—too many and too soon. The Goshenlanders were fighting again with the natives, they were joining, not the English, but the Transvaal, flag—the Germans were coming down the West Coast of Africa. Time was, as ever, against Rhodes. He could not wait to parley. He could not see the Germans combining with the Boers to block England's way to the North. He had to do the quickest thing, and he asked for that General Warren to be sent whom he knew from his Kimberley days.

II

Things had never been the same in South Africa since the firing of diamonds. Before that it had been a poor lonely place where the troubled of the world could come for sanctu-

any. Who else wanted it? No one of any worldliness. There was room for all the rapacious, the hoarded, the misfitting.

Diamonds had made South Africa known to the world. The explorer Stanley had made the centre of Africa known. And now everything was different. No more was it an old earthy life of lands, herds, children, savages, a life untouched by the dreams and desires of civilisation. From the ends of the earth journeyed the fortune-hunters. To the ends of the earth went their stories of this rich land waiting to be taken, simply waiting meekly to be taken.

The taking came.

The English—of the Cape or England—took Griqualand West as a reward and protected several native territories as a duty. The King of the Belgians said the Congo was his personal estate. The French, in the Congo too, wanted the Niger and ran off with Madagascar. The Portuguese said all the country from Angola on the West Coast to Mozambique on the East Coast was theirs: it had been, they said, for centuries. Things were going on in North Africa, West Africa, East Africa.

In South Africa the Boers, not long in their own republics, had the two little new republics in Bechuanaland, they had also ridden out—three hundred odd of them—and got themselves a chunk of Zululand. By treaty they were not allowed to interfere with the natives. But the invaders of Zululand did as the Goshes and Swakalanders had done: they gave up their burgher rights, and ceased thus to be bound by national treaties.

And, suddenly, here was Bismarck too. He had hitherto been like Gladstone, he had not wanted colonies, finding he had trouble enough at home. But Stanley had been lecturing in Germany; conferences had met, now here, now there, on the dividing up of Africa; German missionaries had asked him for the protection England would not give them on the West Coast; his merchants were ailed for markets; Karl Peters

was running about Germany selling concessions he had picked up from the East Coast Kaiser for little, for that, for nothing; the concessionaires were offering to colonize in the old way with charters—Bismarck was in it too.

Even while Rhodes was struggling against Boers and blacks in Bechuanaland, the Germans were coming to the West Coast. Before the trouble was over in Bechuanaland, they were coming, led by Karl Peters, to the East Coast.

And Rhodes, crying 'Beware! Germany!' sent for Warren.

III

Warren arrived with four thousand men, British and Colonial, and, also, to Rhodes' astonishment and unpeakable chagrin, with the Rev. John Mackenzie, who had won him over to his side. Now not only he and Rhodes, but also Mackenzie, went to negotiate with Kruger. Before them, for the sake of frightfulness, rode two hundred dragons.

That made everything wrong from the beginning. There was the Biblical patriarch with his half-dons or so-beers, and there was the dinking General asserting in advance that there was to be no nonsense. As if this were not enough, he must needs bring with him the very missionary of missionaries. He might as well have brought Satan.

In days to come Rhodes was to have the experience and self-confidence to believe that in warfare the wisdom of a civilian might be better than the training of a soldier. When he was about to break his way northwards he asked an Imperial officer how many men he would need, and what it would cost. Two thousand five hundred men, said the officer, and a quarter of a million of money. So Rhodes found himself a young man of twenty-three who offered to do it, and did do it, with a tenth of the men suggested by the soldier, and a third of the money. When things were bad in Matabeleland for lack of money, he dismissed all the seven hundred garrison police, except forty, and created volunteers. He was told he

would send ten thousand men to take Matabeleland, and he took it (as he said, but his figures were not quite accurate) with nine hundred. He drove into Pondoland with eight anti-coloured horses, eight policemen and some machine guns, and so annexed it. His emissaries walked into strange lands with a piece of paper and a few hundred pounds, and walked out with a kingdom. When the Matabele rose in revolt he joined a military column as a kind of associate general, and his weapon was a hunting-crop. He found Matabeleland full of soldiers and fighting. He left the soldiers camped behind him, and, with a few friends and revolvers, went out to settle matters through talk. During the Boer War he undertook to teach the various generals their business, and, while he was besieged in Kimberley, conspired with the maddest commanding officer in defending it, so that he was almost court-martialled for his pains.

The failure of the Jameson Raid was more significant than any of his successes, but it was the only failure in Rhodes' system of aggression, and one might choose to regard it as an exception.

The longer he lived, indeed, the less grew his respect for formal soldiering. But in those early Bochnanland days he had not yet the experience, the arrogance, the material for compassion, which ultimately led him to the opinion that he could run a war better than any professional fighting man.

At the negotiations with Kruger—the atmosphere being military—he submitted to Warren's authority and allowed him to make the terms. Makenzie prompted Warren. Kruger departed from the meeting, humiliated and hostile. 'Rhodes,' he reports scathingly, 'pretended to be on my side.' He refused to believe in the sincerity of Rhodes' conversion from 'Don't part with an inch of territory to Transvaal' to 'We want to get rid of the Imperial factor on this question, and to deal with it jointly with the Transvaal.' But, in fact, Rhodes was sincere. There is no doubting his abhorrence, at the moment, of the Imperial factor. . . .

Warren, still inspired by Makenzie's, declared Martial Law over Bechuanaland; sent forth the fiat that no Boer was to own land in the country; brought a wander charge, never substantiated, against Rhodes' ally, the Administrator of Stellaland; disowned Rhodes' promises; told Rhodes he was a danger to peace; and, having well displayed his four thousand soldiers to the cowed, unarmoured Boers, declared a British Protectorate over the whole of Bechuanaland.

He did his work without the firing of a shot. And, so far, very good. But the result of Warren's brisk and ruthless efficiency was such a passion against England that Warren had to be recalled. And what Rhodes said in Parliament, after he had resigned his Deputy-Commissionership in Bechuanaland was this :

'I remember,' he said, 'when a youngster, reading in my English history of the supremacy of my country and its annexations, and that there were two maxims : that the word of the nation, when once pledged, was never broken, and that, when a man accepted the citizenship of the British Empire, there was no distinction of races. It has been my misfortune in one year to meet with the breach of the one, and the proposed breach of the other.'

But what Kruger said was this : 'That young man,' he said, 'is going to cause me trouble.'

And he meant, most strangely, not the fastid. Warren, but the virtuous Rhodes.

CHAPTER IX

RHODES FOUNDS HIS GOLDFIELDS COMPANY

I

THE trouble Rhodes was to create Kruger—passed he did cause it—had another parent: Nature. Under Kruger's earth lay that which was to continue what Kimberley had begun: the civilizing of South Africa, the breaking of all that Kruger stood for, and of Kruger himself: an old system of life, and an old man who fought for that system. In the very year after Kruger's meeting with Warren, Mackenzie and Rhodes, gold was found on the Witwatersrand—the Ridge of the White Waters.

It had been found before in South Africa, thousands of years before, some say, in Rhodesia; but for practical, immediate purposes it had been found in the diamond—where of all places? In the Tati District, over the top end of Bechuanaland, to finish off the ivory of the finding of diamonds at the bottom end. A desert in the middle, and then, far the Lord's Fox, on one side, diamonds, and, on the other, gold.

Then it was found here and there in the Transvaal.

Now, something over twenty years after the first modern discovery, it was found on the Rand, and the history of Rhodes leads nearly from the year 1882 to the year 1885.

II

The city of Johannesburg dates from the year 1886. In that year the reef was struck, and a people whose habit it was to escape from civilization had civilization indubitably thrust upon them. The Boers had fled from Fouta and from Holland to the Cape. They had fled from the Cape to Natal and the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. During two hundred years and over they had lived more primitively than

the people of the Bible. For the people of the Bible—even those who, like the Boers, had sojourned in the wilderness and drunk the bitter waters and quenched their thirst at Elim—the people of Moses had begun to civilize themselves in the desert.

Things they had been given here. These had been set to work in wood and gold (cherubims and mantle-sticks and beads like almonds with a hoop and a flower); in fine twisted linen and blue and purple and scarlet; in ramoth dyed and badger-skin; in breastplates set with jewels: in perfumes, after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy.

The Boers did none of these things in their desert. They wandered with their flocks, according to the season, from high-land to low-land. They lived in tents or in houses of corrugated iron and mud. They rode, stuck in seat, long in stirrup, on chaggy horses. Their literature was the Bible—the Old Testament rather than the New. They saw no newspapers. They heard no news. Europe was tremendously changing, and they were unaware of it. They had the freedom and severity, the dignity and strength, the cordliness and hospitality—the narrowness, the conservatism, the idleness, the ignorance, of solitude. To this very day there are Boers who live like those Boers of pre-gold days. But not so many. The telegraph, the train, the newspaper, the motor-car, have reached them—unknown and re-made them.

The world was desperate for gold in those eighteen. There were Englishmen who, early in 1886, said that all the labour troubles were due to a shortage of gold: because it was so rare, and the sovereign so precious, wages were getting lower and lower, and there was again talk of bimetalism as the only remedy.

Nobody thought much of the gold that lately had been found in South Africa. It was considered nothing to the gold of Australia.

And in this very year, for the economic convenience of all

the world, the gold-reefs of the Rand were dramatically uncovered.

Now what had happened in Kimberley happened also in Johannesburg. The Boers sold their gold-laden land and tumbled away. The adventurers came from the ends of Africa and the east; the traders, the gamblers, the outlaws, the thousands of natives; the miners, mostly Cornishmen; the engineers, mostly Americans; the financiers, mostly Jews. From Kimberley itself the adventurers came. Everyone in Kimberley was gambling on news from the Rand: men, women, miners, shopkeepers, clerks—in houses, in hotels, in the Kimberley Club, in the streets: would they strike the reef in that shaft or in that shaft? Brokers shouted their prices like hostiles during a race. Champagne was the drink. Cigarettes were lighted (probably not often, but they tell such things) with bank-notes. . . .

The Boers who had not tumbled too far away sold milk and vegetables to the new population on the Rand. They sold chickens, sheep, corn and horses—tough wandoors like themselves over the earth. They chopped the wood of the veld, loaded it on their waggons, and brought it to town—the family under the load of the waggon: the father or eldest son, tall and brown and bearded, walking with a long whip, the sjambok, beside the oxen. That was what the Boers got out of the finding of gold. They did not attempt to work the gold themselves. There had been a time when their laws, holding it to be a source of wickedness, had forbidden the working of gold. They did not open shops and sell their goods to the easy-buying, excited, reckless crowds. They were not shopkeepers by disposition. They are not now.

In Pretoria Kruger, behind him his council, his Volksraad, arose, like Joshua, and told the men to stand still. He arose, big and stout, in his black frock-coat and his black trousers and his black top-hat and his ceremonial green sash, with his little nose, peached eyes, and his clean-shaven, snapped-to

mouth, and his straggly beard that fringed his jaw from ear to ear, and the hand from which he had himself hacked the crushed thumb, and tried to stop time and the planets from revolving. . . .

What could he do? He could make it more and more difficult for the foreigners to vote—to have any say in his Government. He could penalize them by granting monopolies to particular people. He could put taxes on their food. He could give the posts in his service partly to Dutchmen: either the Dutchmen of the Republic, or, where a higher standard was needed than might be found among a people so recently wanderers in the desert, the Dutchmen of Holland. The Dutchmen of the Cape or Natal, being English subjects, he regarded as practically traitors: they were not eligible. 'He has made an administrative scheme,' said Rhodes in Parliament, 'the essence of which is that no South African can have a part in it.'

Rhodes was on the Rand now, with Beit as . . . Burman and the others who had founded their fortunes in Kimberley, and he warned Kruger once more of his treatment of the Uitlanders. Kruger remembered what his rival for the Presidency had said: 'This gold will cause our country to be soaked in blood.' And he told Rhodes that he had heard all those stories before. 'I am here,' he said, 'to protect my burghers as well as the Rand people. I know what I have to do, and I will do what I think right.'

The complainants resolutely went on making money.

It was Beit who made most. Rhodes, his deepest attention elsewhere, was persuaded by his general manager at de Beers—an American—that the handling of the ore most proved too costly for profitable working; and, by the time he was wiser, the best things were gone, and one of the bigger gold-mining properties he might have had was bought by Beit, shortly to

became his associate in the amalgamation of *de Beers*. And, although Rhodes did eventually buy here and there against rivals and found the Goldfields Company, later the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, perhaps he himself experienced best the reason why he never became in gold what he became in diamonds: he could not feel gold as he felt diamonds. 'I cannot,' he said, 'calculate the power in these claims.'

He had not, moreover, a mind free for such calculation. To begin with, he was much perturbed by the illness of his young friend Pickering, and threw up certain important negotiations in order to hurry to his death-bed. And then his thoughts could not be solely on gold, since they were also on politics: on questions of Boer and Briton and Union; since they were also on Bechuanaland: on questions of natives, missionaries, Germans; since they were also on millions of square miles reaching northwards as far as Egypt: he had just set his foot on the beginnings of those miles in Bechuanaland; since they were, supremely, at the moment, on the controlling of all the diamond mines of South Africa, and all the diamonds of the world.

CHAPTER X

RHODES AMALGAMATES THE DIAMOND MINES

I

HE was, indeed, taking advantage of the gold-rush to buy the diamond shares of those who were forsaking the chances of Kimberley for those on the Rand. For fifteen years he and Barney Barnato had contended against one another in the race for wealth and power, and now the battle was at its climax.

Barney Barnato, whose real name was Barnett Isaacs, had come to South Africa in the year Rhodes had returned, for the first time, from Africa to England to enter Oxford. Their ships passed one another on the Atlantic. As Cecil Rhodes had followed his brother Herbert to Kimberley, so was Barnett Isaacs following his brother Harry. He brought with him, not like Rhodes, a Greek lexicon and some classics, but forty boxes of bad cigars to sell.

Both the brothers called themselves Barnato. The name suited their make-hull turn of mind. They loved the sound. When Barney arrived in Kimberley in 1879, he found Harry making his living by showmanship as much as by anything else, and he was doing it under the name of Barnato: it was actually Harry, and not Barney, who derived the name of Barnato from Barnett. Barney, it is said, knew all Harry Irving's parts, and even played lead, at amateur performances, in *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *The Merchant of Venice*.

He was eighteen in the year he came to Kimberley. Rhodes, too, had arrived in Kimberley at the age of eighteen. He had arrived with a Greek lexicon, whose Barnato had arrived with those bad cigars. He had gone to Oxford, and Barnato to Jews' Free School. His father was a country clergyman, and Barnato's a Whitechapel shopkeeper.

But, Bishop, Sturford, or Whitechapel, the sons were both natural tradesmen.

'There is nothing this country produces,' said Barnato in later years, 'that I have not traded in, from diamonds and gold right away through wool and manillas to garden vegetables.'

With the money he got for his cigars, he went—as it was called—*hoppo-wallowing*. That is to say, he walked from chain to chain, carrying in his pocket a borrowed diamond scale, buying such diamonds as he could afford, and selling them to the regular diamond dealers. Rhodes was now not only a digger, but an ice-cream vendor, a wine-grapester, a snore-keeper, and an Oxford undergraduate.

Presently Barney and his brother were both digging for diamonds and selling them. At night they visited the bars, talked and listened.

Barney was not altogether unpopular. He was vulgar, but he was generous. He spoke—as one might expect, but he had a straight blue eye. Wearing a checked suit, a buttonhole, a piece-tie and a wined moustache, he does not, in his photographs, make a very distinguished figure, but his brow is good, and the expression is keen and rather decent. What went on in that stiff-shirted bosom that it was not enough for him to play the magnate in London, he must needs belong to the Kimberley Club? Why, after even that triumph, could he not be happy? Eight years later he leapt from a floor and drowned himself.

The game as to who should eventually amalgamate the diamond mines of Kimberley was played out between these two: Rhodes and Barnato. Others had once been in it also. 'What is your game?' said Rhodes to Alfred Beit. 'I am going to control the whole diamond output before I am much older,' said Beit. 'That's funny,' said Rhodes. 'I have made up my mind to do the same. We had better join hands.'

And so they did. And so, too, this and that opposition was wiped out until there was left in just Rhodes and Barnato and their respective adherents.

This is why, control of the market apart, the diamond mines of Kimberley had to be amalgamated, whether under Rhodes or Barnato or anyone else.

The digging at Kimberley had begun by being a simple matter of a man caving with a few tools and working his ground with a few Kaffirs. But Rhodes had barely arrived in Kimberley when things were already complicated. Too many men were working in too small a space. Claims of thirty-one feet square were divided into four and even into eight parts. The best of them had risen in value from one hundred to four thousand pounds. Every inch of soil was valuable. When first the hard bottom of the yellow ground was struck, claims were hurriedly sold to unsuspecting buyers because this hard bottom, it was thought, was the end of diamonds. It was then found that the real mine was the hard blue ground, and not the soft overflow of yellow ground. And more and more did the mines of Kimberley become inverted Manhattan where men had to descend themselves by sinking instead of by rising.

They sunk in narrow vertical shafts that left a minimum of space between one man's working and the next. Across these gridded intersections had to go the carts and mules that moved the ground for sifting, washing, sorting. The natives had to slide past the procession of carts, they had to walk precariously along the crumbling, unadorned edges—for that matter, so had the diggers.

Presently not only mules and carts, but natives and the precious earth itself, were tumbling into the shafts. Another year or so, and accidents to people and animals, the falling of roof, the flooding of the claims with water, had not only forced the consolidation of claims, it had made necessary a Mining Road.

Soon the mines were open quarries belimed up by timber. Roads and mules were gone. On iron ropes, stretched taut

from the rim of a mine to the working floor below, men buckled, bringing the earth up, tipping themselves over, depositing the earth where it was to be worked, righting themselves again, running down empty on another set of ropes.

Over each mine was a web of iron ropes on which scudded buckets rising and descending. Down below, deep down in the great open head, worked thousands of black men and their masters, each man-like group in a separate pit, at a separate mound of earth. Their shouting, chanting, commanding voices, the clank of their picks and shovels, rose from the depths, a more distant humming. The buckets, whirling and whirling along the wires, made play on what was become a gigantic instrument of music. It was a distant chorus accompanied by a string band. . . .

Another few years and the Mining Board had spent over two million pounds in maintaining the mines. It was in debt, and could not get its overdraft renewed. Now, for every load of diamondiferous ground brought to the surface four or five loads of unbearing earth had to be removed. The pits were anything up to four hundred feet deep, and below the pits themselves shafts and tunnels led the way to the even more valuable blue ground that had recently been discovered.

The fall of debris grew ever larger. Once a fall of five million tons stopped the work of a mine for six months. Another fall killed eighteen people. The rain that comes so seldom to Kimberley could come in flooding storms. . . .

One of the possessions of Rhodes and his partners in their early days was a six-horse-power steam-engine, bought by Rhodes, with which they pumped water and made ice-cream. It was the only engine on the spot when in that year a thunder-storm burst over Kimberley and a mine was flooded. Rhodes contracted to pump out the water. A friend warned him to have a secure place into which to run the water, or it would flow back into the mine. Rhodes did better. He had a clause inserted in the contract holding the mine-management responsible for storing the pumped-out water. What followed

was that the dam made by the mine-people burst; the water ran back into the pit, another contract followed, at twice, it is said, the amount of the first, and this was Rhodes' first substantial business undertaking. Why the mine should have paid Rhodes double for pumping the water a second time is not clear. However, that is the story.

There were naturally set-backs in Rhodes' fortune-making. In 1876 he was writing to Radd from his father's vicarage:

'I suppose our affair at de Beers looks bad. Don't be dispirited. If ever you were in a good thing that will give you a good income that will.' And he and his partners had to lose the chance of buying the whole of de Beers mine because they lacked six thousand pounds to make up the price asked for it. Yet he was still an undergraduate at Oxford when the three partners had grown to six; they called themselves the de Beers Mining Company; they had a capital of two hundred thousand pounds; they were buying at competitive prices the claims they had once lacked the money to buy at a bargain.

It was not till 1885 that, in devious ways, with great effort, at enormous cost, Rhodes finally possessed his de Beers Mine.

Meanwhile Barney Barnato was acquiring the mine called the Kimberley Mine. The de Beers Mine and the Kimberley Mine were the two most important of the four mines on the Diamond Fields.

III

These were the steps by which the two men rose, side by side, towards power over diamonds:

There were the little beginnings: Rhodes' ice-cream selling and water-pumping; Barnato's cigar-selling and kopek-collecting.

In 1878, the year Rhodes was encouraging Radd, from England, to go on, despite the depression, buying de Beers claims, Barnato had three thousand pounds and bought with

his money lost claims at the Kimberley Mine. Out of these claims he made as much as eighteen hundred pounds in a week.

In 1880, the year in which Rhodes stood for Parliament, and founded the de Beers Mining Company with a capital of two hundred thousand pounds, Barnato founded the Barnato Diamond Company with a capital of one hundred and fifteen thousand pounds.

By 1885, Rhodes was worth fifty thousand pounds a year, and Barnato was richer still. He owned not only a great block in the Kimberley Mine, he owned also most of the share capital of the Oriental Company whose claims were in the de Beers Mine.

Now Rhodes, estimating that three-quarters of a million pounds' worth of diamonds was stolen every year by the native mine-workers of Kimberley, compounded his riches. They were bought by de Beers, fed by de Beers, served by de Beers, searched by de Beers. To this day a native mine-worker is not seen in the streets of Kimberley, and the shops of Kimberley are not the wealthier for the presence of natives in the town.

Never again, after the amalgamation of the mines, and the general adoption of the compound system, did the Illicit Diamond Buyer so easily chance a fortune, or seven years on the Cape Town Breakwater, for buying the diamonds the natives stole; or the chiefs of the North receive from their submissives the old tribute of pretty stones, which are still sought for by adventurers. The mines retrieved the diamonds that were hidden in the pepper-corn hair, between the hand-stitched toes, in the mouths, in the ears, in the noses, and, for that matter, in the breasts, of the mine-workers. Purgations were once means of searching them, and are so-day.

By 1898, de Beers Company, which, shortly after its formation, had paid a dividend of three per cent. on its capital of two hundred thousand, was paying a dividend of twenty-five per cent. on a capital of two and a third millions. And Rhodes

was calculating that one might sell forty million pounds' worth of diamonds for engagement rings alone.

But how to keep up the fashion and price of diamonds? How not to make them too common, too cheap?

For what Rhodes was doing at de Beers Mine, Barnato was doing at the Kimberley—he was absorbing lesser companies, buying up all the shares he could. His only great obstacle at the Kimberley Mine was the presence of a concern called the French Company.

Rhodes and Barnato competed with one another in the selling of diamonds and the buying of shares. The price of diamonds went down, yet the price of shares went up.

Both men felt that this under-selling, this out-buying, must not go on. Both wanted control.

The crux, as Rhodes would have expressed it, was the French Company. It all depended on who could buy out the French Company.

Rhodes did so. He was associated now in this business with the Hamburg Jew, Alfred Beit. Beit had made his first money in Kimberley by letting a team of corrugated-iron officers on the edge of a mine for eighteen hundred pounds a month. For twelve or thirteen years he made this money, and then he sold the ground for two hundred and sixty thousand pounds. In the meantime, he had bought and sold diamonds, bought and sold claims. He was richer even than Rhodes.

The path from one Jew to another is an easy one. Rhodes went to England to see Lord Rothschild, and Lord Rothschild approved of him.

Within a few days, as Rhodes described it in a subsequent speech, he had three-quarters of a million pounds. He then went, he says in the same speech, the following arguments to Barnato: 'You can go and offer three hundred thousand pounds more than we do for the French; but we will offer another three hundred thousand on that; you can go on and bid for the benefit of the French shareholders of *Aguilum*, because we shall have it in the end.' . . .

They did have it in the end. The French Company took one million four hundred thousand pounds for their shares. The money was raised by an issue of *de Beers* shares at fifteen pounds. The shares rose to twenty-two, and Rhodes made an incidental profit of one hundred thousand pounds on the deal. The French Company's holdings in the Kimberley Mine amounted to a fifth of all the shares in the mine, and that fifth was Rhodes' bottomed boat opportunely thrust into the narrowly-opened door of Barnato's tight-shut house.

Rhodes now said, in effect, to Barnato: "Do you invite me in, or do I force my way in?" In other words, he suggested amalgamation, and, failing amalgamation, war. Barnato rejected amalgamation—he rejected Rhodes' valuation of his mine—and it was war.

Barnato did not yet know Rhodes' single-minded tenacity. 'You must never abandon a position' was one of those maxims of Rhodes' that are so useful when things go well of themselves.

He went about buying Kimberley Central shares, wherever he could get them, at whatever price. He asked Beit to find him two million pounds for the purpose of these dealings, and Beit, interested by now, as he said, in the sport of the thing, found it. Barnato, greatly troubled, fought against Rhodes.

The shares went up and up. The time came when Rhodes felt he could speak to Barnato. Later, in the presence of Barnato, he repeated their conversation to his shareholders. ('These are facts, I can assure you, although Mr. Barnato may shake his head and smile.')

'I said to him: "Well, how are you getting on now?"'

'He replied: "Why, you've bought a million pounds' worth of Central."

'I said: "Yes, and we'll buy another million pounds' worth. And now," I said further to him, "I'll tell you what you will find out presently, and that is, you'll be left alone in the Central Company . . . Your leading shareholders

are putting you on the back, and backing you up, but selling out round the corner all the time."¹

They were selling to Rhodes. Rhodes' shareholders were standing firm, but Barnato's were undermining their leader.

Rhodes was undermining their leader in his own way. He was 'dealing' with Barnato. Nearly every day he had Barnato and his nephew Wolff Joel to lunch or dine with him at the Kimberley Club, the secret, the, to them, unsustainable Kimberley Club. An attempt was made to put through a rule that no Kimberley residents, who was not a member, should be allowed to take more than one meal a month at the Club. But Rhodes himself arranged for the defeat of that motion, and the arguments, the blandishments, the threats, went on. He hypothesised, he wore out, Barnato.

Barnato sold his shares to Rhodes. With two-thirds of the shares Rhodes found himself in control of the Kimberley Mines. He already—his company—had control of de Beers Mine, and Barnato's Oriental Company in that mine now fell under his too. He said to his shareholders: 'There is no desire on our part to do what might be termed an American career.' But that exactly was his desire. He wanted to control the diamonds of the world, and he did. He possessed himself of all the diamond mines of Kimberley—he bought the last independent holding (through searchlight and despatch-ride) during the Kimberley stage. He drew in such outside mines as mattered. No American Trust, no trust in the world, so had power over any commodity as Rhodes had over diamonds.

The game was completely with Rhodes. His suspected shareholders offered him a bonus of ten thousand guineas for his work, but he said, no, he had enjoyed the game. And so, said Bole, demurely refusing an equal gift, had he. Ten thousand guineas! Were people still thinking in thousands?

Barnato, one may assume, had not so much enjoyed the game. On the other hand, he was, through Rhodes'—call it influence—elected a member of the Kimberley Club, and

he became a director of the amalgamated companies. Indeed, a life-governor. For 'Your crowd will never leave me in,' Barnato had feared. 'They will turn me out in a year or two,' And 'We'll make you a life-governor,' the inspired Rhodes had answered him.

In this way originated the life-governorships of de Beers. Four governors were eventually appointed: Rhodes, Barnato, Beit, and another of Rhodes' partners. They became entitled, between them, to a fourth of the profits exceeding one million four hundred and forty thousand pounds in any one year. A few years after Barnato's death, and three months after Rhodes' death, the rights of the life-governors were bought by de Beers Consolidated Company for three million pounds' worth of its shares.

IV

The final round in the game took place at Dr. Jameson's cottage: Rhodes and Beit on the one side, and Barnato and Wolff Joel on the other. They met to decide the terms of the trust deed of the amalgamation.

It was a game played in millions, but the oldest of the players, Rhodes and Beit, were only thirty-five. They had, all four of them, risen young to wealth and power. They were destined, all four, to die within eighteen years. The two losers in the game were, indeed, dead—and by violence—within eight years. Barney Barnato, as has been mentioned, drowned himself. Wolff Joel was shot dead in Johannesburg by an international blackmailer.

And were they, all these young millionaires, of these natural grinders of trade whom Nature herself, in Emerson's words, appoints to be her Ministers of Commerce? Might one take it they would have made millions in, say, Finland? Were all the South African millionaires that came to fruition in the eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties such natural grinders of trade? Strange, if so, that the breed should suddenly have arisen and suddenly have died out. . . .

It was during this night-session Rhodes sprung on Barnato an idea new to him: the surplus funds of the Company were to be available for enterprises not necessarily connected with diamonds: such enterprises as, for instance, Imperial expansion.

Barnato persisted that his business was diamonds.

There was another reason Rhodes had: 'If you have an idea, and it is a good idea, if you will only stick to it, you will come out all right.'

Such proverbs have been put better. Rhodes, however, had made the discovery for himself. It was, as he always expressed it, one of the things he had learnt in his life. It had that power and sanctity.

He clung to his point. Towards dawn, when Barnato was exhausted and bewildered, Rhodes suddenly threw into the scale an argument whose weight overpowered Barnato. He offered Barnato a seat in the Cape Parliament.

It was now Barnato made the remark that some people had a fancy for this, and some for that, and Rhodes had a fancy for making an Empire, and he supposed he, Barnato, would have to give in to him. 'He tied me up as he ties up everybody,' he explained apologetically. 'You can't resist him. You must be with him.' And the time came when Rhodes, needing money for his Imperial schemes, could get it from Barnato and from nobody else.

But these were Kimberley Central shareholders who had not spent a night in Janssen's cottage listening to Rhodes. Nor had anyone offered them seats in the Cape Parliament. They persisted in the belief that the business of a diamond company was diamonds. They objected to the amalgamation of Kimberley Central with de Beers, and took their objection to Court, saying that the trust deed of their company permitted them to trade only with 'similar' companies, and pointing out how far from 'similar' was this new company Rhodes was projecting.

The case came before de Villiers, Chief Justice of the Cape,

and destined twenty years later to preside over the negotiations that led to the consummation of the most immediate of Rhodes' dreams: the union of the states of South Africa. He now upheld the objectors. 'Diamond mining,' he said, 'forms an insignificant portion of the powers which may be conceded by the company. . . . The power of the company was as extensive as those of any company that has ever existed.'

He suggested, however, a way out of the difficulty. Rhodes and Barnato took it. They liquidated the Kimberley Central Company, bought its assets for £1,375,000, passed a cheque for that amount (the biggest cheque yet written), and nothing now stood in the way of the amalgamation of the two mines.

Presently the other two mines in Kimberley—the du Toit Pan and the Bultfontein, tired of struggling against the continual fall of roof, and the incoming tide that was Rhodes, also sold out to him. He added whatever other mines of significance had as yet been discovered in South Africa. He controlled now all the diamonds in South Africa, except those found along the Vaal River—that is to say, ninety per cent. of the diamonds in the world.

He could keep down working expenses, compound the natives, regulate the world diamond market. He could devote money made out of diamonds to spreading the British Empire.

The trust deed of the de Beers Company is the marriage contract of Rhodes' dream and his business, and the legitimising of their offspring: Rhodes' North. The trust deed of his Goldfields Company similarly provides for his Imperial phase.

It was after the amalgamation of the diamond mines Rhodes made his speech a tenth as long as a long novel, explaining to his shareholders all the complications of buying out Barnato and amalgamating the mines, and did not refer to a vote. He dealt with the holdings in the mines, the number of claims, the loads of ground, the carats per load. He described the borrowings of moneys, the floating of companies, the securing of control, the amalgamating of mines. He discussed the

working costs, the regulating of the industry, and the returns on capital.

Here is a sample of the speech :

'Now at $\text{r} \frac{1}{2}$ per carat, producing 9,000 loads per diem yielding 15,000 carats, only claiming a carat and a quarter per load, we should obtain £7,700 per diem, which would cost us fr. per load (our return of the cost of work)—not counting savings that may occur in the future. The cost would therefore be £5,600 per diem, and we should therefore make a daily profit of £2,100, or £1,260,000 per annum of 300 working days. . . . And so on.

It is not interesting as oratory, but it is interesting to think a man can make a speech of nine thousand such words without looking at a note.

The million and two hundred thousand pounds a year was only a beginning, but the town of Kimberley did not profit by the profit of de Beers. The diamond buyers outside the ring were left with only the silver diggers to depend on. The shopkeepers of Kimberley lost the trade of all the native workers. Business fell to a point where it was no longer necessary for Kimberley to have a three-judge court: one judge sufficed to deal with the cases, not only of Kimberley, but of the districts around.

The population went down. Kimberley ceased to have any other hold on existence than its diamonds. Rhodes could do with Kimberley as he chose. It was the thrall of de Beers. A revolutionary body, called the Knights of Labour, blamed for all Kimberley's troubles 'the existence and domination of one great Monopoly, one giant Corporation, as well as the overweening greed and ambition of one weakly, overestimated, disappointing politician.'

To which Rhodes, the overestimated and disappointing politician, at this date, not only Chairman of de Beers and the Consolidated Goldfields, and managing director of the Chartered Company, but also Prime Minister of the Cape, replied—indifferently, yet rightly, and, therefore, all the more justly—

duringly—that, but for *the* amalgamation, the diamond trade would have been ruined by cut-throat competition, and, with it, Kimberley.

He was at the flood. Whose little broom could sweep him back? He could afford to be, as he chose, as it suited him, either liberal, sarcastic, genial, persuasive and conciliatory; or, in other moods, morose, overbearing, cynical, and against opposition, crude to the point of clownishness in his humour. Not only could he do nothing wrong, what he did became right, it was his duty to do what he wanted. He felt himself a god—nothing less. It was the year 1890. It was that year in which, crowning all his other triumphs, Rhodes' pioneers planted the British flag in the land that was soon to be called Rhodesia.

CHAPTER XI

LOBENGULA THE SON OF MOSELIKATZE

It will be remembered that the Cape leads to Bechuanaland, and that after Bechuanaland, on the way North, come, first, Matabeleland and Mashonaland, and then everything else in Africa up to Egypt.

Now, since 1885, Bechuanaland, the Suez Canal to the Interior, as Rhodes expressed it, was under British Protection. He believed (‘I have not those scruples!’) ‘that the natives were bound gradually to come under the control of the Europeans.’ He had money from gold and diamonds. Over a country of nearly half a million square miles, a country larger than France, Germany, and the Low Countries combined, ruled, as, later, in reverse, Rhodes called him, ‘a naked old sprag.’

Rhodes was ready to go North.

II

Lobengula, He That Drives Like The Wind, was the son of Moselikatze, The Pathway Of Blood.

Moselikatze was a Zulu. Once he had been the headman of the armies of the terrible Chaka, and his favourite. But then that had happened to him which was destined to happen to his own sons, which had happened also to Chaka, which was not unknown among the favourites of white rulers, which threatens the sons that rival the heads of the Ape families: he had become too popular for the liking of his chief, he had seemed to menace Chaka’s authority, Chaka had frowned on him—in terror of his life Moselikatze had escaped from Zululand, taking with him his followers.

They made their way over Africa in the manner taught

them by Chaba. The time was about 1860. Over the Drakensberg they swarmed and into Basutoland, where they were defeated, and where they were given their new name of Masebele—Amandibila, The People With The Long Shields.

They turned then north, harried and harrying. 'suing up' the Hottentots and Bushmen they met on their path, so that, within ten years, there was not one left in the country they had passed through; 'washing their spears' in the blood of the Griqua; wiping out small bands of the Boers who were cowering away at that time from the British of the Cape; but being eventually driven farther north still by these Boers.

They wandered on. They met Chaba's brother Dingaan, The Vulture, that one after whom Dingaan's Day is named in memory of his treachery and due punishment. With him there was bloody indecisive fighting, which ended in a further sweeping northwards—into the country, this time, of the Bechuana.

The Bechuana they overcame. Not a tribe of the Bechuana escaped the spears of Masekane's warriors, except the weakest of them, the Barapin. On behalf of the Barapin, a missionary, Dr. Moffat, the father-in-law of Livingstone, came to intercede. To something in Masekane he was able to appeal: to his vanity or his honour or his admiration or his chivalry. Masekane waved a knightly black hand. The white man was the lord of this contemptible tribe. Then let that tribe be. The other Bechuana tribes, the powerful ones, might be eaten up. This weakest of them—since the white man wished it, and he liked the white man—should be saved.

Masekane remained the friend of Moffat, and, through him, of England.

But still there was no end to the pilgrimage. Again the Masebele could not stay where they had conquered. They wanted to rest, but so did the Boers, and while they were

neighbours to one another, there could be no rest. The Boers, among them Kruger, came with their guns, and northwards over fled the Matsibele.

But now, at last (excepting only a little business with a people they named, in contempt, the *Amanwana*, the Mashona, The Upland Ones) now, taking the Mashona into vassalage, they found sanctuary. For thirteen years they had fought, won, lost, fled. In 1879, between the Limpopo and the Zambezi rivers, they settled down to make themselves a home; they extended that home by the practice of annual raids; and they agreeably called their principal settlement Gebelamoya, the Place Of Killing.

III

Moseliwana was about as old as his century and he lived to rule his Matsibele another thirty years. He governed in the way of his forefathers. This is the way he governed:

He had an advisory body of *indunas*, that is, headmen, and a Royal Council of relatives. The chief adviser was the court-priest. Without him the king could not act.

The theory of government was that the land, ruin and war belonged to everyone, that none should have more of these things than the next, and each as much as he needed.

The country was divided into provinces. The provinces were divided into districts. Each district had a number of towns. Over the provinces ruled the greater *indunas*, over the districts the lesser *indunas*, over the towns the least *indunas*. Subjects had to obey their chiefs, wives their husbands, children their mothers. Moseliwana's three hundred wives were distributed over his kingdom and acted as additional chiefs. He travelled from one to the other, superintending them in kingdom. Every male adult was a soldier. War-prisoners became slaves. There were executions for witchcraft. There were ceremonial dances. There was rain-making. . . .

One uses the word *Royal*. One uses the word *court-priest*. One speaks of provinces, districts, towns. It sounds very grand. It sounds well organized to the point of profundity. One might take an example from Mowikutan. . . . In fact, a Mowiketan town was simply a *hau*—a coral—a collection of huts and cardo-folds, looking something like a group of wasps' nests or ant-hills; the royal residence was a larger hut; and Mowikutan, a fine enough warrior, as his son Lobengula, 'a naked old savage.'

Europeans cannot imagine a native monarch. An King Edward once expressed it, when he insisted on a Fiji royalty being treated like the other crowned heads at a public ceremony, the man was either a king or merely a nigger. If he was merely a nigger, what was he doing there at all? If he was a king, he was a king, and must be treated as a king.

After Rhodes took Mowikutan from Lobengula, he sent Lobengula's sons to a native school. When one of them wanted to go North with him, Rhodes said: 'Now, if you come up with me, I must have no nonsense about your being a king. You will have to help wash the plates and clean my boots. You understand?' 'I understand, sir,' said the son of Lobengula quite agreeably.

Another time Rhodes asked him what he would like to do when he left school. 'Whatever sir likes,' said the boy. Rhodes suggested he might care to be his valet. The boy wanted to know what that was; Rhodes explained, and Lobengula's son considered it a good career.

And it sounds ironic and tragic, does it not?, and cruel of Rhodes; the enslaved son of the great conquered, bound to the chariot-wheel, and so forth.

But the truth is, a native feels that a white man, because he is a white man, is his superior. The sons of native chiefs work complacently in European households—without any sense of calumny. As far as Rhodes and Lobengula's sons are concerned, the case against Rhodes may be summarized shortly.

They loved Rhodes, and delighted to serve him. There is to-day a Rhodes Lorengula.

It is not, even humanly speaking, so easy to judge what the rights are of an uncivilized people in a civilized world.

IV

Take this question of their right to live as they choose to live. There are Europeans who think the natives should live as their forefathers lived : that is, on great uncultivated tracts of land, eating, drinking, and being merry, for to-morrow, fighting, they died. Yet Europeans themselves have not that privilege. Who, indeed, in those frightening days when people go against one another for air, for living, for life—in this hard, tight, crowded, ungubbed world—dare claim a lonely business in the sun? To come upon a land empty, or to be spawned there, is no longer sufficient title to perpetual possession of a great part of the only planet the human race can inhabit. Nor are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness unqualified birthrights. They are not rights at all. No contract yields them. Who can enforce them? Are they not rather grudging benefits—too often withdrawn in the very act of bestowal? The land, sun, rain, may, in truth, as *Mundikote* held, be the inheritance of every man, but there is a condition in the Divine Will : man has to till the ground from whence he was taken ; he may not rest lazily on the unbroken earth because his fathers did so ; he must embellish or fructify it for the world. There are no longer the times when

"The care of the house and family, the management of the land and cattle, were delegated to the old and infirm, to women and slaves. The busy warrior, destitute of every art that might employ his leisure hours, consumed his days and nights in the arid gratifications of sleep and food. . . . The same extent of ground which at present maintains, in ease and plenty, a million of husbandmen and artificers, was unable to supply an

hundred thousand lay warriors with the simple necessities of life. . . . (They) counted with them what they most valued, their wives, their cattle and their women, cheerfully abandoned the vast silence of their woods for the unbounded hopes of plunder and conquest. . . .

It is true Gibbon is here writing, not of Mandukata's Kaffirs—though this life was exactly theirs—but of the Early Germans. Yet still less to-day than those centuries ago may one live like Gibbon's Old Germans. And, as Rhodes' world was ahead of the Kaffirs, that befell them which has befallen other nations outstripped in civilization by their neighbours—for instance, the fellow-citizens of the Druids, with whom Rhodes used to compare them; for instance, all the nations against whom Julius Cæsar, another millennium somewhat gone to irregularity, once strove. In almost the same way, indeed, as Rhodes was presently to overcome the Marabala, did Cæsar (the details quite matching) overcome those German tribes, the Usipetes and Tencteri. . . .

Now the Amundala, who called themselves Indu, Children of the Stars, are the oppressors of the servants of the white men. They wander over the lands that were theirs, naked and hungry and bearded. Their need of civilization is the weak, too hard, mean, stupid and shameful, for their masters.

V

The white man's penetration into the land of the Marabala began in the old peaceful way.

First came the missionary Moffat, the friend of Mandukata, and other missionaries. Then came traders, bartering, for ivory or cattle, guns and wine and beads and blankets. Then came sportsmen, allowed, for the gift of a gun, to shoot elephant, buffalo, hippo, rhino, lion, leopard, and deer.

Then came the discovery of the Tati goldfields, and the concession-system.

Mandukata died, and Lobengula, his son by an inferior

wife (two elder and more dangerous sons having been liquidated), succeeded in Marsheland, Mashedand, the secret of the rain, the missionaries, traders, witch-doctors, slave-sellers, sportsmen, and concession-hunters. He succeeded in a war against civilization. The year was 1870.

CHAPTER XII

THE CONCESSION HUNTERS

I

LOBENGULA was not, as he has been called, the last of the great black chiefs. The last of the great black chiefs, the Bechuanas Khama, his neighbour and enemy, was a greater than he, and Khama, very ancient, died only a year or two ago. But Lobengula was the last to make a stand for black independence.

He was a large, big-bellied man, shiny with fat, very erect. He wore, over his forehead, his leather ring of majesty, and, suspended from his hairs a spearman of blue monkey-skin. Before him strode his Ntonga, his prisoner-maker: 'Behold, the great elephant, he comes! When he walks, the earth trembles! When he opens his mouth, the heavens roar!' He was gouty with the champagne poured into him by concession-hunters—champagne enough, as it was said, to float a man-of-war. His signature was a cone, and the stamp of his authority an elephant. The seal is in Rhodes' house to-day.

Before Lobengula, on the throne of his bath-chair, or the still more elevated throne of his waggan, under his Tree of Justice, or within the sacred, smelly precincts of his goat-kraal, appeared his young men, creeping towards him on their bellies; calling him 'Eater of Men!' 'Snubber of Heaven!'; 'Thunderer!'; complaining of boredom, desecration of marriage; and demanding therefore a blood-bath for their spears . . . came concession-hunters of all nations, wanting the right to trade, to dig, to settle; and missionaries preaching the Christian virtues.

In this atmosphere Lobengula tried to keep halfway. The young men must not kill—not too much. The concession-hunters must not take—not too much. The missionaries must not convert—not too much. To everyone he gave a

trife for the sake of peace, a little, or, worse, as indefinitely, as he dared. By the time Rhodes had a place in Parliament and his *de Beers* and his *Goldfields*; by the time Britain had her protectorate over Bechuanaland; by the time the stage was thus set for Rhodes' march North, Lobengula was a man standing against a wall in which stuck the knives thrown all around him by expert jugglers.

II

The Matabele had been the enemies of the Boers as they had both trooked north, but then, says Kruger, peace had been made. 'Lobengula was even on very good terms with the Boers . . . who hunted in his territories.' And, in 1887, says Kruger, Lobengula sent one of his principal Indians to Potchefstroom asking for a Boer counsel to be appointed in Matabeleland.

Kruger was trying, at the moment, to make a deal with the Swazis who lay between him and his nearest port, Delagoa Bay. But he was prepared to expand in any direction. In response to Lobengula's request, then, he sent the proposed counsel to Matabeleland with the draft of a treaty by which Lobengula was to place his country under Boer protection.

Lobengula agreed verbally to the treaty, but, before definitely signing, asked for time to consult his Indians. While they were considering, Kruger's emissary went to meet his wife, who was on her way to join him. He was killed by Bechuanas, and 'there is no doubt whatever,' says Kruger, 'that the murder was due to the instigation of Cecil Rhodes and his clique.'

Kruger's Memoirs were dictated immediately after the Boer War, and they are not weakened by excessive restraint, nor is proof offered of their statements. Rhodes' connection with the murder is not established. It may be said, however, that Fate was on Rhodes' side in the matter of inconvenient emissaries. They did have a tendency to vanish from his path.

The effrontery now, of Kruger caused Rhodes to utmost indignation. That anyone else, and a poor man too, should want to expand as he himself wanted to expand!

'When I remember,' he exploded a year later in the House, 'that Pres Kruger had set a dipper in his Treasury when his object was to expand his country over the whole northern interior, when I see him sitting in Pretoria with Bechuanaland gone, and other lands around him gone from his grasp . . . I pity the man. When I see a man starting and combining with one object, and utterly failing in that object, I cannot help pitying him. I know very well that he has been willing to sacrifice everything to gain that object of his. If you think it odd, it has been a most remarkable thing that, not content with recovering his country, he wished to obtain the whole interior for a population of his own. And he has been defeated in his object.'

It was a remarkable thing, and Rhodes was, of course, the man who defeated Kruger. But the word 'pity' need not be taken as expressing literally the emotion that informed Rhodes when, in these days, he thought about Kruger. It was Kruger's very mission north that, like the German descent south, fired Rhodes to vehement action.

He needed for this action the assistance of the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, and to him, when he heard the news of Kruger, he hurried.

III

He saw Sir Hercules Robinson on Christmas Day of 1887, and on Boxing Day a communication was sent to the Deputy Commissioner of Bechuanaland.

And who was the Deputy Commissioner of Bechuanaland? None other, most happily, than Rhodes' old Kimberley friend, Sir Sidney Shippard, that one nominated in his first will as co-heir of the fortune not yet made but destined to maintain the world.

And who, again, should Shippard's Assistant Commissioner be, but a son of that Dr. Moffat, the missionary loved and favoured by Mosekhamo?

This Moffat was now at Lobengula's hand. And to him, through Shippard, a message was sent to find out how negotiations stood between Lobengula and the Transvaal, and instructing him to get in ahead of the Boers.

He did so. An agreement was signed between Lobengula and the Queen of England by which Lobengula undertook not to sell, alienate or cede any part of the Amangwila country without the previous knowledge and sanction of the High Commissioner for South Africa.

When the Portuguese consul at Cape Town heard of this treaty he said Lobengula's country had belonged to Portugal since the seventeenth century. It was part of the Kingdom of Mozambique, he said. No one, however, was much agitated by this claim.

So now England not only had a protectorate over Bechuanaland, she had also, one might say, a protectorate over Mashanaland, and in the neighbourhood was still another tribe, the Barotsa, wondering if friendship with England might not be a thing one ought to have. The anxious communications of the various chiefs with each other and their English overlords make pathetic reading.

To Shippard, feeling that England might favour Lobengula above him, writes the chief Khama :

'I fought Lobengula when he had his father's great warriors from Natal, and drove him back, and he never came again. . . . Yet I fear Lobengula less than I fear bravery. . . . I dread the white man's drink more than all the weapons of the Matabele, which kill men's bodies, and it is quickly over.'

And Mosekhamo writes Leverton, Chief of the Barotsa :

'I understand that you are now under the protection of the Queen of the English people. I do not know what it means. But they say there are soldiers living at your place, and some

headman sent by the Queen to take care of you and protect you from the Matabele. Tell me all as a friend. Are you happy and quite satisfied? Are the ways of the white man burdensome to you? Tell me all. I am anxious that you should tell me very plainly, your friend, because I have a great desire to be received like you under the protection of so great a ruler as the Queen of England.'

Well, civilisation must march, and it is certainly wrong to lie like an ox's back in the sun when one isn't washing one's spear in somebody's blood—yet, linked to the fate of the natives, do not these letters read something like inquiries from a prospective bride of Bushveldt's?

17

But further than this arrangement with Lobengula Sir Hercules Robinson dared not go. He could not, on his own responsibility, do what the imperious Rhodes urged him to do and annex Lobengula's country: England was not, at the moment, in the mood for further expansion. Rhodes, accordingly, decided to annex it himself.

He began by joining the bands of concession-hunters. The Mafikeng treaty was not yet through when he and Beke sent an old hunter to Lobengula's land to try for gold-mining rights. The hunter became ill, and returned empty-handed. And what happened next was that Rhodes, now in England, heard that two allied companies, the Bechuanaland Exploration Company and the Exploring Company, had the ear of Lord Rutherford at the Colonial Office, and, vehemently protesting to the Colonial Office his own nobler intentions and superior claims (thirteen millions to play about with as against their 'beggary fifty thousand'), he hurried back to South Africa to forestall them at Lobengula's court.

This time he sent three delegates to Lobengula: his old partner Rudd; one Rutherford Mabin, an Oxford friend and a fellow of All Souls; and Thompson, his compound manager

at de Beers, who understood native languages. They joined the rabble of quavering courtiers around Lobengula.

Y

Men who saw it say that the court of Lobengula was a remarkable sight. There was the wide empty land under the poignant blue sky ; and the hut like great nests of wasps ; and the naked black men and women and children ; and the fat, shiny black chief himself, sitting on his royal rugger or his royal bath-chair, his leather ring round his head, his big belly full of champagne, his thick grey legs flung apart, his monkey-skin dangling between his legs.

In his court were both black witch-doctors and white missionaries. Traders came and went. Masters came and went. Month after month, year in, year out, he entertained and held at bay hordes of pleading, protesting, demanding, threatening, quarrelling adventurers from every country of Europe. They buzzed about him like the natives of Foulke. And what did they all want ? To buy him of his skin. Nothing else. Why, particularly in this year 1888, were they circling in such numbers about his bewildered head ?

The answer is the gold in the Transvaal.

Consider again the map of South Africa. In the Transvaal we have the Witwatersrand ; on the borders of Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, Tati ; not far away, Bulawayo ; and, farther up, that part of Matabeleland destined to hold Salisbury. And the idea was that, in a line like the bend of a bow, there ran a streak of gold. Each concession-hunter hoped to get, at the cost of a few rifles, a horse or a bull, a wagon or two, a hundred pounds or so—a piece of land as large, say, as England (nearly as large as England ? Why not as large as the whole of Lobengula's territories or perhaps the half of Europe ?), and full of gold.

Imagine the trading rivalry.

Rhodes' party arrived towards the end of September, and

settled down to work, in the goat-kraal. Accompanied in everything by the smell of goat, they ate, drank, beer, watched dances, praised Lobengula, begged, offered, threatened. They had, as their most urgent competitors, an ex-soldier called Masedi, the representative of those companies whose request for a charter had spurred on Rhodes; and a group of men sent up by a relation of Beir's called Lippert. But these were dummies of others, some of whom Rhodes' people bought off, and some of whom, in one way or another, they warded off. Concerning one small syndicate there will presently be a story to tell.

Lobengula's young men could hear none of the adventures, and it was only Lobengula himself who stood between the adventures and extermination. Either because he regarded himself as their host, and, for that reason, their possessor, or because he was nervous of what might happen if a white man were harmed in his kraal, he protected those whose object it was to undo him. 'The *Ama-Kiesu*,' he said, 'are my guests, and you shall not touch them. If you want to fight white men, go to Kimberley, and see what they will do to you.'

They wandered about the goat-kraal, unarmed.

The Rhodes men had made little headway when these arrived ('by one of those curious chances,' says a chronicler, which occur more often in fiction than in history) Sir Sidney Shipyard. By another curious chance these arrived also, leaving Bechuanaland to look after itself, his assistant Maffat. And, by a third curious chance, Lobengula's favourite missionary, Hahn. A fortnight later the Bech-Rhodes group had their convention. On October 2oth, 1888, Lobengula signed a document giving Bech and his associates—for a consideration of a hundred pounds a month, a thousand Martini-Henry rifles, a hundred thousand cartridges, and (sudden inspiration of Rhodes) an armed steamboat on the Zambesi—'complete and exclusive charge over all metals and minerals in my kingdom, principalities and dominions, together with full power

to do all things that they may deem necessary to visit and procure the same and to collect and enjoy the profits and revenues, if any, derivable from the said metals and minerals.' . . . 'And whereas,' continues the document, 'I have been much molested of late by divers persons seeking and desiring to obtain grants and concessions of land and mining rights in my territories . . .' now, therefore, in short, the Rudd-Rhodes group is given power to exclude rivals, and Lobengula undertakes to help them in this exclusion. The missionary Hahn wrote out the concession, explained it to Lobengula, and witnessed it.

The matter thus settled, Rudd, leaving his computations behind him to look after Lobengula and keep army rivals—which they duly did—sat out for Kimberley, and, after nearly dying of thirst on the way, and being rescued by the escort of the always-opportune Shippard, duly brought Rhodes his concession.

A month or so later Sir Hercules Robinson posted it to London with a commendation of Rudd as a gentleman of character and sterling standing who would 'check the inroad of adventurers as well as secure the cautious development of the country with a proper consideration for the feelings and prejudices of the natives,' and Rudd added that he was quite prepared to delay operations until he had won the confidence of the Marabak people.

VI

Lord Knutsford at the Colonial Office had not received his copy of the Rudd Concession with the High Commissioner's endorsement before there was talk in the City and in Parliament. 'Do you think,' he asked Sir Hercules Robinson, 'that there is any danger of complications arising from these rifles?'

Sir Hercules Robinson, answering usually that, whatever his opinion, it seemed useless to veto the guns since they could be brought in through other countries, referred him to the

more experienced judgment of Sir Sidney Shippard. And Sir Sidney Shippard gave it. He gave the arguments for and against firearms, and his own reasoned conclusions on these arguments.

The Rev. C. D. Helin, of the London Missionary Society, he said, favoured the giving of rifles "because the substitution of long-range rifles for the stabbing assegai would tend to diminish the loss of life in the Matabele raids and thus prove a distinct gain to the cause of humanity."

The Bishop of Bloemfontein, on the other hand (he admitted), and a second London missionary opposed the giving of rifles "on account of the increased facilities likely to be thus afforded for their cruel raids, the atrocity of which appears to be above question."

There was also, said Sir Sidney Shippard gravely, another point to consider. Khama feared the advantage firearms would give Lobengula over him. This point, however, he reassured the Colonial Secretary, would be settled by Mr. Rudiff's also giving Khama arms and ammunition, and "the relative position of the chiefs would thus remain unchanged."

As to the question whether rifles should or should not be given at all—"I agree," said Sir Sidney Shippard, speaking, as he says, solely from the humanitarian point of view, "I agree with the Rev. C. D. Helin in thinking that the gradual substitution of the rifle for the stabbing assegai will directly tend to diminish instead of increasing bloodshed and loss of life. . . . The use of firearms in modern warfare has notoriously diminished the loss of life. . . . It will, in my opinion, be sound policy for us to furnish Lobengula with the means of maintaining his authority."

The Colonial Office, to whom, no doubt, the whole business of the concession already seemed as fairy-like that to associate human realities with it would have been not merely absurd, but even infelicious, did not dispute Sir Sidney's opinion that it was in the interests of humanity Rhodes proposed to give firearms to Lobengula.

It might here be recalled that Rhodes' first speech in Parliament dealt with the disarming of natives on which, failing, the Cape had spent four millions, and that Rhodes was against the disarming.

A year after Rhodes got the Charter which was founded on the concession, Jameson was arrested for running guns to another native tribe with the same humanitarian motives. At present, however, Rhodes had still to get his charter. Indeed, he had still to make safe his concession.

CHAPTER XIII

RHODES TAKES HIS NORTH

I

There are some who say that Lobengula who had, for so long, by means direct and indirect, maintained a whole skin against the onslaught of the valourous, could not have known what he was about when he signed away everything for so paltry a return, and he himself said that he never did do it—he never did sign away his whole kingdom. 'They asked me,' was the words of a letter to the Queen of England, the authenticity of which was disputed by Rhodes and others,

'They asked me for a place to dig for gold and said they would give me certain things for the right to do so. I told them to bring what they were given, and I would then show them what I would give. A document was written and presented to me for signature. I asked what it contained, and was told that it was my words and the words of those men. I put my hand to it. About three months afterwards I heard from other sources that I had given by that document the right to all the minerals in my country.'

The other sources were at the head of Lobengula. 'They were the baffled rivals. There were some who advised him to send to the Queen of England for help, and there were some who said, how could he make treaties with a Queen of England and respectfully consider her answers when there was no Queen of England—such a being simply did not exist?

At the end of February, 1889, there presented itself, accordingly, at the Colonial Office, a despatch from Lobengula. It consisted of two indunas, Mased of the Exploring Companies, Selous the hunter, who had a sort of co-conspirator himself, and Colenso-Creander, the interpreter, a well-known link between black and white. The three white men, now proceeding against Rhodes, were all destined to serve him.

"Lobengula," said the delegation, "desires to know that there is a queen. Some of the people who come to his land tell him there is a queen and some tell him there is not.

"Lobengula can only find out the truth by sending eyes to see whether there is a queen.

"The Indians use his eyes.

"Lobengula desires, if there is a queen, to ask her to advise and help him, as he is much troubled by white men who come to the country to dig gold.

"There is no one with him whom he can trust, and he asks that the Queen will send someone from herself."

He was addressing Victoria as one monarch another, and he had no doubt that, as he was approached in his great hall, so was Victoria in hers. And, indeed, the Indians did see her, the eyes of Lobengula were made assured of the existence of the Queen of England.

She now, through the medium of Lord Knutsford, informed Lobengula that he might trust her representative, the High Commissioner. She wished Lobengula, she said, to understand directly that Englishmen who had gone to Matabeleland to ask leave to dig for stones had not gone with the Queen's authority, and that he should not believe statements made by them or any of them to that effect.

She advised Lobengula not to grant hastily concessions of land or leave to dig, but to consider all applications very carefully.

"It is not wise," she wrote, "to put too much power into the hands of men who come first, and to exclude other deserving men. A king gives a stranger an ox, not his whole herd of cattle, otherwise what would other strangers have to eat?"

A more important question might have been, what would the king himself, if he gave away his whole herd of cattle, have to eat?

Little enough, very soon, but for the game of Rhodes.

While the eyes of Lobengula were being shown the sights

of London, while the Chairman of the Aborigines' Protection Society was hoping that 'Englishmen and Marabos would meet together in the valleys of the Liverpool as they had that day in Westminster,' Rhodes, now in England to get his charter, was explaining his ideas, convincing doubters, buying out rivals, chairmen and blacksmokers. These were, he said, a worse trouble than the Boers, the Portuguese or the natives. But he put anything to anybody. He would have no obstacles. He fought against him his old enemy, Mackenzie, and simultaneously Beaulieu and Labouchere; the Aborigines' Protection Society and also the London Chamber of Commerce; finally, and most interestingly, considering the hero, Albert (afterwards Earl) Grey, the Duke of Fife, who was the Prince of Wales' son-in-law, and Joseph Chamberlain.

The Irish members did not trouble Rhodes. He had donated ten thousand pounds to the Irish Party funds—not for the reason that he wanted them to do anything for him, but 'since in Mr. Parnell's cause . . . I believe lies the key of the Federal System, on the basis of perfect Home Rule in every part of the Empire.'

W. T. Stead, whose friendship with Rhodes dates from this period, says the date of Rhodes' letter to Parnell, June 10th, 1889, is sufficient to prove the absurdity of the supposition that Rhodes had bought Irish support for his charter by a gift of ten thousand pounds. At that time, says Stead, no application had yet been made for a charter, nor had Rhodes obtained his mineral concession. . . . At that time, however, Rhodes was already trying for the concession; he had already made up his mind to cost the Bechuanaland Exploration Company and the Exploring Company, who had applied to the Colonial Office for a charter; he had already demanded full consideration of the Office, and arranged to send the Rudd group north. . . . Leave it, then, that Rhodes was apparently in sympathy with the Irish Party.

But his most urgent problem was that prior application, just mentioned, for a charter to exploit the countries of

Lobengula and Khama. There was nothing for it but to do with these people what he had done with Barnato, and amalgamate. A month after his arrival in England, the names of Rhodes, Rudd and Beit were added to those of the signatories of the two Exploring Companies.

The amalgamation called itself the Central Search Association.

II

A month before his arrival in England there had taken place a company meeting at which a strange story was told.

This is what the Wood, Chapman and Francis Syndicate, an affair that operated, not like Rhodes, in millions, but in hundreds, reported to their shareholders :

For a rental of a hundred pounds a year they had a concession from Lobengula over certain territory concerning which there was a dispute between Khama and Lobengula. Under the leadership of Wood, they were on their way, with waggons, axes, machinery and experts, to take up their concession, when, sixty miles from the King's kraal, they were held up by messengers of Khama, who had been warned that they were a military expedition about to invade his territory.

While they were arguing and explaining, there arrived the party of Sir Sidney Shippard, who told them that Shippard was coming to them with an important letter from Lobengula. They waited for Shippard.

He appeared, and did not show them any letter but advised them, since the country was in a dangerous state, to return, under his protection, to Bechuanaland.

They did so, abandoning their enterprise, and found themselves in Khama's country.

They next discovered the real reason for their interception. It was nothing, says the report, but a device to get them into territory where Shippard had jurisdiction. For no sooner were they in Bechuanaland than they found themselves haled

before Khama, his son, two missionaries and the Bishop of Bloemfontein, and charged with attempting to stir up hostilities between the Transvaal and England, and also between Lobengula and Khama.

Wood, a Justice of the Peace, a member of the Cape Parliament, a volunteer colonel, and a man, says the report, of unblemished character, vehemently repudiated the charges, and demanded the evidence against him.

No evidence was forthcoming, but he was asked to bind himself and his syndicate, under penalty of two thousand pounds, not to enter, without the consent of the High Commissioner, the territory in dispute between Khama and Lobengula.

Since Wood, while submitting, under protest, on his own behalf, refused to do so on behalf of his syndicate, he was now sent, by ox-wagon, to Mafeking, the capital, a distance of three hundred miles; and there Court proceedings were taken against him, as a result of which he was forbidden access to Lobengula's territory until the dispute between Khama and Lobengula was settled. . . .

The Committee recorded their 'most solemn and emphatic protest against the insult and indignity offered to Mr. Wood by the Bechuanaland authorities.'

III

It will be seen that the concession was needing some care. There was Lobengula ingenuising the document itself, and sending his inchanas, his spies, to see the Queen. There were the halied, conspiring rival claimants at his knee, and still others trying to come in. There were the natives crying that they had been betrayed. Thompson and Maguire, who had been left behind to attend to Lobengula while other business was going forward, and who had once been so favoured that Lobengula had given Maguire a Matabele regiment—an impi—to keep out certain rivals, now lived at the knee in peril of

their lives. They had nothing between them and the maddened natives but the protection of their boss, Lobengula himself.

In this pass there went up to Matabeleland Dr. Jameson—Lionel Stuart Jameson—Dr. Jim.

Jameson was a friend to Rhodes of ten years' standing, a Scot, a member of a family as large as that of Rhodes, and exactly Rhodes' age. He had come to Kimberley for the reason Rhodes had come to Kimberley—because he had a weak lung. He was a good surgeon, a man of charm, and a gambler. He was little and thin and insignificant where Rhodes was big and burly and outstanding. He was bald and dark where Rhodes was curly-haired and blond. He had wide-set urgent black eyes where Rhodes had eyes close-set, thick-lidded and blue-grey. His imagination danced him into danger where Rhodes' imagination tethered him into it. He had a non-chalant I-suppose-I-must-do-this manner and a scheming I-mean-to-do-this hint. A Robin Hood atmosphere attached to him. He was a chivalrous sort of highwayman. His subordinates adored him. As many people in South Africa love him as detest him. He served Rhodes, raised him, and was forgiven. He committed the most imprudent and devastating deed in South African history and became a Prime Minister. With Beit and Rhodes he created Rhodesia.

Strange to think of these three men, these three sickly bachelors, all born in the same year, an Englishman, a Scot, and a German Jew, making this great, untrammeled country the work of their lives. Rhodes had tubercular lungs and an aneurism of the aorta. Jameson had tubercular lungs, hemorrhoids, and gall-stones. Beit had dangerously unequal nerves. They were nothing like Rhodes' ideal Englishman. No one would ever have chosen them to be Rhodes Scholars. They had not been leaders or sportsmen at school. They were leaders now, but not for those particular qualities of character that are demanded in a Rhodes Scholar. Students they never became. Sportsmen they never became. Their sports are need not consider in mature men, but Rhodes rode horses all

his life, he rode every morning, he rode everywhere—and he never could ride. He shot game, and could not shoot. He played cards, and could not play. Jameson's form of sport was solo whist, and he was not even, they say, a good player. He could lose a thousand pounds a night, fifteen hundred, a flock of hares, at solo whist. But, for some whist, had a rising table in Germany, but never saw one of his horses.

On the contrary, they were all lovers, in one form or the other, of the am—*or*, at least, they loved beauty.

And these men had to be Empire-builders! They had to go North! . . . Or was it that Rhodes had to build Empires and go North, and they after him?

It must have been that. Jameson was an adventurer, and so other curious things might have happened to him. But how many men think of sailing forth to take three-quarters of a million square miles of land? But was a brilliant financier, and he was prepared to yield his money to Rhodes' idea. But would he have left money for railways and bridges in Rhodesia without Rhodes! . . .

With Jameson, to see Lobengula, went one of those hangers-on Rhodes' wealth and achievements were in those days calling, another Kimberley doctor, Rutherford Harris. Harris, an extremely energetic man, hung on to Rhodes' coat-tails till he pulled them off.

It was Jameson's mission to use his well-known charms on Lobengula.

He found Thompson and Maguire still there, and Lobengula guarding, but refusing to see, the rifles he had been paid for his concessions—they were not used till four years later.

Jameson told Maguire to go to England and enlighten Rhodes, out of his first-hand knowledge, concerning the claims that were being made on him. He relieved Lobengula of guns and opium, and went over to Rhodes some of those concession-hunters, hanging round still, talked of their pay. He half-persuaded Lobengula that no wrong had been done him. Then he left.

The next thing that happened was the return of the Indians from England. With Maguire gone, with Jackson gone, with Thompson alone remaining to haunt the land like a ghost waiting for the stroke of twelve, with the encouragement of the Aborigines' Protection Society and the Queen of England's Biblical advice to give a stranger an ox but not a whole herd, Lobengula now gathered himself together to renew his protests against the Rudd Concession.

'I am thankful,' he wrote, 'for the Queen's word. I have heard His Majesty's message. The messengers have spoken as my mouth. They have been very well treated.

'The white people are troubling me much about gold. If the Queen hears that I have given away the whole country it is not so. I have no one in my country who knows how to write. I do not understand where the dispute is, because I have no knowledge of writing.'

The letter was sent to the Queen through Sir Sidney Shippard. About the same time Mased also wrote to England. Mased's letter took forty-seven days to arrive, and Lobengula's, through Sir Sidney Shippard, a hundred days.

But the letters alone was not enough to satisfy the infuriated Matshele. They knew now that they had been betrayed; they had seen the fruitless return of the envoys, with their present to Lobengula of a picture of the Queen; they doubted if any letters could help them. A terrible council meeting was held of Indians and white men and Lobengula.

Lobengula handed to Helm, the missionary who had written out and endorsed it, a copy of the concession.

'Read that paper,' he said. 'Tell me faithfully if I have given away any of the land of the Matshele.'

'Yes, King,' answered Helm, 'you have. How can white men dig for gold without land!'

'If gold is found anywhere in the country, can the white men occupy the land and dig for it?'

'Yes, King.'

"If gold is in my garden, can they come and dig for it?"

"Yes, King."

"If gold is in my royal land, can they enter and dig?"

"Yes, King."

"Loch," said Lobengula to his chief councillor, "you have done this, you have blinded my eyes, you have closed my ears, you have betrayed the Mashala nation."

Loch had no reply to make. His advice may have been wrong, but there is no proof that it was treacherous.

"I am a dead man," he said, as he left the council meeting.

And a dead man he was. There came warriors of the King's regiment and made away with him, his family and his adherents.

Thompson, seeing the saddened eyes, leapt on a horse and did not halt until he arrived at Tati, a hundred miles away.

On October 29th, just one day less than a year after the signing of the concession, Rhodes received the Royal assent to his charter.

On November 15th arrived Lobengula's letter, written on August 20th, and entrusted to Shippard.

Lobengula might now send as many eyes, and write as many letters to the Queen, as he wished.

On the Board of the new Chartered Company, whose chairman was the Duke of Abercorn, were its original enemies, Albert Grey and the Duke of Fife. Amalgamated with it were not only various companies of Rhodes', and the Cape Exploring Companies, and a deceptic company, associated with mischief and called the African Lakes Corporation, whose home, far away north, Rhodes hoped to reach one day, but also that company Maguire had driven off with an imp, and the Wood, Chapman and Francis Syndicate which, not long ago, had recorded its "most solemn and emphatic protest against the harsh and indignity offered to it by the Bechuanaland authorities."

CHAPTER XIV

THE PIONEERS OCCUPY MASHONALAND

1

THE new Chartered Company took the title of the British South Africa Company. It had as predecessors among such companies anything from the Hanseatic League, which established German trading rights in England in the thirteenth century, to the Hudson Bay Company, which exists to-day. There had been English Merchant Adventurers; English charters over Russia and Turkey; English, Dutch and French East India Companies. America had been colonized by charter. Recent chartered companies existed in Borneo, Nigeria, and East Africa. The concessions of Karl Peters had just been similarly blessed by Germany.

The petitioners had asked for railway, telegraph, colonizing, trade, and mineral rights over a region bounded south, west and east by British Bechuanaland, the Portuguese territories and the Transvaal, but bounded north not at all.

The charter, with certain stipulations mainly affecting the natives, was granted in terms of the petition. The tenure of the charter was for twenty-five years—or less if the company misbehaved itself.

The capital of the Chartered Company was a million shares of one pound each. Five hundred thousand of these shares were distributed among Chartered directors and their supporters at three shillings, the rest of the money to be paid when called for. The remaining shares were kept for contingencies. Towards this issue *de Jure* subscribed two hundred thousand pounds. . . .

The right Great Britain had to grant a charter over Lobengula's dominions was that of the protestants implied in the Moffat Treaty of February, 1888.

The right Rhodes had by the Rudd-Rhodes Concession

was that of digging in Lobengula's land for minerals. Could one dig for minerals if one had not the land in which they might lie? Was not Rhodes' position something like that of Skjölck when Fortin told him to hurry a little:

"This hand doth give thee here no joy of blood,
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh""

II

But Rhodes was far from being the man to hurry. Lord Kimberford had not yet dipped pen in ink to tell Lobengula of the charter when the twelve young men, known as Rhodes' Apostles, were sent northwards to spy out the land and prepare themselves for meeting a pioneer column.

To Beccardeland went one, acting, on behalf of Rhodes, a commission from its chief, that Lowanka who had once asked Khama to tell him, as a friend, if he found the ways of the white men burdensome. To another man was delegated the work of constructing a telegraph line for which poles and wire had already, months before, been ordered. To counsel with Rhodes in Kimberley came those whose work it would be to build railways; to acquire for him such territories as were not yet absorbed by white men; to fit out columns of pioneers, police, and labouring natives; to guide such columns.

In Lobengula's gose-kruai sat Moffat, now the accredited representative of the Queen, and once again Jameson, keeping the chief sweet. "I want to see Rhodes," protested Lobengula. "Let Rhodes come," he demanded. But Rhodes was doing other things.

It took Jameson four months to work out of Lobengula a promise of safe passage through his lands for the pioneers. And, in the end, it was not so much a promise as a frightened denial that there was no promise. "I never refused the road to you or your impi," he said to the threatening Jameson, and

with that Jameson returned to Kimberley and on that Rhodes built his preparations.

A young man called Frank Johnson, with him two partners, tendered, for the sum of £28,000 too, to select and equip an expedition to Mashonaland, to provide transport and build a road and to do it in nine months. The hunter Selous was engaged to guide the expedition. As those who had once been Rhodes' strongest opponents were on the directors of the Chartered Company, so were Johnson and Selous, among the earliest concessionaries over Mashona and Matabeleland, now his servants.

In June Rhodes received Imperial sanction to his occupation of Mashonaland; and immediately the hundred and seventy-nine pioneers engaged by Johnson, accompanied by three hundred police with more in the rear (Bechuanaland police and the Company's own police), set off from their base on the border of Bechuanaland along a road opening out before them, as Selous selected it and the natives cut it.

Johnson accompanied the column. He had ceased to be interested in his practice as a doctor. He was given over to Rhodes.

III

They had hardly started when there was trouble. For the two Indians who were to show them the permitted road had not appeared, and Selous, with whom Lobengula had a feud on account of some hunting misadventure, now ventured to cross over into Matabeleland to look for them. There was a prompt and ironical warning from Lobengula: 'Has the King killed any white men that an Inqi is collecting on his border? Or have the white men lost anything they are looking for?'

Johnson hastened over now to Bulwerpo to work his charms on Lobengula. With him went an interpreter.

They arrived at the King's laud before dawn, and found Lobengula asleep, wrapped in his karossan. Lobengula threw

off his harness, stood in his naked fury before Jamson, and denounced Selous' treachery: 'Who told Selous he could make that road?' he roared.

He would not hear Jamson. He went to his women's quarters where Jamson could not follow him.

Later in the day Jamson tracked him to his great-brother. He was sacrificing. Around him were his witch-doctors. Jamson and his interpreter walked up to him. The appalled witch-doctors closed in round the white men. The King stood motionless. Across the circles of witch-doctors the wide-set, urgent eyes of the small white man met the protruding, saddened eyes of the big-bellied savage. 'The King told me I might make that road,' Jamson answered his question of the early morning. 'Did the King lie?'

There was, as Jamson tells the story, a long silence. Then Lobengula turned the witch-doctors back to their places, 'The King never lies,' he said, turned his back on Jamson, and went on with his sacrificing.

'I thank the King,' said Jamson, but Lobengula did not look up, he said no other word, and Jamson returned to his column.

The expedition was not again interrupted. The enemies of Lobengula took possession of his land, and he stood between the pioneers and his fighting warriors. He had given his promise of the road, and he kept it. Not a man was harmed on the journey through Matabeleland. . . . Waggoners were dragged by rope across streams with crocodiles, they broke on the granite kopjes, the men who drew them on the four-hundred-and-sixty-mile trek became thin and weak. Roads were cut through murky timbered valleys. Unaccustomed white faces weasted in the winter sun. Unaccustomed white hands grew calloused by pick and shovel. Scouts patrolled. Laagers were nightly made. The pilgrimage was a grand idea, it read spectacularly—here was dangerous living! Actually it was so uneventful it was, beyond anything, tedious. The pioneers took a month to reach the lucky pass called

Presidential that led to the clear platina, four thousand feet above sea-level, and another month to hoist the Union Jack at a spot they named Salisbury. . . . But no Mashale touched a man, nor was a life lost.

When the news came of the founding of Salisbury, Chartered shares were, for the first time, sold on the open market, they rose magnificently, and five thousand new shareholders bought them. They were not to discover until a year later that the Rudd Concession was not theirs, and only could be theirs at a high price.

It was to Mashonaland rather than to the more convenient Matabeleland Rhodes sent his pioneers because he knew he had no right to the land, and preferred to argue the matter, if necessary, with the humble Mashona rather than with the arrogant Matabele. They say the Mashona hid behind the great rocks when they saw the white men, they were lured out with difficulty to exchange their poor grain and animals for beads and tobacco.

The pioneers were paid seven and six a day, they were given, like the Boer invaders of Stellaland and Zeealand, three thousand morgen of land apiece, and also the right to peg out fifteen claims in any one place. They had read books by explorers saying there were miles of quartz reef in which one could actually see the glinting gold.

After them, along the road they had cut, trailed the waggons and Scotch-carts of would-be miners, tradersmen and land-owners. The first private waggon to arrive at Salisbury carried whisky, and nothing else.

The dry winter season ended; spring came, and the heaviest rains in memory; Salisbury was a swamp; mosquitoes and malaria arrived; there were no drugs, food, or doctors; for two and a half months posts dared not cross the swollen rivers; only companies were allowed to mine, and of the vendors' strip of these companies the Chartered Company was to get half (but, indeed, hardly anyone found gold); the lands allotted to the pioneers were miserable—the pioneers,

like the children of Israel, cried : ' Moreover, thou hast not brought us into a land that floweth with milk and honey.'

But where was Rhodes? Why was he not comforting his people?

It was not for lack of wishing; Rhodes was far from them. The romance of his life was begun. His dream was reality. He could not have loved more this soil to which he had no title than any Matabele born of it, and he was eager to do for it what a Matabele could not even imagine. He called it *My North*. He called it his *Thought*. He gave his name to it as it, indeed, it was born of him. But now he could not be with his plans, because he was busy elsewhere safeguarding their land, and he had just taken office as Prime Minister of the Cape.

CHAPTER XV

RHODES PRIME MINISTER OF THE CAPE

I

He did, six weeks after their occupation at Salisbury, rather an attempt to get to the pleasure. But, by that time, the rains were over the land; the new High Commissioner, Sir Henry Loch, was with him, a man not so easily led as the last one: Sir Henry Loch refused to risk his life and his Prime Minister's in crossing swollen rivers; they turned back. It was not till a year after the founding of Salisbury that Rhodes, laden with gifts, plans and words, came to cheer his straggling pioneers.

Sir Henry Loch, indeed, had not wanted Rhodes to be Prime Minister. This was how it had happened:

On the very day the Charter was signed Rhodes had made a railway agreement with the Cape. The Cape was to build a railway from Kimberley through Southern Bechuanaland, and thence the Chartered Company was to continue it. Even while Rhodes' men were journeying to Lobengula in 1888 to get the concession, he was speaking in the House about a line from Kimberley to Mafeking. During the whole of the 1889 session Rhodes had not once been seen in Parliament. But when, in June, 1890, he heard the Government was about to abandon the Kimberley line for a line nearer the farms of the Bond members, he gave the pleasure, just ready then to start north, his blessing, waved them good-bye, and hastened to Cape Town. That railway should go, as had been arranged, not seawards, but in the direction of all good railways—which is to say, northwards! 'Your Hinterland,' points Rhodes' statue from Cape Town, 'is there!'

Once again the Government was under the leadership of the man, Sir Gordon Sprigg, whom, in his first year, he had defeated on a question of railways, and who was destined to

he four times Prime Minister of the Cape without having ever led his party, election-wise, into power. Once again, on a question of railways, Rhodes defeated him. Sir Henry Loch offered the premiership to Sauer, the Leader of the Opposition, one of those country attorneys who, in South Africa, as in America, achieve political distinction. Supporting Sauer, and not to be altered by Chartered shares, was John X. Merriman, a man like a knife—crisp, long, thinning, sharp and narrow, later himself to be Prime Minister of the Cape; and James 'oss Innes, a future Chief Justice of the Union. They were, however, the three of them, held to be segregationists. Sauer had not, accordingly, the broad support. Rhodes had that support, and Sauer suggested that Loch send for him. It was with reluctance Loch, who feared Rhodes' head, did so, but Rhodes first asked Hofmeyr either to form a Cabinet or to take a place in his. Hofmeyr preferred to wait as a private member. Thus Rhodes became Prime Minister. The three segregationists served under him.

That railway could now go north.

And then he wanted the British Crown Colony of Bechuanaland to come to the Cape, and the Protectorate to the Chartered Company. And then there were new annexations to be made secure, and others to be put through. And then there was a deal to be arranged with Kruger that Kruger might turn his eyes towards the edge rather than the middle of Africa.

These were the immediate things. But potentially, and most urgently now that Rhodes had Mashonaland, there was the question of Union.

He was such a Prime Minister as had not happened before in South Africa, and was not likely to happen again: a fervent Englishman who had the unanimous support of the Cape Dutch; a ruler of native lands under whom hordes of natives such as Sauer, Innes, and Merriman were proud to serve; a man of thirty-seven who was the Old Man to older men; a man who had the applause of England and the ear of the world; a man of gold and diamonds and lands and dreams; a man of

people who could not, it seemed, go wrong. One began to feel about Rhodes that there might be such a thing as luck, even such a thing as repeated luck, but that this long-continued luck, this run of luck, was something more than accident. It was a man's happy relationship with the gods: his belief in them, theirs in him. How could Rhodes doubt his gods? They had given him good fortune so often, they must intend his success. This confidence animated Rhodes and those who followed him. He could not go wrong because he felt he could not go wrong. With the exhilarated discovery that he had the goodwill of the gods came the faith of the leader and the Midas touch. "It is good to have a Minister with luck," he exultantly told the people of the Cape.

Now, among all the other things he was doing, he was prepared to do his duty to this colony. But that duty was only a part of his larger duties which went, not like the Cape, bounded by the Orange River—nor yet by the Limpopo, nor further by the Zambesi or the Congo or even the Nile. He was back again to 1871, to his young manhood, to the days when, in his first will, he had wanted 'the civilisation by British subjects of all lands where the means of livelihood are available by energy, labour and enterprise, and especially the occupation by British settlers of the entire continent of Africa, the Holy Land, the valley of the Euphrates, the islands of Cyprus and Candia, the whole of South America, the islands of the Pacific not heretofore possessed by Great Britain, the whole of the Malay Archipelago, the seaboard of China and Japan, the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire . . . the foundation of so great a power as to hitherward render wars impossible and promote the best interests of humanity.'

But, indeed, that early vision had never left him. "When I find myself in uncongenial company," he came to tell Lord Rosebery, "or when people are playing their games, or when I am alone in a railway carriage, I think of my great idea. . . . It is the pleasantest companion I have." At every step for-

went to his fortune, in anticipation of that step or in realisation of it, his idea, his vision, was renewed. Did he enter Parliament? A new will was made. Did he consolidate his Goldfields and de Beers? A new will was made. Did he take Mafeking and become Prime Minister? A new will was made. And again Mafeking? A new will was made. And certainly, as the years passed, he no longer spoke in terms as flamboyant as those of his early twenties: he addressed English-speaking peoples for actual Britons; he came to realise his limitations and reduced his scheme to a mere beginning of it, the scholarships—but yet the thought behind each successive will remained the same: the world for England, England for the world.

This very year, in England about his charter, he had formed a friendship with W. T. Stead, and they had talked about his schemes, and he not long after wrote Stead an open letter speaking of a

'union with America and universal peace, I mean after two years, and a secret society organized like Loyola's supported by the accumulated wealth of those whose aspiration is a desire to do something. . . . They are calling the new country Rhodesia. . . . I find I am human and should like to be living after my death; still, perhaps if that name is coupled with the object of England everywhere, and united, the name may convey the discovery of an idea which ultimately led to the creation of all man, and to one language throughout the world, the parent being the gradual absorption of wealth and humane minds of the higher order to the object. . . .'

Now, with his own hand, he had made his beginning with Africa: it was not merely that, through his urgency, Warren had planted the British flag in Bechuanaland, since that remained, after all, merely a canopy for nothing—the himself, with his own schemes, his own money, his own planners, had begun that 'colonisation by British subjects of a land where the means of livelihood were obtainable by energy, labour

and enterprise.' And soon he would have the other lands around it.

Berensland, indeed, he had already searched from under the noses of Germany and Portugal. On June 17th, 1890, on the very day the pioneers crossed the Bechuanaland border into Matabeleland, his envoy received, for two thousand pounds a year, a concession of the mineral and trading rights over Lewanika's dominions: a concession of the Barotsse country Rhodes called it, 'which I may tell you is over two hundred thousand square miles in extent.'

On September 15th, the day after the pioneers hoisted the Union Jack at Salisbury, he acquired for one hundred pounds a year, a concession over Matabeleland to do most things that could enter the mind of a human being—about fifty main activities are specified. The Chief of Matabeleland complained to the Portuguese that he had signed the concession under duress, and they intervened. Proudly, in Matabeleland, too, arrived Rhodes' pioneers.

A few days later he made, for five hundred pounds a year, a similar bargain with the Chief of Gwaland; but when, next year, Jameson—having walked seven hundred miles—arrived, half-starving, and full of fever, to take up the concession, the Portuguese again intervened: this time with success. Jameson was arrested for gun-running, and the territory was eventually assigned, by agreement with England, to the Portuguese.

Yet, at least, Rhodes saw to it that his pioneers should get their goods through the Portuguese harbour of Beira. He saw to it by the simple method of sending a young man there with goods, and thus discovering in practice what would happen. But he might be fired on, he might lose his life, people protested. 'Not a bit,' said Rhodes cheerfully. 'They will only hit him in the leg. No, my dear fellow, they will only hit him in the leg.'

The Portuguese fired blank shot at the young man (his name was Willoughby, and he was to share many enterprises with

Rhodes and Jameson); Britain protested; and Rhodes got his come.

In 1891, Hofmeyr himself opposed the Boers in their attempt to establish a separate republic in Mafikengland.

The concessions and assets of the Lake Company, below the Congo, were bought by Rhodes in 1893.

Mafikengland was also, as will be seen, taken in 1893.

And the Orange Free State? And the Transvaal? Not so loud. Not so fast. Let us leave the Free State and Transvaal to their own destiny. Yet could one possibly avoid thinking of them?

II

For what was Rhodes working now? For his own greater power or the greater power of England?

It does not matter. The primary purpose, not merely of an artist, but of any man, is to express himself. If the world benefits, good for the world. Least of all is the artist entitled to complain of a fate's against, since his own activity is, of its very nature, nothing but against. Grant that Rhodes had a personal ambition: it is also a fact that, throughout his manhood, his unflinching purpose was, to a degree unknown in any but a successful man, the enlargement of England for what he believed to be the benefit of the world. He came to the Cape Parliament with the idea of an All-British South Africa, perhaps of an All-British Africa. He died with that idea. His actions declare it and a hundred of his speeches pronounce it.

He spoke of it in Parliament, in election speeches, to his friends, his shareholders, and his enemies.

"I believe," he said, "in a United South Africa, but as a portion of the British Empire."

"I am not going to say that you could make a United States of South Africa to-morrow, but I do say that this thing could be done gradually by promoting the means to the end."

'We should state by our policy that we are prepared to take the administration right through to the Zambesi.'

'I would abolish the system of independent states unorganised in ourselves, south of the Zambesi.'

'My plan is gradually to assimilate the territory south of the Zambesi.'

'If you were to sleep for five and twenty years, you might find a gentleman called your Prime Minister sitting in Cape Town and controlling the whole, not only to the Zambesi, but to Lake Tanganyika.'

'The future is clear—we shall be one.'

'It is not a question of race. It is a question whether we are to be united or not.'

'We human atoms may divide this country, but Nature does not, and the Almighty does not.'

'I have not faltered in my greater thoughts—the close union of this country.'

'I will not change my policy. I must make it all one, and whether you, the fathers, are for or against me, I know that your children will be with me.'

'I am sometimes told my ideas are too big. "Yes," I answer, "they would be too big if I were living on a small island—say, Cyprus or St. Helena—but we must remember that we are living on the fringe of a continent. Our history is only beginning, and therefore big ideas are essential to progress."'

'We must try to keep the continent together. . . . If we were to go up in a balloon how ridiculous it would appear to you to see all these divided states, divided tariffs, divided people.'

'When the thought came to get through the continent it was a mad thought, it was the idea of a fanatic. . . . It is now not the question of the luxury of the project; it is merely a question of the years it will take to complete.'

'It has fallen to me to be the author, so to speak, of a huge new country.'

' Sir Hercules Robinson said : " But where will you stop ? "

' " I will stop," I replied, " where the country has not yet been claimed." . . .

' " Well," said Sir Hercules Robinson, " I think you should be satisfied with the Zambesi as a boundary."

' I replied : " Let us take a piece of newspaper, and let us measure from the blockhouse (on Table Mountain) to the Vaal River : that is the individual effort of the people. Now," I said, " let us measure what you have done in your temporary existence. Then we will finish up with measuring my imagination." '

His imaginations were not only boundless, but constant. (' I can state to you that I shall never abandon my object.'

' You can accept from me to-night what I think now, what I thought nine years ago, and what shall be my thought in the future.')

The quotations here given are taken from speeches ranging over practically the whole period of his parliamentary career, and they are given, all but the last, chronologically.

It may be recalled that the first land mentioned in his first will is 'the entire continent of Africa.'

III

And was this mind of Rhodes ? Was he ' a valuable instrument for the cheap extension of Empire,' or was he, as Harcourt suggested, merely a recrudescence of the ancient primever ? Could he himself defend his attitude ?

He glided in it. In his mind was the future thought of Spengler : ' A man may lay hands on the measure of the world with a good conscience, not to say as a matter of course . . . if only he feels himself to be the engine of a mission. When he feels so, the idea of private property can scarcely be said to exist as far as he is concerned.'

The natives of Africa, in their rags, their servitude, their hopelessness, are to-day a spectacle that only the modern

natural and beautiful. Yes, if one looked down from Olympus ('We are to be lords over them') with the eyes of Rhodes, could one say that monarchs prepared to sell the rights of their countries for anything from one hundred to two thousand pounds a year were entitled to possess those countries? . . . But they did not understand. If they did not understand, were they, in these days of understanding, to *mislead*? . . . But they could not help themselves. If tens of thousands of people were unable to help themselves against a few white men, should they not be governed by those white men? 'Those,' said Rhodes, 'are my politics on native affairs, and these are the politics of South Africa. Treat the natives as a subject people so long as they continue in a state of barbarism.'

There were also the politics of Aristotle, who said that Barbarians were by nature slaves; and they were the politics of law and the world.

The charter of Raleigh, the first English coloniser, allowed him to take 'any uncivil barbarous and heathen lands not possessed by any Christian prince or people.' No State, that is, not a Christian State, had international rights, human rights. Now that the Turks, the Japs, and the Chinese wear trousers and can shoot, they too have become human. And savages under League mandates are, at least officially, human.

But in Rhodes' own time only the General Act of Brussels of 1884 stood between the European exploiter and the African exploited. The African had, one might say, a local existence, he had no international existence. The first idea of a savage land was as much entitled to that land as if its inhabitants were animals. Their desires and demands were a haying to the moon. The concessions a man might get from them were no more than evidence that he was the first European owner. Not the Christian principle of the equality of man, in which Nietzsche saw the survival of the weakest; degeneration and death; but the old Teutonic principle he revived,

the Deceitfulness (one might infer, as Rhodes did, the Darwinian) principle of the God-made inequality of man, was the international law.

'Rich old white man
Owns the world.
Gives yo' shoes
To skins.
Yes, Sir!'

These are the words of Langston Hughes, an American Negro.

Only the pity of individuals stood between the African native and his white master. Rhodes' way was the way of the world. His world. Raleigh's world. Caesar's world. The world of the old Testaments. . . . Our own world (but it is ever the habit of the present to patronize the past) seems more imaginative. Rhodes was, in many respects, a precursor of our world, and he, too, was more imaginative. It was his great quality—imagination. He did what he did, but he knew some pain over the means. He had begun by feeling about the natives what was felt in his time and situation. He came, in the manner of his race, to care for whom he had conquered. He was ashamed of what he had done to 'that naked old wretch,' Lobengula. He had said once: 'I have no native policy. I could not afford to say I have. I am a beginner in these things.' He ended by pleading that the natives might be helped to use their 'human minds.'

But that it was magnificently right of him to make the world English and thus something on the way to perfection he never doubted. It was sad about the natives, but there were subtler things than Christian pity. Rhodes did not know it, but he was a Nietzschean.

CHAPTER XVI

RHODES THIS SORT OF MAN AND THAT

I

THE astounding thing about Rhodes is not his genius for money-making, nor yet the unshaken opulence of his imagination, nor even the amazing union of the two ('I have tried to combine the commercial with the imaginative'), but the fact that, with a mind playing in millions, with the dream of an edifice rising to the clouds, he was prepared to manipulate units, and, well he felt Time beating him, patiently to lay brick on brick. 'It took me twenty years,' he told the Board, 'to amalgamate the diamond mines. . . . That amalgamation was done in detail, step by step . . . and so your union must be done in detail.'

He was now, after five years' neglect of his parliamentary work, in Cape Town instead of in Salisbury, partly because he needed to win the Board's sympathy to his Chartered Company, and, through that sympathy, their help; partly because he believed, as he always said, that the future of South Africa rested with the Cape ('I have undertaken that northern development as a Cape Colonial. If there was anything that induced me to take the position of Prime Minister, it was the fact that I was resolved in my mind that we should extend to the Zambesi'); and partly because one could pull strings better from Cape Town than from Salisbury.

He had already, before coming down, offered de Villiers, the Chief Justice of the Cape, a seat on the Chartered Board. 'The Board,' he had surely explained, 'is, of course, not one in the sense of boards of ordinary land or gold companies. . . . It will really legislate, be a sort of permanent executive for the territory.' He had also offered Haffner a seat. He wanted the Dutch support. He had asked

Johannes to enrol Boers in his pioneer column. His Chartered Land never ceased to 'cry out' for Boers. He wanted them with him.

But de Villiers and Hadeney, friendly though they were with Rhodes those days, had refused his invitation. The best Rhodes had been able to do was to offer favours to Bond members. Did Rhodes stoop to bribery? Let us say, in the words of Deansbury's Raskolnikov, he stooped to pick up power.

The stories of how Rhodes tempted men are numerous, and, considering their sources, not to be questioned. He distributed offices, advantages, and shares. He would do this sort of thing: If an influential man was against him in an election, he would say: 'What does he do?' 'He sells produce.' 'Buy a thousand sacks of mealies from him.'

He was, after the election of 1895, charged by the opposing candidate with bribery. His constituency, it may be recalled, was the diamond-digging district of Barkly West. There was a digging area along the Vaal River, much thought of by the diggers, but owned by de Beers, who, in their policy of restricting the diamond output, had hitherto refused to allow digging on it. It was announced, on the eve of the election, that this area would be opened to the public. The opposing candidate considered the announcement a bribe. The matter was heard by a special court of five judges. They held that, as the promise was not conditional on the votes of the electors, it was not a bribe. But Rhodes was warned, and he did not get his corn in the race. It was after this finding he maintained in the House that not a single charge of bribery had been proved against him.

When Chartered shares stood at something like four pounds, he offered them at par to various members whose complaisance he desired. 'But I am with you,' said one of them, who tells the story. 'I am with you. I don't want the shares.' And he adds how, at one time, Rhodes owned a number of houses which he called by the names of the men who had included,

in the charge they made Rhodes for those horses, the price of their principles.

Rhodes used to show people the horses with sardonic amusement. They were asking the things he did not trouble to disguise. 'He occasionally blurted out truths,' said Hancock to Wilfrid Hunt, 'other rogues would hide. He boasted how he bought up everybody by putting them into good things on the Stock Exchange.'

They say politics at the Cape were pure before Rhodes' time. However, no one seems to have protested much against his methods until after the Jameson Raid. . . .

II

When Rhodes went to England at the end of this year of rife to arrange for the inclusion in his charter of still more territories, he was not only, as on his last visit, Chairman of de Beers and the Goldfields, he was also Managing Director of the Chartered Company (he was, really, the Chartered Company) and Prime Minister of the Cape. He was Rhodes, the Empire-builder. He was the new hero, the Kipling hero, the carrier, for England, of 'the white man's burden.' They compared him—Russett compared him—he compared himself—with the Elizabethan adventurers.

Why not rather with Chris and Warren Hastings? But these men got into trouble, did they not? And then they weren't exactly colonisers, they didn't, like Raleigh, go and discover new lands for Englishmen to live in. Raleigh was the man, he was Rhodes' spiritual ancestor. He had been before him at Oriskany. Like Rhodes, he had received a patent to colonise, to trade, to mine, in lands that were not Christian. He had sent men out to explore for him. He had induced settlers to go to his American colonies. Those settlers had had the same difficulties as Rhodes' settlers: sickness, the natives, the climate, the land. They had complained—like Rhodes' settlers, like Moses' settlers, like all the pioneers whose children

afterwards take the credit for their ancestors' feat. But there, after two and a half centuries, Virginia and the colonies of Raleigh's time perished. Rhodes' colonies would do the same.

It is true Raleigh had not found his El Dorado in either North or South America any more than Rhodes was to find a greater land in either North or South Rhodesia. And—stay!—did not Raleigh too have trouble, really most serious trouble? For that matter, did not Caesar and Alexander have trouble no less serious?

But the description attached to Rhodes was Elizabethan adventure.

And where, moreover, could he have a successor? As he said himself, the world was all parcelled out. There were only the stars left. He used to look at them longingly, says Stead. And by this Stead does not mean that Rhodes was brooding on the vastness of the universe, and what is man, and so on. No, according to Stead, he could not bear the fact that they were beyond his grasp. 'These stars that you see overhead at night, those vast worlds which we can never reach! I would annex the planets if I could. I often think of that. It makes me sad to see them so clear and yet so far away.' Such are the preposterous words Stead puts into Rhodes' mouth (how patient is paper!). We are to believe Rhodes seriously spoke them. . . .

England prepared to treat him as a hero. He had left England twenty years ago, a siddy boy voyaging to South Africa to take up a grant of land. He was met now, on his arrival home, by a political duke, and an international millionaire—Abercorn and Rothchild!—both prepared to dance to his piping. The Prince of Wales told him to name his own day for lunch—the Prince of Wales was the father-in-law of the Duke of Fife, another dancer to Rhodes' tune. Queen Victoria had him to dinner, and asked him if it was true he was a woman-hater. To which Rhodes is supposed to have answered, but it is not highly probable that he did: 'Here

can I have a seat to which your Majesty belongs?" And she said: "What are you engaged on at present, Mr. Rhodes?" And he returned: "I am doing my best to enlarge your Majesty's dominions." And Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, arranged a great dinner for him: he was bound to do something like that for an empire-builder. And, more significant than anything else, the sacred mallet was delayed overnight that Rhodes might attend this dinner—was not Rhodes practically South Africa?

To business men and politicians he came as a wizard. The Boings had recently crashed; there was an urgent shortage of bullion in England, and no one yet realised the magnitude of the Rand. Here was a man who had in his pocket the key to the gold of Ophir. Chartered shares went up to three pounds fifteen shillings, and five thousand investors bought them.

Society was entranced by Rhodes. Sir Richard Burton, the Elizabethan adventurer immediately before him, the last but one, then, of Elizabethan adventurers, had just died, and the title was vacant. Rhodes filled it. He inherited, too, the enthusiasm lately bestowed on Stanley, the lion of the summer. Stanley had lectured. He had written a book called *In Darkest Africa* which General Booth had capped by writing a book called *In Darkest England*. He had received the D.C.L. of Oxford, and the LL.D. of Cambridge, despite a certain questioning these days of his words and doings. He had even, for all his fifty years, successfully married. . . .

But what was Stanley, the headman of the Klug of the Belgians, the inspirer of Niamuruk, to Rhodes? Rhodes was not, like Stanley, international—he was national—he wanted everything for England. He had no need to lecture for money, he was a millionaire. Where Stanley did not even bear the name of his father, Rhodes was of worthy English family. He was thirteen years younger than Stanley. He was the most eligible bachelor in the world.

He could not, it is true, be described as a person exactly light in hand. For all his physical impressiveness, he was clumsy, restless, ill-dressed and nervous of speech. He talked too much about ideas. He was not easy with women. He did not care for women. They were—well, women, the adjuncts of a more interesting sex. He had the feeling about women of small boys who do not like girls to interfere in their games. Yet a man who could write to a woman: 'I wanted just to say to you one thing, now do not be annoyed. You always make me feel that you are my exact idea of an English-woman'—such a man could not have been quite without the notion of how to make himself attractive. It was not to Rhodes, an abstract Elizabethan, but to Rhodes, a very concrete Victorian, that women, in these days, began to offer themselves in marriage. They wrote from all over the world, saying how much better he would do if he were married. They wrote sometimes, if they already had husbands, merely in worship.

Rhodes not only neglected to answer these letters, he seldom even saw them. His secretaries opened and read all letters written to him, even those marked 'Private,' 'Confidential,' and 'Strictly Confidential.' Rhodes did not agree that he would do better married. He used to say he was too busy to marry. It got about (as Queen Victoria herself had heard—and it did not make him unpopular) that he was a woman-hater.

'As regards Rhodes' relations with women generally,' says one of his secretaries, 'he led an absolutely innocent, open and simple life. . . . I know exactly what he did and where he was. He very rarely went out at night, and when he did go out, it was to attend a public function . . . invariably accompanied by one or some of his friends. When at Grosvenor Square' (the house Rhodes was presently to build himself) 'he never went to the play, and very seldom to private parties, probably not more than once or twice in twelve months. . . . There were very few nights that he had not guests to dinner,

After dinner he invariably played bridge until he felt sleepy, and usually left us abruptly for his room."

Could one have better testimony than this to Rhodes' monastic purity?

The same secretary declares he only once saw Rhodes drink too much, and that was during his negotiations with the Marabois on the Matoppo. He became then "talkative and jolly," but "he went to bed quietly and finished up his waggons unassisted."

Another secretary says, rather less agreeably, that Rhodes was not an habitual drinkard. He says Rhodes drank champagne in a tumbler, sometimes champagne and stout in the forenoon, and after dinner five or six liqueurs.

Rhodes himself told one of his biographers that, under the stress of worry he had sometimes taken liquor between meals. "But I mean to do no more." And this same biographer says he only once saw him excited by drink.

Sir Herbert Baker says: "I can add my strong testimony in repudiation of suggestions of Rhodes' inebriety. He was apt to eat and drink with an absent-minded carelessness, but although he would sit at table, absorbed in talk often to a very late hour, he drank moderately, and little or nothing after dinner."

The stories of Rhodes' inebriety, which these men here refuse, are strongly current in South Africa, and they seem to be unjust. Rhodes, as his heart more and more troubled him, as that aneurism grew larger and larger, developed the swollen, purpled face which is characteristic, not only of alcoholic excess, but of a sick heart's embarrassment. He did, of course, demand the stimulation of drink. Men, in those early Kimberley days, excising, daff, nerve-racking, hot, bleak, were far over drinking. Rhodes, in his de Bona negotiations, was always discussing some terrific matter over a drink. "My wealth, my life, my dreams, were formed here in Kimberley," he said. And also his habits. His friends drank. His brother Herbert drank. He did learn to drink. There were times

when he felt he needed drink. But even those who say so say, too, that he was no drunkard. Whether Rhodes drank more or less heavily, more or less than most men who had never been diggers, it is clear that he drank not too much. He did the work of fifty men and he did it effectively. There is no record that either his work or his relations with people suffered through drink. His body may have done so, or it may not. He had, at one time, seven doctors among his personal friends, and Jamieson was his most intimate friend. One might infer that these doctors, and particularly Jamieson, would not have let Rhodes kill himself with drink. Rhodes was a passionate, and, in many ways, an uncontrolled man. He had a wild, quick temper. He could let fly an aim at a servant, and then, as suddenly, repent. Servants of his, who speak of him with a sort of affectionate awe, tell how they used to edge away from him, and towards a door, when he was angry. But he knew his work depended on time. He placed his work above everything. He was bitterly, unrelentingly anxious to live. He knew he had not long. He would have heeded his precarious life.

III

His ecstatic reception in England, the new ways of existence it revealed to him, the full realization it brought him of his place in the world, led to a sudden and complete change in Rhodes' manner of living.

In his twenty years in South Africa it had never before entered his mind that he ought to have a home. The house he shared with Jamieson in Kimberley was one of the sights of the town. In a room smaller than a small dressing-room—on a trundle-bed hardly large enough to hold his big body, with sheets and blankets of any description, and sometimes not present at all, and (as one visitor saw it) with a gladiator's bag for a bolster—Rhodes dreamed of nothing, if not, as Brad says, the planets in the heavens, at least the planet he

dwell on. In Cape Town, when he was attending Parliament, he lived, first, at a private hotel, and then in rooms over a bank. In Bulwerpo he had a cottage something like his Kimberley cottage. In the Matroospo, where he loved to go and brood, where he had his greatest triumph, where he chose to be buried, he had a few of those whitewashed huts that are shaped like the huts of the natives and called *rendavels*. He bought farms among the Drakenstein Mountains and saw there the lovely homes of others, but, again, for himself, wanted only a cottage. For himself, that was all he wanted to the end.

But, on his return from England in 1891, he decided that a man in his position had a social duty to the world, and that meant a different sort of home.

As cheerfully as he had amalgamated de Beers and pushed his way north he now gave himself to the business of building a house, not pretentious, and yet fit for Rhodes, the Prime Minister of the Cape, the Managing Director in South Africa of the Chartered Company, the natural host of the country—fit, in short, for Rhodes, the Empire-builder. . . .

Near the city of Cape Town, at the foot of the Devil's Peak, were three large barns in which, until one hundred and fifty years before, the Dutch East India Company had kept their provisions. To each barn was attached the home of the keeper of those stores. The largest of the buildings was called *de Grootte Schuur*, which means the Great Barn, and lately the Governors of the Cape had used it as their summer home. Now it was in the market, and first Rhodes leased it, and then he bought it. He bought with it also, in time, fifteen hundred acres of mountain land. And here his home was created.

He found the maker of that home within a year. An unproved young architect called Herbert Baker was going about the country speaking with admiration of the old Cape houses. To him Rhodes showed not only *Grootte Schuur*, at present languishing under the name of *The Grange*, and

itself disguised to match that name, but also a sketch of the house as once it had been : and to him he gave the work of bringing George Schuur back to its first self.

'He surprised me,' says Baker, 'by the absence of detail in his instructions. He merely gave me in a very few words his ideas, or his "thoughts" as he used to call them, and trusted to me for the rest.'

That was Rhodes' way. He could trust people. As he had assigned to young Frank Johnson the contract for bringing his pleasure to Mombasaland, so now he assigned to young Herbert Baker the work of making his home. Nor did he often give his subordinates details. When he spoke of doing things in detail, step by step, he did not mean a niggling superintendence. 'You must do this. You must think. Remember, you must think, think. You must use your brains.' It was a policy that was bound to lead, now and then, to misfortune. For such misfortune Rhodes took responsibility. But some believe that if Rhodes had filled in his instructions better, there would have been no *Johnson Raid*.

Now he left it to Baker not merely to make of George Schuur the house it once had been, but also to furnish it as those early Dutchmen had furnished it.

People smiled at this. It was, they thought, another of his schemes to win over the Boer. But here originated, in fact, one of Rhodes' truest benefits to South Africa—he brought back taste to the country.

It was a time when the shoddiest of Victorian furniture was being imported from England and housed in the most vulgar of dwellings. The clear lines of the old Cape architecture were not to be seen among the new, nor the clear shapes of the old Cape furniture, nor the strong hand-wrought things of metal. They remained to use and favour through Rhodes. 'I like oak and whitewash. . . . I want the big and simple, barbaric, if you like,' he told Baker. And together they found old Dutch furniture, or had new made after its style, old Dutch glass and Delft ware, and porcelain of the East brought to

the Cape by servants of the Dutch and English East India Companies.

Yet even when the house was ready for Rhodes the Prime Minister, Rhodes the man could not bring himself to leave the old outbuilding from which he had watched Baker's progress. He could not be troubled to move from it until he was made to realize that it stood between Groote Schuur and a clear view of the mountain. Then he allowed them to pull it down.

He did not stay long in the stuccoed Groote Schuur. There came the Jackson Raid, and the hatred of those who had created him, and the falling away of his homestead, and, in physical fact, the breaking of his heart; and, as in a Greek play—messenger following messenger with bad news—there came also one saying that his house was burnt down.

Then Groote Schuur was rebuilt by Baker as it is to-day.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HOME RHODES BUILT

I

ONE may understand Rhodes from his house as much as from anything else.

In these days that house is the home, while Parliament sits, of the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa. To the Prime Ministers of the Union Rhodes bequeathed it eight years before there was a Union, and while Boers were still fighting Boers.

The house looks as it looked in Rhodes' time. It is maintained—and its grounds—with his money.

Groote Schuur is a house of two storeys, and, counting the kitchen quarters, thirty rooms: white; with gables; and large, small-paned windows. The thatch that caused the first Groote Schuur to burn down, and that causes all the old Cape houses to burn down, is replaced, less attractively, by tiles. Over the entrance is a bronze relief showing the landing of Van Riebeeck.

A long row of white pillars supports the heavily beamed steep which faces the mountain Rhodes loved. The floor of that steep is, like the floor of the hall and the floors of de Hoogh's pictures, of black and white squares. On it stand the old chests, the green jugs and the weatherworn chairs of Rhodes.

All the rooms in the house are either oak-panelled or white-washed. They are oak-beamed with great brass candlebrms. They have cushions filled with china. They have old pieces of brass and copper, and heavy chairs and heavy tables and heavy chests.

As Rhodes himself possessed no trinkets except a set of plain gold studs—not even a watch, so, in his house, too, there are few little delicate things. There are no little delicate

chairs or tables. There is no piano. 'There are no paintings (but once there was a Reynolds). There are no rare editions. There is a spinnet. There are some Gobelin tapestries, and some books on open shelves.

It is a man's house. And, in fact, Rhodes kept no women servants, and the maids of visitors had orders to remain as inconspicuous as possible. There are fifteen bedrooms and two bathrooms: one of which, in marble, with a terrific granite bath, was Rhodes' great pride. Few of the bedrooms have adequate mirrors. Rhodes' own room possesses no full-length mirror, no bookshelf, no bright picture, nothing soft. There is a large bed with an uncomfortable mattress. There are large cupboards. There is a large atlas. There is an old French map of South Africa. There are prints of Sannesi, of Bartholomew Diaz discovering the Cape, of Napoleon's coronation. There is a model of the young Napoleon and of the sacred bird the Phoenixians were supposed to have left in Rhodesia. There are carvings of this sacred bird throughout the house.

The one sentimental thing in Rhodes' bedroom (though, again, everything in Rhodes' bedroom expresses his romantic sense) is a photograph of that wife of Moschikare who, in 1896, helped him to make touch with the Mambela. She hangs on the wall with her little turtle eyes, like liquid slips, in her old wrinkled face, and her breasts like empty sacs, and her skeleton hands—the only woman Rhodes cared to remember.

His bedroom is built so that one may see the mountains; so that one may watch, through a great crescent of windows, the brilliant sunset flows, rising step by step to the mountains, the hydrangeas climbing its slopes, the bare stems of the trees striding with black its purple shadows. Rhodes chose to look—not at the sea, not at this plain of water with waves marking like long grass in the wind—he chose to look at the mountains. He always chose to look at the mountains rather than the sea. When he marched up Africa it was not along its coast-

lines—the Portuguese could have those, he said—but along its central plateau. He selected a mountain-top for his burial. Was it the illness that had brought him to Africa which turned him instinctively away from the sea and towards the highlands? Was his race so grounded?

One can, indeed, from a ledge at Groota Schuur look towards where the Indian and Atlantic Oceans meet, and this immensity Rhodes could perhaps tolerate, he could feel himself moved by so great an amalgamation. "Come, let us walk up the mountain, and see the two oceans." "Are there not also Shelley's words on amalgamation? "See, the mountains kiss high heaven, and the waves clap one another." . . . Amalgamation ("All things by a law divine in one another's being mingle") was the principle of Rhodes' life. And big game. And so he used to take people up the mountain to see the union of the oceans. But the sea, as such, the wind on the wave, was not Rhodes' inspiration, it was never a part of, at least, this Englishman's being.

II

There were, in truth, times when Rhodes imagined himself not so much an Englishman as an ancient Roman. He felt a kinship with Hadrian, he thought he looked like Titus. He saw England the successor of Imperial Rome. His favourite work was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

His Gibbon has this quotation from Tertullian, the Carthaginian, marked with four heavy marginal lines:

"You are fond of spectacles . . . expect the greatest of all spectacles, the last and eternal judgment of the universe. How shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how weep, when I behold so many proud monarchs, and haughty gods, groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates, who persecuted the name of the Lord, squelching in fever fire than they ever kindled against the Christians; so many sage philosophers mistaking in red-hot Rome, with their deluded scholars; so

many celebrated poets trembling before the tribunal, not of Minos, but of Christ; so many impostors, more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers——!

Did Rhodes think to himself, avowed: 'Before me too lies this fate!' And, with such thunder in his ears, did he fail to notice Gibbon's consoling little antithesis: 'But the humanity of the reader will permit me to draw a veil over the rest of this infernal description, which the anxious African pursues in a long variety of affected and unfeeling artifices.'?

There are no other markings of consequence in this copy of *The Decline and Fall*, but that Rhodes was impressed by Gibbon's work may be judged from this curious circumstance: he gave Hatchard's, the London bookseller, instructions to have all Gibbon's authorities collected, and, if necessary, translated—and then typed, indexed, and uniformly bound for him. He suddenly woke up when Hatchard's had accumulated eight thousand pounds' worth of translations. At eight thousand pounds' worth, then, the typescripts, hospitably including in their list the *Lives of the Cæsars*, Horace, Ovid, Terence, Cicero, Martial and other writers already available in English, abruptly end.

Even then these hundred and fifty substantial volumes take up more than half the space in the small room called Library. But there are books also in the billiard-room and study.

These books are mainly concerned with History (two hundred and fifty volumes), Biography (one hundred and thirty volumes), and Africa (one hundred and seventy-five volumes). Not included in these books on Africa, there are a number on Cape Colony and fifty on Egypt. Among the Biographies there are twenty *Lives of Napoleon*, a *Life of Alexander the Great*, and a series of the *Rulers of India*. There are—these figures are given approximately—one hundred and thirty books listed under *Classics*, eighty under *Social Science*, seventy under *Travel*, sixty under *Federation and Constitutional Government*, and fifty under *Geography*. There are seventy

Books of Reference. There are twenty-five novels, twenty-four books on Art and Science, seventeen (*Shakespeare, Euclid*, and so on) that fall under the heading Literature, nine on Architecture, and a few—*Fraser's Golden Bough* is one and *Steuier's Self-Help* is another—rather despatchingly handled together as Miscellaneous. There is no poetry.

The Library is that of a conscious empire-maker, not of a reader.

III

And yet Rhodes saw himself not only an ancient Roman, he aspired to be a bit, too, of an ancient Greek. He was the *Protesilaos* of South Africa. And *deliberately*, since through Greek Art *Protesilaos* taught the busy and indolent *Delonians* to believe in *Empire*. 'So he said.

But he lived heavily for his own sake. He had the imagination. He had that poignant sense of the appropriate which is taste. And, as his desire for the interior of Africa rather than its coast, flowed, one might assume, from his well-learned fear of the sea, so, too, was his taste a reflection of himself.

'Max,' said Lord Milner, 'are ruled by their fables, and Rhodes' fable is size.' Certainly Rhodes' fable was size. But one might also call it his principle and his wisdom. 'There is no use in two dozen of anything. You should count in hundreds and thousands, not dozens. That is the only way to produce any effect or make any profit.'

So, not only had he to possess a country three-quarters of a million square miles large; to give his name to that country; to dream in continents and nations; to control all the diamonds in Africa, and pay for that control with the biggest cheque yet written; to see and bequeath millions of money; to see two oceans from his garden; to rest in death on a View of the World . . . but, of the immediate, the homelike sort of things, the avenue to Government House in Bulawayo (when Bulawayo became his) had to be three miles long; the

streets of Bulawayo had to be wide enough for a waggon and its span of oxen to turn about in; his *inyanga* farm in Rhodesia had to be of a hundred thousand acres; the reservoir of his dam in the Mtoppes had to hold fifty million gallons of water; he had to surround his town house with fifteen hundred acres, and so have a mountain in his garden; his fruit-trees in the Cape had to be planted in batches of a hundred and fifty thousand, and he coveted the whole of the great Drakensberg valley for a farm.

'How much do you want me to buy?' asked his farm manager.

'Buy it all!'

'All! . . . All the Drakensberg Valley! . . . It would cost a million.'

'I don't ask your advice. I want you to buy it. Buy it!'

The manager bought as much as the owners would sell him.

But Rhodes had other aspects than that of size in his nature as in himself. He wanted in his surroundings, as in his living, his dreams, his actions, his words—not only size, but also shape, weight, simplicity. When he asked Baker for the 'big and simple—barbaric, if you like,' he was anticipating merely his last words to his Rhodesians: 'Think simply. Truth is ever simple.' As Rhodes, the man, was ponderous in his body, his humour, his manner, his very hands, so even the tables and chairs in his house are hard to lift in their heavy fashioning from heavy South African woods. His bath is hewn out of a granite rock. His grave is hewn in a granite hill.

As he knew clearly what he wanted, and wanted it all his life, so he preferred to deal in what he called 'globular sums,' so the trees against his mountain have no reaching lower branches, so he felt he could not, as he said, 'possess the mountain he had bought' until it was cleared of its covering bush.

His very flowers had to grow in rounded shapes. Nor were

they define life beyond. With the Imperialism of Dimsell he did not adopt too Dimsell's prisonness (though who can say, really, whether Dimsell himself loved the prisonness? An idle word in a queen's hearing, and for life a flunkeyish Oriental is compelled—heaven alone knows how tediously—to the pallid prisonness). . . . In Rhodes' garden there are troops of canna, hydrangea, bougainvillea—strong, scarlet flowers—marching in regular formation towards his mountain. And he loved the mountain shapes, sculpture and architecture. He sent Baker to study the granitic temple of Tyche and the Greek Doric of Paestum and Athens, the Greek horses at St. Mark's, the sarcophagus of Alexander at Constantinople, that he might bring back from them a design for a monument to the Siege of Kimberley, a classic bath for Kimberley, and a lion-house for Groote Schuur.

Only the Siege Monument was completed. When it came to the Bath, the 'Nymphæum,' he could not get the directors of de Beers to sanction the expenditure, and he was too ill to force that sanction. This bath, this temple, filled with mine-water, was to have been in marble, and to have stood among lilacs and pappas; long avenues of orange-trees, backed by larger trees, were to have led to it, and poignant meaning to have been given it by the desert on whose edge it rested. . . . One has to know Kimberley, a town where diamonds grow so much more readily than grass, to appreciate the sublimity and the folly of the idea.

The lion-house was to have been a part, Baker imagines, of 'a great, colonnaded building which would give scale to and interpret the beauty of the mountain-side.' There is a zoo at Groote Schuur, but the lion-house was not built.

A university, too, was to have risen from that mountain-side where the young would come, 'Dutch and English, east and west, north and south, to get to know and like each other and so make a united South Africa.' To-day a university exists, but it is not the university which Rhodes planned.

And then he built a house in his grounds ('Do not be

man' was his only instruction to Baker) where artists might dream. To this house Kipling used to come during the English winter. . . .

And the statue of van Riebeeck had to mark the place where the first Dutch landed at Cape Town; a bronze over the entrance at Groote Schuur had to celebrate that landing. 'It will be all one country now, and we must make this its most beautiful capital.'

And on the granite hill where Rhodes meant to rest for ever there were to rest too, beneath a monument, the fallen in the Matabele War. To-day this monument, like the university, stands—never seen by Rhodes. It stands, vulgarly neat, in the urbane world whose grandeur so gripped him that he knew at once: 'I shall be buried here, facing North,' and two years later came again in search of it, saying over and over: 'I had to find my hill. I had to find it. It has stayed with me.' . . .

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PEAK OF EXISTENCE

I

THE thing one fails to remember about Rhodes—as vehemently he lived—is that for a long time death was his daily companion. Not the death unemotionally evoked by 'In the midst of life we are in death,' nor the ironic death which, being of the essence of life, makes rottenness life's very fundament—but the real, immediate, frightening death that grimaces from the scaffold at a man condemned.

Rhodes had come out to South Africa because death was before him. He had fled back to South Africa from Oxford because its breath was in his very face. 'You the same Rhodes, sir?' the doctor said who had once written him down as tubercular beyond recovery. 'Impossible! According to my books you have been a corpse these ten years.' . . . He had gone into the desert with Herbert because—*from another place now*—it was attacking him: not lungs this time, but heart. Following those three years during which he had founded himself in gold, amalgamated the Diamond Fields, taken Mafeking and other northern lands, become Prime Minister of the Cape and been acclaimed the hero of his nation, there began a decade of the illness that brought his end.

He had come back from England resolved to live as belated an Empire Builder. He had accomplished in this year of slips a score of things any one of which might have made a man significant for life. At the end of the year he fell from a horse and broke his collar-bone, he had also influenza, his heart could not bear the double strain—he walked henceforth, knowing that his time was short and he must hurry. He thought he might live to be forty-five. He lived to be forty-eight.

It is said of Rhodes that he was not physically courageous. When he went strolling on the wild and there was fear of lions and other wild animals, he instinctively (it is said) chose to sleep surrounded by his companions, so that he might only be got at over their bodies. They tell that he did not like to be alone in a house at night, and that, in the old Kimberley days, frightening ghouls (even of the ghostly short and purple kind) were played on him.

Yet the very fact that Rhodes is thought of without pity, that it is hard to remember why he worked so hurriedly and acted so violently, that one accepts such working and such violence without the usual reflection: 'It was a man fighting death did it,'—this, if nothing else, makes of Rhodes a creature of special courage. He does not arouse pity. He does not call for it. He does not feel it for himself. He wishes, certainly, for another ten years of life that he may go on with his work. He envies the man who 'will see it through,' and 'I shall not.' He falls into the habit of repeating to himself that 'Rhodes has taken a country as big as Europe, and we shall get that, but he will get only six feet by four.' He says to Lord Rosebery: 'Everything in the world is too short. Life and fame and achievement, everything is too short.' He says to Deed: 'From the cradle to the grave, what is it? Three days at the outside.' He speaks of that 'terrible time,' the one uncomparable thing. And, dying, he says: 'So much to do. So little done.' . . . But these are not a coward's whimpers. They are the recognitions of Ecclesiastes: 'For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten.'

'Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever of any thing that is done under the sun.' . . .

But 'Rhodes is dead,' wrote Wilfrid Blunt, one of those who can love only the aristocratic or the scheming. 'Rhodes is dead. I did the rogue an injustice when I thought

he might be shaming"; and "I would scourge him with his own pill on him," said Meredith. One could not believe that Rhodes might have suffered.

II

In this year of 1891, whose beginning saw his triumph in England, and whose end, Fate's warning that he was not to get far with his solitary work, Rhodes did the following things:

He obtained in England Imperial sanction for his further territories, 'an arrangement of boundaries,' he said, 'which seemed almost impossible.'

He said to the Prime Minister of England: 'If you wish to retain the sentiment of the Colonies, you must consider day by day how you can give the people some commercial advantage, and thus show them that the tie with England is of practical advantage to themselves.' By which he meant preferential tariffs.

He donated five thousand pounds to the Liberal Party funds, and this was later said to have been a bribe to them not to abandon Egypt, and an explanation of why Harcourt and Campbell-Bannerman did not afterwards press Rhodes closer at the Faid Inquiry. . . . Rhodes accordingly published his correspondence with the Party organisers. And it now appeared he had hoped in giving the donation (for which he had been asked) that a Liberal Government would not evacuate Egypt; had been assured they would not; had eventually judged from speeches of Gladstone and Labouchere they might; and had then asked that his donation be diverted to charity. . . . The point, of course, was that Rhodes wanted to safeguard his project of a railway line to Egypt.

And although one might question whether the ten thousand pounds to the Irish Party was conceived in a spirit of simple friendship, or in a spirit of friendship for friendship—that Rhodes ever imagined he could buy the Egyptian policy of

the Liberal Party, from Gladstone and Rosebery downwards, for five thousand pounds is beyond reason. He did believe that every man had his price, but he also knew better what price . . .

Now, when he came back from England hailed as the greatest of Englishmen, he proceeded to prove himself, in addition, the most essential of South Africans. He explained to the Bond that his sentiments were theirs: Self-government, and, 'although you have not stated it,' Union. And, to achieve Union, he told these Dutchmen straightly, he would, for his part, 'abolish that system of antagonistic states hostile to ourselves south of the Zambesi'—by which he meant the Dutch republic. Whenceupon (say the biographers of Hofmeyr) the alliance between Rhodes and the Bond was so magically sealed that never, declared Hofmeyr, had they had 'a Premier who, on most questions, had been more one heart and soul with our Colonial Afrikaners than Mr. Rhodes.' . . . (Thundering and continuous applause.)

In this same speech Rhodes also announced that he had obtained 'enormous subscriptions' to found a teaching university at the Cape. It was an idea Napoleon had had before him—to promote Imperial conformity through a national university. But Rhodes' inspiration came, as it happens, from Bloembergen. He had there seen the warm feeling among the old students of a college, and had come away impressed with the discovery that 'the period in your life when you indulge in friendships that are seldom broken is from eighteen to twenty-one.' In Bloembergen, then, was born, not only Rhodes' thought of bringing about South African union through a university, but also his plan to help world union through his Scholasticships.

And he had the place for his university—the grounds of George Schuur, his home.

He had other ideas in this fruitful year of 1891. He had an idea that Pondoland might be annexed to the Cape, and an idea that he would like to run Bechuanaland if England

would give him fifty thousand pounds a year for doing it. (But, only a little while ago, when he was trying to get his charter, he had offered to contribute to the cost of administering Bechuanaland.)

He continued his railway through Bechuanaland to Mafeking—*which made* Loch afraid the fifty thousand pounds would all be used on railways.

He continued his railway towards the Zambesi, and borrowed money for both these railways from de Beers, giving as security the possible—the mythical—diamonds of Mafekingland. However, he faithfully repaid the money. An accountant, who speaks with authority, says that Rhodes' money dealings were always in strict order.

He arranged also, where others had failed, to connect the Cape railway through the Free State with Johannesburg; and this was the reason he was later so maddened by Kruger's discrimination against Cape imports.

And, though he now scolded a Dutch republic in Mexico-land, he also considered lending Kruger, on behalf of the Cape, the money Kruger was seeking in Europe, and coming to a friendly customs relationship with him.

He thought one might perhaps buy up the whole of the Portuguese province of Lourenço Marques.

To that end there were further negotiations with Kruger, and this, according to Kruger, is the conversation they had:

RHODES: We must work together. I know the Republic wants a seaport. You must have Delagoa Bay.

KRUGER: How can we work together there? The harbour belongs to the Portuguese, and they won't hand it over.

RHODES: Then we must simply take it.

KRUGER: I can't take away other people's property. If the Portuguese won't sell the harbour, I wouldn't take it even if you gave it to me, for ill-gotten gains are accursed.

Exit Rhodes.

In 1895, further, Rhodes passed a new Bank Act which restricted the issue of notes in the Cape, and stabilised its

franchise; and he supported a new franchise: 'A dual vote to property and intelligence,' he called it. . . .

Anti—association, self-government, union, association, tariffs, fraser, franchise—there was something more to be done in that direction. In May, 1882, Rhodes wrote to the Prime Ministers of Canada and New South Wales.

This is his letter to Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister of Canada:

DEAR SIR,—

I wish to write and congratulate you on winning the election in Canada. I read your manifesto and I could understand the issue. If I might express a wish, it would be that we could meet before soon face claims on. I might write pages, but I feel I know you and your politics as if we had been friends for years. The whole thing lies in the question: can we invent some tie with our mother country that will prevent separation? It must be a practical one, for future generations will not be born in England. The curse is that English politicians cannot see the future. They think they will always be the manufacturing meat of the world, but do not understand what protection coupled with reciprocal relations means. I have taken the liberty of writing to you, and if you honour me with an answer I will write again.

Yours,

C. J. Rhodes.

P.S.—You might not know who I am, so I will say I am the Prime Minister of this Colony—that is, the Cape Colony.

If Rhodes was otherwise than sincere in this letter, and even in the insinuating postscript, written at a time when the whole Empire was blessing his name, he was a literary artist. But even here did claim the man to whom it was addressed, and before ever he received it.

And was Rhodes (we are still in the year 1891) forgetting his North? What with donations, gifts, seditions, universities, railways, Bank Acts, northern annexations, northern annexations, eastern annexations, and closer unions with Flagland, was Rhodes leaving his children assailed to their swamps, their mosquitoes, their too-tie flies, their natives, their chagrins, and their whistles at ten-and-six the ton? Had he failed to notice that Chartered shares, which had risen to three pounds fifteen when he was in England, were run down now to twelve shillings and even ten shillings just because the nation had not 'in a race out from home and a race back' achieved a 'quarter of a million of money'; because Chartered funds were being poured out like water and none were coming in; because Chartered shareholders had discovered that the Rudd Concession was not theirs unless they bought it, and who knew whether the whole Mashanaland affair might not be a bubble, seeing that even the Rudd Concession was a concession, not over the land itself, but merely over what lay below the land, and could one get below it if one had no right upon it?

The last month Rhodes had the opportunity of settling this year. And, although he was prepared to argue that the power given the concessionaries 'to do all things which they might deem necessary to defend their interests,' implied their right to establish industrial settlements and protecting forces—in short, all the rights, he really knew better. He wrote to Lord Salisbury that the Rudd Concession did not, in terms, purport to give more than mining rights, and that therefore 'the Chartered Company had but an imperfect right, if any right at all,' to grant land titles. And he was more than satisfied to pay stiffly for a power which, on paper, at least, looked stronger than his arguments.

Among the concession-hunters at Lobengula's knee, Rhodes' people had found, in their own days of concession-hunting,

the mission of one Lippert, a Transvaaler of German birth. And when Lobengula saw that all his mineral rights were definitely gone to Rhodes, he followed the policy of the Bechuanaland king in dividing his assignments, and then the power against him. To Lippert, then, at a price of a thousand pounds down, and five hundred a year, he ceded, for a century, his land. Lippert, suggests Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, was the agent of Germany; but it does not seem likely, or he would not have sold his rights, as he did, to Rhodes.

Now, in spite of the fact that he was Buli's cousin, did he sell to the Rhodes' group because they were dear to him. On the contrary, he and Buli were on bad terms. He sold for no other reason than that he got a high price, and Germany, one may presume, was not a partner in what was to Lippert a simple commercial affair.

So now Rhodes had the Lippert as well as the Rudd Concession. At last he possessed, it seemed, everything that case had been Lobengula's: not merely the secret treasure under his earth, but his earth itself.

Rhodes was never to know that the earth he still had not. He was barely dead when his seniors began to claim Rhodesia for the Rhodesians, and not for the Chartered Company. They had been prepared to sing 'God save Rhodes.' They had proved the followers he had dreamt of: even when his guiding was correct they had not deserted him. 'Lay me there,' he said of the Matoppen. 'My Rhodesians would like it. They have never bitten me.' 'My Rhodesians,' he called them, as he spoke too of 'My North.'

But, with Rhodes gone, they were not prepared to sing 'God save the Charter.' There was nothing to them in being the subjects of a chartered company. And no other chartered companies too had found in their time. It was a more glamorous thing to rule, than to be ruled, for profit.

On the day the World War opened, on August 4th of 1914. His Majesty's Privy Council met to discover how far, by charter, conquest and cession, the Chartered Company owned

Rhodesia. The World War was all but over when it decided that, as to the Charter, it 'gave the capacity to own and to grant land, but in itself granted none'; as to conquest, my conquest was, by constitutional practice, on behalf of the Crown; as to cession, the Lippert Concession was a personal contract, and could not make of Herr Lippert (Beit was also, as Punch said when he died, called 'Herr' in those war days) the owner of the entire Kingdom 'from the head of the King's wives to his father's grave,' nor could it make of all Lobengula's subjects 'sojourners on sufferance whose they had ranged is none—dependent on the good nature of this stranger from Johannesburg even for gardens in which to grow their vegetables, and pastures on which to graze their cattle. The Lippert Concession,' said the Privy Council, ascending sharply from poetry to business, 'may have some value as helping to explain how and why the Crown came to confer the administration of Southern Rhodesia upon the Company, but as a title to unalienated land it is valueless.'

Not the Chartered Company (and so much now for Elinor-Bethan adventures), not the company with the Lippert Concession, but the Crown, was the successor of Lobengula. And, considering the matter of sovereignty merely, Rhodes himself had admitted this: 'The Charter must change, first, perhaps, to a system of Imperial Government, but finally to Self-Government.' . . . 'A change must occur from the Chartered system of government . . . to Self-Government, and from Self-Government to a system of union with the Cape Colony.' What neither Rhodes nor anyone else realised, and what it took the Privy Council four years to decide, was that the Chartered Company would never be paid for this land which they believed they had acquired with the Lippert Concession. They controlled, it is true, the minerals, the railways, their own tremendous armies and the land bank. They had shares in all the best mines, and in numbers of subsidiary companies. They had rights and concessions. But precisely the land of Rhodesia they had not. And when,

in due time, accounts came to be squared between the Company and the Crown: they were paid what it had cost them to run the country. This, they said, was something like eight millions. But the Privy Council decided it was more like five millions. . . . And so much they got.

In 1920 the Chartered shareholders received, after thirty years, their first dividend. It was stupendous.

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But when Rhodes went up to see his pioneers in that stupendous year of illge, no one knew he had not everything—or, indeed, not anything, of the land he was selling, leasing, granting. He did not know it himself. He came like a god from Olympus, like all the gods from Olympus, the universal owner, the universal donor. He came with a passion for the country which overflowed on to all those who called it *theirs*. "I feel I ought to be with them," he said when they went through to Mafekingland, and he had to stay in Cape Town as Prime Minister. And if the Cape did not want him to be both their Prime Minister and the ruler of the North, "there will be no happier man than myself, because I can then go and live with those young people who are developing our new territories. I know them well, and, believe me, the life is better than that of receiving deputations." . . .

He found, however, that the settlers themselves did not find the life so enchanting. They complained because food and gold, both, were scarce, and because half their claims had to go to the Company. And then they might not dig for diamonds since diamonds (if any) were secured to the Beers, and they could not get the best land, for the best land was reserved to the Company—and it rained, and they had malaria, and the Bushmen were lazy, and the Matabele were dangerous, and there were no roads or trains or telegraphs, and they were imprisoned in their loneliness.

Rhodes asked them if they were sure it was food and not

Squire they meant. But then, he regretted the trust and promised that they should get their food cheaper and cheaper. And it was this promise he fulfilled when he sent Willoughby to find out if the Portuguese would shoot an Englishman carrying goods through Beira—or, as he demurely explained it to his Chartered shareholders: ‘Unfortunately some of our younger spirits went up and forced the route from Beira, and then we had the unfortunate dispute with the Portuguese, which, however, did bring about the happy result.’ . . .

As for the gold, did they think, he asked the settlers, that gold was to be picked up like gooseberries? The gold was there, and it must be found, and he would do what he could about the fifty-per-cent. difficulty. And the telegraph was now Salisbury now, and the railway from the south was following, and even the sceptical Lord Rothschild had given him money for the railway from the east. He would get them also friendlier natives. (But, in the end, they preferred their own natives.) He would send them horses through Beira. (But the horses died, so eventually he sent donkeys.) And were any of them in want? There was his own pocket. Were they thinking of coming to Cape Town, had they friends joining them from England? There was his new house, Grosvenor Square. Were they in despair, and anxious to give up altogether? ‘Help this man home and charge to me,’ ran the notes the dispensers of his money were continually receiving; and from little banks in little northern villages came odd scraps of paper—note-paper, newspaper, blotting-paper, scrawled over in pencil and undated, that were the cheques of Rhodes to his needy settlers. He gave money. He lent money. One man repaid him four hundred pounds. ‘Look at this. He’s paid me back. The bloody fool’s paid me back. What did he want to pay me back for!’ It was something unimaginable that anyone should pay Rhodes a debt.

He told the settlers, and he so clearly meant it, that he believed with all his mind and heart in the North that was theirs. Surely, he said to them later, but he said much the

same to them now and always, surely to be here was 'a happier thing than the deadly monotony of an English country town or the still deadlier monotony of a Karroo village. Here, at any rate, you have your share in the creation of a new country. . . . You have the proud satisfaction of knowing that you are clothings a new part of the world. Those who fall in that creation fall sooner than they would in ordinary lives, but their lives are better and grander.'

And to a friend he (later too) said: 'How glorious this is, and how lucky you are to be here! But why are you here? Because tariffs did not pay in —shire. Had they paid, you would have remained an average country gentleman and a fairly respectable Member of Parliament. How much better to be here under the stars, thinking out great problems!' . . .

Is there anything harder to falsify than a genuine enthusiasm? Even words on paper hide their faces and are without light or life when their authors cry 'Lo, behold!' in unbelief.

But as it is hard to imitate enthusiasm, so is that enthusiasm powerful. Stranger than Rhodes' money was Rhodes' passion in the making of Rhodesia.

He had to go back now to Cape Town, but his settlers felt they could struggle on because he had been among them.

And then he had left with them his dearest possession: the fascinating Dr. Jameson. Jameson had just returned, full of exultation, from his expedition-hunting in East Africa; he had, on his way back, managed to turn off the group of quondam Transvaalians; he was their new administrator. 'I am more indebted to him,' said Rhodes, 'than to any man in South Africa.'

5

He said it to his shareholders in London. For he had not only his settlers to comfort, he had also his shareholders. There was another aspect to his North than the Imperial and romantic, there was the commercial; and he might be ponder-

ing great problems under the stars, but his shareholders, who had never seen those clear African stars, were not. They had bought Charterade for anything up to four pounds, believing that here was the greatest gold-mining thing in history; and no new Rand had yet been discovered—not even would be, wrote Randolph Churchill from Charterade. Charterade, in short, were running down so that eventually they touched ten shillings, and ‘the condemnation of the home papers could only,’ said Rhodes, ‘be compared to their previous sanguineness. They condemned the country as everything that was bad.’

There were, in those days, people who spoke of South Sea Bubbles.

Many years later Rhodes told an election audience what had been his feelings in those uncertain days. He had just (so he described) had that accident which, followed by influenza, was to mark the beginning of his final decade. ‘I was in bed in Cape Town for a long time, and when I came to my senses I had always to be thinking of the condition of the country, the exhaustion of the funds subscribed for its development, and the reports of the failure of the country.’

It was at the end of 1872 that Rhodes met his shareholders for the first time in London, and confessed with what good reason the papers had criticised and the shares had slumped. ‘I went round and met Dr. Jameson in the country. I found the position as follows: a discontented population of about fifteen hundred people and an expenditure of about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year on police—and no return.

And what was to be done about it? The whole expansion business was in danger—the dream of Rhodes’ life. Who would continue to believe in him, who would follow him over northwards, if he failed as in his very beginnings?

It was Jameson who found a plan—a Jameson sort of plan: simple and daring; questionable perhaps; but, perhaps again, never to be questioned. He said to Rhodes: ‘Give me three

thousand pounds a month, and I'll pull through.' Three thousand is against twenty thousand? But how could he? By what magic?

Well, magic is often the *too obvious*. One could save seven thousand pounds a month by the obvious process of not spending it. There were those seven hundred costly police they had in Matabeleland. Why need there be seven hundred? Bechuanaland was next door, able to support as many police as one could possibly want. Bechuanaland could not allow Matabeleland to get into trouble. It had a friendly administration, hardly deterred by reverence for the Colonial Office—as one may judge by Shippard's advice about the gun paid to Lobengula. The officer in charge of the police was the same Major Gould Adams who had intercepted the Wood, Chapman, and Francis Syndicate, who was later to intercept Lobengula's peace emissaries; and finally to become Governor of the Orange River Colony. Bechuanaland was being financed, not by a chartered company whose shareholders asked questions, but by an Imperial government whose taxpayers did not. If more police were enrolled in Bechuanaland for the safety of Matabeleland, who would seriously trouble? Let the Company, then, reduce its own force. Let it reduce its force from seven hundred—to, say, one hundred.

It was a plan. One might call it a gamble. But then, again, is that a gamble which is the only hope?

The Chartered force was reduced to one hundred. The Bechuanaland force was increased. Next year the Chartered force came down to forty; the soldiers themselves were enrolled as volunteers; the country, it was discovered, could run very well on Jameson's charms and the three thousand pounds a month which Rhodes got from de Beers, his own pocket and Alfred Beit's. 'What deficiency there was in the revenue I had personally to find.'

And so the Company's expenditure descended from two hundred and fifty thousand to thirty thousand a year. A little revenue—stamps, customs, licences—trickled in. The budget

was balanced. *Zambesia*, as Rhodes called it, *Charteredland*, as Janson called it, *Rhodesia*, as newspapers were beginning to call it, was saved. . . .

The figures given here are from speeches of Rhodes. They are not quite accurate. Nor is eight hundred thousand square miles—he always spoke of eight hundred thousand square miles—exactly the size of the territory Rhodes acquired in the North. Seven hundred thousand would be nearer. Except in his specifically financial speeches Rhodes gave his figures—one might say descriptively, rather than mathematically. He used them to illustrate a situation with which he was dealing. As his picture, then, let these figures stand. . . .

If the British taxpayer did not know about the new Bechuanaland police—well, England was a very rich country; it was, despite the warnings of Labouchere, worth the money in Imperial pride that *Zambesia* should not collapse; it would have cost England more to take Rhodes' territories than it had cost Rhodes (he had, he said, given England "eight hundred thousand square miles without a shilling of cost"); and, finally, as O'Connell, in a spasm of sense, remarks: "He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen, Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all."

It was with a justified confidence, a feeling of mission, a consciousness that the whole Empire would hear him and he was not speaking only as a Chartered director to Chartered shareholders, but as a Briton to the British—it was in this confident mood Rhodes met his first Chartered audience.

He had now fourteen thousand shareholders in his various companies. Before he died, he had thirty thousand. Among those shareholders were women who had bought just a few Chartered shares that they might see his noble brow and his serene mouth, and hear the voice that could so inconspicuously, from that large frame, break into an ugly falsetto.

CHAPTER XIX

ENGLAND'S TRADE, ENGLAND'S LIFE IS THE WORLD!

I

It was in this speech Rhodes talked about 'squaring the Mahdi'; and the Gladstone policy of 'scuttle'; and the fact that the British lion could support only six million people; and the way other countries were chasing out British goods.

'Squaring the Mahdi' is one of the tags pinned on to Rhodes. It is supposed to be an example of how Rhodes thought bribery the best policy.

And, in fact, Rhodes was not (as has already been said here) incapable of distributing productive favours. There were times when he did feel that bribery, like mercy, blessing both giver and taken, was twice blessed. He did sometimes think that a little immorality was better than a lot of trouble. . . . Or perhaps he deliberately rejected morality. His religion may have seemed to him something beyond any current conceptions of right and wrong. The discovery of his patent, as he called it, for squaring England and unifying the world and so bringing about the millennium may have been his proven right where all other rights were merely the accidental rights which could be thrown away. He may have seen himself, like Napoleon, the servant, not of morality, but of destiny. 'I am not a man like other men,' believed Napoleon. 'The laws of morality and decorum could not be intended to apply to me.'

'I like Rhodes,' said Labouchere, his most persistent enemy. 'An entirely honest, heavy person.' He thought Rhodes (who called him 'a cynical sybarite') a simple and direct man who deceived himself in perfect good faith.

But he was wrong. Rhodes may have been simple in that

he had one clear object in life, but he did not deceive himself. He knew his devices. He could be sardonic about it. He had that cynicism which is the only humour a man with a purpose dare allow himself. He felt, at the same time, that his end, not merely justified, but authorized, his means. . . .

However, the point is not whether Rhodes was good or evil. He was not, as it happens, evil in the sense of being inhuman. He had imagination, and so he could be largely generous and warmly sympathetic and very pitiful. The objection to the idea that by 'squaring the Mahdi' Rhodes meant bribery has nothing to do with his character. It has to do, like the five thousand pounds to the Liberal Party, with his intelligence. Rhodes was not a fool. It is not at all likely that to an extatic, hero-worshipping audience of Englishmen he would calmly suggest a system of bribery. The very content of the remark: 'I do not propose to fight the Mahdi, but to deal with him. I have never met anyone in my life whom it was not as easy to deal with as to fight,' indicates clearly that Rhodes hoped to apply to the Mahdi those methods he had applied to Great Achmet de la Rey: 'Blood must flow.' 'Give me my breakfast. Then we can talk about blood.' . . .

The reason Rhodes hoped to deal with the Mahdi was also the reason he was talking about 'scuttles,' and England's smallness, and the cold, competitive world. Rhodes wanted to take his telegraph up to Egypt. He wanted the British flag to precede him. And here was Gladstone, with his new Government, anxious 'to retire from every portion of the globe.' Rhodes had barely, eight months before, arrived in England when there was talk that they were preparing to scuttle out of Uganda—Uganda, whether he was taking his telegraph ('without any contribution from England'); Uganda, which was on his way to Egypt.

'Our border is too great,' Gladstone complained to him (Rhodes himself tells the story, now in this speech, and now in *Om*. All Rhodes' little stories occur again and again in his speeches). 'Our border is too great. I cannot find the

people to govern all our dependencies. We have too much, Mr. Rhodes, to do.'

Rhodes denied that England's burden was too great. 'If you will only take the countries, you will have the people capable of administration.'

'But,' protested Gladstone, 'apart from increasing our obligations in every part of the world, what advantage do you see to the English race in the acquisition of new territory?'

'Mr. Gladstone,' answered Rhodes, 'the practical reason for the further acquisition of territory is that every power in the world, including our kinsmen the Americans, is soon as they take new territory, place hostile tariffs against British goods. . . . Great Britain is a very small island, not nearly the size of France, and she has not that wonderful wing industry, nor has she a continent like the Americans. Great Britain's position depends on her trade, and if we do not take and open up the dependencies of the world which are at present devoted to barbarism we shall shut out the world's trade.'

II

As everyone knows to-day, Rhodes was other than 'practical reasons' why Britain ought to go out and take new territories. But these he did not now confide to Gladstone. He was not ashamed of the other reasons. He meant the world, in due time, to hear them. But, just at the moment, he had to talk to Gladstone as a Prime Minister to a Prime Minister, he could not be the young romantic. And it was to Staud, his new friend, he confided his dream of a coexistence of all warring of one language throughout the world, of a federation with America ('We could hold your federal parliament five years at Washington and five at London'), and of 'the only feasible thing to carry out the idea: A secret factory gradually absorbing the wealth of the world!'. It was not really of a little frightened England Rhodes was thinking when he demanded

the keeping of Uganda, but of a bold and spreading England. He still had in his mind the exhortation of Ruskin :

"She must found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, formed of her most energetic and warlike men ; sowing any piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on, and there teaching her colonies that their chief virtue is to be fidelity to their country and that their first aim is to be to advance the power of England by land and sea."

His words to Stead are no more than a recapitulation of his first will, made fifteen years before, to the purpose of "the foundation of so great a power as to hereafter render war impossible, and to promote the best interests of humanity." They are the meaning of his last will and the plan behind his scholarships. He had, above everything, as Milner said, the faith of aim. He wanted a big England—the biggest possible England—and the biggest possible was planet. 'Some preliminary inspection of the planet would seem almost essential,' he told Stead.

The contrast now between the greatness of England and the largeness of America and France was humiliating to him in exactly the same way as some people find it humiliating to have a smaller home than their associates. It had that personal flavour. It was not only to Gladstone he spoke of how much bigger those countries were than England, and of what England was to do about it. He could not bear the thought that England had once possessed America, and to-day did not. 'So low have we fallen,' he exclaims when Englishmen call it fortunate that England no longer had America. "What an awful thought it is," he writes to Stead, 'that if we had not lost America . . . the peace of the world (would have been) secured for all Eternity !'

In the meantime, since that very America ('our kinsman') placed hostile tariffs against Britain's goods, let Britain retaliate. 'Being a Free Trader,' he writes to Stead, 'I believe until the world comes to its senses you should declare war with those who are trying to boycott your manufactures.'

So much, too, he now told Gladstone. He did not, however, feel that this was the precise moment to add what he adds in his letter to Staud: 'You might think the war' (the tariff war) 'by union with America and universal peace, I mean after a hundred years, and a secret society organized like Loyola's.'

He felt perhaps that Gladstone was not the sort of man to whom one might confide one's admiration of Loyola.

III

Rhodes was something of a phrase-maker; and, although he did not invent the expression of a 'war to end war,' he said that, as a Free Trader, he believed in tariffs, and, calling himself a Liberal, he decided the Liberal idea of a Little England.

And the principle of tariffs he linked to 'the principle of colonization. . . . Connecting which with Rhodes' native labour policy, Sir William Harcourt remarked: 'Mr. Rhodes is a reasonable man. He only wants two things: slavery and protection.'

When Gladstone now, with what Rhodes described as 'his bright intelligence,' said he could not believe that hostile tariffs were shutting the world to England's trade and that he was sure the principle of Free Trade would, despite the temporary wrongness of other countries, prevail, Rhodes answered him to the tune of Governor Cleveland: 'It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory.' He told Gladstone that he wished he could agree with him, for he liked the logic of Free Trade. The trouble was, however, that practice did not square with logic.

Rhodes had wanted the enlargement of England before he discovered in the world's trade war a practicable reason for such enlargement. But he was sincere, too, in his belief that here, in colonization, lay England's only remedy against hostile tariffs.

He had this belief, as he admitted, from Halmsey. Halmsey, regretting that his 'Utopian scheme' had not been 'taken up by an able delegate and one who is a greater master of the English language than I am,' had, in 1885, just before the Colonial Conference in London, the suggestion that a two per cent. tariff against foreign goods throughout the Empire would promote closer union between its various parts, it would be no hardship to the poor, and the revenue might be devoted to the British Navy.

A customs union between the South African states had always been one of Rhodes' most persistent schemes as an aid to federation. But it was not until he became Prime Minister that he began to apply himself to tariffs as an Imperial affair. Now, for the rest of his life ('being a Free Trader') he demanded tariffs.

Here are some of the things Rhodes said about tariffs and colonial expansion :

'The classes can spend their money under any flag, but the poor cannot . . . can only look to other countries in connection with what they produce. Instead of the world going all right it is going all wrong for them. Cobden had his idea of Free Trade for all the world, but that idea has not been realised. The whole world can see that we can make the best goods in this country, and the countries of the world therefore establish against us, not protective tariffs, but prohibitive tariffs.'

'The question of the day is the tariff question, and no one tells the people anything about it. . . . These islands can only support six millions out of their thirty-six millions. . . . We cannot afford to part with one inch of the world's surface which affords a free and open market to the manufacturers of our countrymen.'

'If the world as a whole hit on a prohibitive tariff against the mother country, what would occur? The land cannot provide for the support of forty millions, and they would be exactly in the position of a ship out of which the provender had been taken and yet the rats were left. The food having been exhausted, there would be only one solution, and that is, to eat themselves.'

'The politics of the next hundred years are going to be wealth and nothing else. We are no longer going to war for the amusement of royal families, as in the past. We mean business.'

'I do not know why you should be interfering in all the countries of the world, unless it is because you have woken up to the fact that you cannot live unless you have the trade of the world.'

'Free Trade principles have not prevailed. . . . The workmen find that although the Americans are exceedingly fond of them, and are just now exchanging the most brotherly sentiments with them, yet they are shutting out their goods. The workmen also find that Russia, France and Germany locally are doing the same, and the workmen see that if they do not look out they will have no place in the world to trade in at all. And as the workmen have become Imperialist, and the Liberal Party are following.'

'I went to the Thames with its million factories. They were making goods—not for England, but for the world. . . . I went into a club and saw four hundred people standing about, and, for the sake of amusement, I asked what they were doing. I was told they were doing business, not with England, but with the world. There was not a single man who was not doing something with the world. The same thing applies to everything here. It must be brought home to you that your trade is in the world, and your life is in the world, and not England. That is why you must deal with these questions of expansion and reaction of the world.'

29

Shades was a romantic, and a romantic keeps his balance by optimism. He himself demanded English expansion and cohesion not merely because he believed the English to be 'the greatest people the world has ever seen, whose fault is that they do not know their strength, their greatness and their destiny,' but also because he wanted this greatness for its own sake, he wanted to belong to a big nation. And then Empire-making was his particular game. . . .

But he knew that other people craved solidier satisfactions than the imaginative: 'Sentiment rules the world, but how

often does one's pocket rule sentiment.' 'You will always find that, dear as your friends are, when it comes to a matter of business, your friends do not regard you.' He had said so Salisbury in 1894: 'If you wish to attain the sentiment of the colonies, you must . . . show them that the tie with England is of practical advantage to themselves.' To his shareholders he said: 'You must show that it is to the benefit of the English people these expansions are made, because the man in the street . . . naturally asks: "And where do I come in?"' Past his own dreams and desires, Rhodes knew that to the man in the street, whether in London or Cape Town, the question was this 'Where do I come in?', that London had no interest in Cape Town or Melbourne, nor Cape Town and Melbourne in one another though, perhaps, a little in London. He believed a commonwealth of English-speaking nations could re-make the world, but he had small faith in the "human storm" that composed these nations or any other nation. He cared for them, not as individuals, but as parts in a whole of his designing.

7

Several of Rhodes' ideas about tariffs and colonial expansion he laid before this first meeting with his Chartered shareholders, and he did eventually get his way about Uganda. Harcourt had said: 'It is not Egypt only they want us to swallow, but the whole of East Africa.' Rosebery, however, had supported Rhodes. 'He fought the whole Liberal Party . . . and it was a question of either remaining in Uganda or of parting with Lord Rosebery.' It was also a question of England's future policy. Did she mean to go on expanding, or had the time come for contraction?

Now, at this meeting of November, 1892, Rhodes was asking, in advance of the retention of Uganda, as an inducement to its retention, that each one of his fourteen thousand shareholders should subscribe ten pounds towards the cost of his

telegraph line to Uganda—not as a charitable contribution, but as a profit-earning business arrangement. And once this line was through 'we should certainly not hear any more about the abandonment of that plan.' And 'I feel perfectly clear that when I get to Uganda I shall get through to Wady Halfa. I do not propose to fight the Mahdi but to deal with him.' Then: 'If I do get the money to make the line to Uganda, I shall get the money with which to extend the line to Egypt.' . . .

Only last year there had been talk of taking the Chartered Company to law because, on top of other disappointments, the shareholders had discovered that the Bahr Concession was not theirs, and only would be theirs at the price of a million Chartered shares, and the consequent halving in value of the first million.

Now they sat listening entranced to the imaginative usurpations of Rhodes. There was no longer an infuriated Mahdi, a wild resistant country, hostile natives, great expense, there was only the flowing talk of Rhodes. He made everything seem possible to the point of man. They applauded him in ecstasy. They gave him their money and their devotion. They were Rhodes' humble subjects in the realm of his imagination. Is there a limit to imagination? It may stretch from the circle of a pinpoint to embrace the universe. Rhodes felt himself superior of the universe.

It was with a shock he woke to find himself once more on the brown earth. In his dreams he had been whizzing to the stars like a rocket on the wires of his own Kimberley mine, and suddenly downer and concussion in Cape Town! What was it? A catering contract! One of his Cabinet Ministers who was, even now, with him in England, had given a fifteen-years catering contract, without calling for tenders, to a friend. The powerful trinity of Innes, Merriam and

Sauer were wild about it. They cabled to Rhodes that either the offending Minister must go or they would.

But the man was actually his companion in England. Rhodes liked him. He had brains. Hofmeyr liked him. They used all to go riding together. And merely a little business about a mining contract. It was too bad to kick him out. Rhodes offered to cancel the contract. He did cancel the contract. Not good enough. He goes, or we go.

In April, 1893, Rhodes returned to Cape Town and consulted Hofmeyr about what should be done. Said Hofmeyr : Let them all go.

Rhodes' way of letting them all go was to resign. He offered to serve under Hofmeyr, and, when Hofmeyr refused the responsibility, he offered to serve under the Chief Justice, de Villiers. But even while de Villiers was debating whether he could, or could not, take the Premiership without Sauer in his Cabinet, Rhodes suddenly changed his mind about the whole affair. One morning, de Villiers, waiting to notify Rhodes of his acceptance, read in his newspaper that the ministry had resigned and that Rhodes himself was forming a new Cabinet. The new Cabinet did not include the four Ministers who had caused the disruption in the old. It also did not include de Villiers. Nor was there any reason for Rhodes' action except just the reason that, after all, he wanted to remain Prime Minister—a Prime Minister unharassed by all these non-suspicious people, who kept chattering "Watch your step" when he wanted to leap or fly.

De Villiers wrote to Rhodes that he had prepared his address to the electors and made every preparation for a new way of life: 'I was kept in suspense,' he wrote, 'from Monday morning to Wednesday morning waiting for the interview which never came off.' And, he said afterwards that he bore Rhodes no ill will over the matter. But if he did not, it was surprising.

Sauer also wrote to Rhodes :

'My dear Baron,—

'Only a word. The coming and going of Ministers must be, but our severance is to me a pain. I shall, however, look back on my association with you as one of the honours and pleasures of my life.' . . .

It was a severance not only with Bismarck and his companions but with something a little too delicate for one whose spirit was against the delicate. Rhodes partly made good the loss by including in his Cabinet W. P. Schreiner, a man of their own kind, and later to be Prime Minister. He still had Hofmeyr. But something went out of his life then which he never replaced, even though the procession of his triumphs was not yet ended. Henceforward Rhodes had around him his doctors—not too squeamish, as he said, when there was blood-letting to be done; except for Hofmeyr and Schreiner, he had about him men who did not, and could not, vary him. Stendhal says that one of the main reasons of Napoleon's fall was his taste for mediocrity in his entourage: he wanted instruments, not ministers.

That was also one of the main reasons for Rhodes' fall.

The man who had lost the catering contract sued the Government, and was awarded five thousand pounds damages.

CHAPTER XX
WHAT SHOULD OFFER ITSELF BUT
MATABELELAND!

I

RUSSELL had first thought that by staying in the Cabinet without portfolio, he could watch his interests from Cape Town, and yet be free. But then, it seems, he had decided that to be Prime Minister unlogged by exigent subordinates might be better still. There was Kruger in the Transvaal, re-elected President now for the third time. There was Bechuanaland which he needed for his North. It could only be got at through the Cape. There was Lourenço Marques which he needed for his North. It could only be got at through the Cape. There was the North itself: three thousand pounds a month to find for Matabeleland—from his own pocket, de Beers, or someone else. How long could Jameson manage on charm and credit? How long would the Chartered shareholders wait for the new Rand in Matabeleland? And his railways—money for his railways. And his telegraphs—money for his telegraphs. And concessions he had to pay for, and countries he had undertaken to run. And Sir Henry Loch demanding stronger Imperial control over the Chartered Company. He could not go away. He had to stay in Cape Town and watch Kruger and watch Loch and watch Parliament and watch his opportunities and find money. His heart was in the North, but his head was needed in the Cape.

II

And out of the blue a place of luck! Matabeleland! The solution to every problem! Matabeleland! Was the grass not good in Matabeleland? The grass of Matabeleland was good. Did the settlers' cattle not thrive? The cattle of the Matabele thrived. Did one need labour? The Matabele were

strong. Had the new Rand not appeared in Salisbury? Were shares dropping? Were Sands low? Through Bulawayo ran the arc of gold that began in Johannesburg. Was there source of manna? It was the Matabele, not the Mashona, one feared. . . . And the Cape to Cairo Railway—it had to go through Matabeleland. Rhodes' territories—they needed Matabeleland. The east of the matter, the heart of the North, the answer to the settler, the answer to the manna, the answer to the shareholder, the answer to the creditor—it was Matabeleland.

And what should suddenly offer itself but Matabeleland!

III

As far back as 1890 Rhodes had said to people in Matabeleland who, in effect, had asked him what about it: 'So long as the Matabele do not molest my people I cannot declare war upon them and deprive them of their country; but as soon as they interfere with our rights, I shall certainly end their game; I shall then ask your aid, and be very glad to get it, and when all is over I shall grant freedom to those who assist me.'

This is the report of Rhodes' companion at the time, his great admirer, a Bond Member of Parliament to whom he (naturally) offered a farm in Matabeleland.

IV

In those days—in 1890—Rhodes had not the Lippert Concession. He says, indeed, to the quoniam after Matabeleland: 'You must remember I have only the right to dig for gold.' For this reason, then, he had to conquer Matabeleland. But afterwards he had bought the Lippert Concession. So why could he not simply walk into Matabeleland? Why had he still to conquer it? And, on the other hand, if he had always meant to take it by conquest, why did he buy the expensive Lippert Concession?

The answer is that he had to satisfy both savages and shareholders of his right. Could he explain the concessions to the spear-brandishing Matabele? Could he admit the necessity for a war of conquest to the conscience-burdened Englishmen? He had to have both arguments: A military argument for the Matabele, and a civil argument for the English. And, as to the military argument, there was an inquisitive world. One had to show a reason other than rich land, fat cattle, probable gold, northern pathways, and one's own intense acquisitiveness in order to satisfy this curious world. Even the fear of theft and murder was not enough. Pillage had to occur, killing had to occur, before one could say to a world that wanted a virtuous but reason rather good reasons not so virtuous: We were forced to make the war.

In 1890 the *Financial Times* said that the Chartered Company were doing "all in their power to promote Lobengula."

v

Rhodes' luck Northwards occurred in this very month of May that was, at the Cape, the climax of the contract affair. A catering contract began Rhodes' political disquisition. Five hundred yards of telegraph wire began his conquest of Matabeleland.

And it was not even the Matabele that carried off the five hundred yards of telegraph wire. The Mashona did it. It was the Mashona who had to be fined in cattle for the depredation. And they paid the cattle. But the cattle they paid were Lobengula's cattle which they had been herding in return for their milk. Only in special circumstances had any of Lobengula's subjects herds of their own. Nominally all the cattle of the nation were vested in the Chief, and to this very day descendants of those cattle are surrendered for the Royal House of Lobengula. That was what the Native Commissioner said when Lobengula's grandson, Rhodes Lobengula, was charged, in 1901, with entering cattle from the Matabele. And that

was why the Company considered all the cattle in the conquered territory theirs when they overcame Lobengula.

Now, in this May of 1893, as the Company's demanding eyes the persons of the wire thieves, or else a fine of cattle, the cattle were so cheerfully yielded that something not quite regular might have been suspected. According to Kruger—but the words of Kruger about Rhodes need not be taken as unprejudiced—the Company would not choose to suspect an irregularity. They would welcome Lobengula's inevitable action. For, of course, Lobengula could not allow his subjects, the Mashona, to give away his cattle as a fine. Nor could he allow them to send the Company's telegraph wire. Whatever anybody might say about Rudd and Lippert Commissioners, although he had given the pioneers the road to Mashonaland, and seen them settling there and trading and farming and mining and governing there, although he himself had pegged mining claims under the Company, he was still the ruler of the Mashona and Mashona. They were his to command and punish. He was responsible for their actions. That, at least, was what he wanted to think. It was certainly what he wanted others to think.

These are Kruger's words: 'It is affirmed in Africa,' he says, 'that it was Rhodes, through his Administrator, who informed Lobengula that the Mashona had stolen cattle, and that it was his duty to punish the raiders. Lobengula at once despatched a band of his people, as was the custom in these cases, to revenge the robbery. Rhodes used this fact as an excuse to demand Lobengula's punishment on account of the massacre of the Mashona. Whether there be truth in this statement or not, one thing is certain: Rhodes had his way and his war.'

And this is what Labouchere wrote in *Truth*:

'Mashonaland was found to have no paying gold. The shares of the Company were available rubbish. A pretext was therefore found for making war on Lobengula and seizing Mashonaland. . . . All the circumstances showed that the coup

had been carefully prepared long beforehand. When the war had been laid, a quarrel was picked with the Matabele, who had entered Matabeleland at the Company's request, and they were attacked and shot down by this same Jameson while doing their best to obey in obedience to his orders. Instantly the whole of the Company's forces, all held in readiness, entered Matabeleland under the pretence that the Matabele and not the Company were the aggressors. Lobengula's warriors were mowed down by thousands with machine. Those who were taken prisoners were killed off to save trouble. The survivors sent by the King to try and make terms were barbarously murdered. The King himself fled and died before he could be captured. His territory and the fiefs and lands of his people were parcelled out among the Company and the band of freebooters who had been collected by promises of loot. One million new shares were created by Jameson's principals and colleagues, and, in the subsequent years, shares were auctioned on the British public at prices ranging up to eight pounds per share."

The truth is that many things did happen as Kruger and Labouchere say. And Rhodes did want Matabeleland, and Lobengula was driven into war, and his possessions were promised and parcelled out to the volunteers, and Chartered shares had gone terribly down, and after the war they did boom. But there seem to be also one or two reasons why Rhodes should not have wished war to happen as it happened and when it happened. The Company's forces had just been reduced from seven hundred to forty. The Company's funds were exhausted. However awkward, menacing, threatening, desirable Matabeleland might be, if Rhodes had really, as Labouchere says, planned the coup long beforehand he would not have prepared for it by dissuading periodically all his trained forces. The probability is that, although Rhodes was not ready for war, he was still not going to lose the chance of making a war when that chance presented itself.

The name of Lobengula means 'He That Drives Like the Wind,' but some call it 'Driven By the Wind.' There

was a wind of fate that, at this moment, drove him forwards and Rhodes behind him, over him, over his fallen body.

Here—denunciations, reasonings, explanations apart—are the things that happened to Lobengula in the year 1893 :

II

There was the cutting of the telegraph wire, the seizure of the cattle, Jameson's revelation to Lobengula that the cattle were his, and the impi sent by Lobengula to punish the daring Mashona.

At the same time Lobengula also told Jameson and the officer in command at Fort Victoria, where the trouble was, that the white people were not to be alarmed. ' I send you warning that my impis will pass your way, but have orders not to molest any white man.' The messages—like other messages of Lobengula—were not delivered in time. The settlers saw the naked Matabele with their war-plumes and their spears, burning the huts of the Mashona, killing the Mashona, carrying off their women and children and beasts, carrying off also, the Company said, the cattle of the Europeans. It was too long since the spirit of the Matabele had had a blood-bath : a little hasty surreptitious raid, always hampered by the idea that the white men would come and interfere, an insignificant business against some insignificant tribe, a little occasional jaunt from which one returned with captive women and children : there was hardly anything substantial and satisfying to one's manhood. . . . Here was an affair more like those of the good old days when the Mashona were always available to wash the rust from one's spears and to replenish with women one's needy kraal. The excited Matabele overflowed the countryside. The equally excited settlers and the no less excited police bandied themselves against the savages. The white women and children were taken to safety. The terrified Mashona fled so that not one, they say, was left on mine or farm.

Jamson ordered the return of the cattle stolen from the Europeans and instructed the police at Victoria to drive the Matabele back over the border. What cattle? Which border? Lobengula demanded, suddenly again a king. 'I am not aware,' he wrote to Moffat, now the British Assistant Commissioner,

'I am not aware that a boundary exists between Dr. Jamson and myself; who gave him the boundary lines? Let him come forward and show me the man that pointed out to him those boundaries; I have nothing about them, and you, Mr. Moffat, you know very well that the white people have done this thing on purpose. This is not right, my people only came to punish the Matabele for stealing my cattle and cutting your wires: do you think I would deliberately go and stir strife from you? No, that is not right.'

On the other hand, there are, against the affirmations of Kruger, Labouchere, and Lobengula that the war was deliberately prepared, those telegrams sent by Jamson: To Rutherford Harris: 'The Victoria people have naturally got the jump. Volunteers called out, rifles distributed, etc. . . . Will wire you when I hear the Matabele have all cleared.' . . . To Lush: 'At present this is merely a raid against the Matabele round Victoria and not against whites. . . . I hope to get rid of the Matabele without trouble.' To the police: '(War) from a financial point of view would throw the country back till God knows when. . . . I trust to your tact to get rid of the Matabele without any actual collision.'

One may or may not choose to take these telegrams at their face value. Collision, however, was now unavoidable: if the Matabele no longer wanted it, the settlers did. They said they would never feel safe while those savages could come in and murder them at any moment. Which was true. Eager as they may have been for the gold and the herds and the soil of Matabeleland, there was also the fact that civilized people and uncivilized people could not live side by side.

side by side? No, together. As Lobengula wrote to Moffat: 'I am not aware that a boundary exists between Dr. Jamieson and myself.' The white people could not go on their lands or down their mines or into the wild without the fear that something might happen to their women or children or cattle or Mashona servants. Particularly the Mashona, whom the Matabele regarded as their natural sport and over whom Lobengula still chose to exercise his kingship.

Only Lobengula himself stood between his warriors and the whites. Whether in fear, diplomacy or honour, Lobengula was anxious for peace. Since even the first concession-hunter had come to his gate-land he had had to keep his young men tame. And what if one day he failed to keep them tame?

One might say: then the white people should have left the black their land. But sooner or later contingency had to come. However much land the natives might have, eventually that land was bound to touch the land of the Europeans. And where that happened, trouble had to happen. Trouble was inherent in the plan that made the white people so, and the black people so. The whites wanted war, but were not ready. The blacks wanted war, but did not understand. The Lord wanted war, and war befell.

VII

It was before Jamieson had himself arrived at Victoria that he sent those telegrams saying the Victoria people had the jump and he hoped to get rid of the Matabele without trouble and a collision must be avoided. But when he came and saw how things were, he knew at once that here was the realisation of which Rhodes had so long ago spoken—if one chose, here was war.

He summoned the indunas of the Matabele. 'If you have not gone when the sun is there,' he said, pointing to the skies, 'we shall drive you.' Said one induna: 'We'll be driven.' Said another: 'Where is the border?'

It was an hour and forty minutes by the sun that Jamson allowed them. The Masabele retired well. An officer and thirty-eight policemen—mounted—followed them for three miles. A shot was fired. The police said it was a Masabele fired the shot. The official report says a white sergeant fired it. The white men raised their guns. Thirty of the three hundred Masabele were killed, and a number were wounded. 'The Masabele,' continues the official report, 'practically offered no resistance.' No European was hurt.

From his house at Bulawayo Lubengula had, until this happening, tried still to keep his peace with the white man. He had tried to keep it for twenty years. In his goat-hut he had played one concession-broker against another. Beer against Brice, Brice against Portuguese, mineral rights against land right, to keep the peace. He had given Jamson the road to keep the peace. For three years he had lived with Rhodes' settlers overcoming his lands and kept the peace. He had sent his Masabele to punish the wire-thieving Mashona—and keep the peace. When his Masabele smelt blood and began to loot and murder he had ordered them back, offered to return the stolen cattle, and to make good any loss—all for peace.

But now—and even now only for the moment—his patience was gone. When he heard that his men, retreating in terror according to Jamson's command, had been fired upon and so many killed and wounded, he rose in his indignation and withdrew his offer to return the cattle and pay damages; he said he wished he had allowed his soldiers to kill and burn and loot and revenge to the fullness of their heart's desire; he demanded that his subjects, the guilty Mashona, whom the Europeans were protecting, be handed over to him for punishment; he told the Chartered Company that they had 'come out only to dig the gold but to rob me of my people and country as well'; he refused to accept their monthly subsidy of one hundred pounds under the Rudd Concession; "It is the price of my blood," he said.

He was to lose more blood without recompense. For already

Jameson had wired to Rhodes asking if he might go into Matabeleland, and Rhodes, in Parliament when he received the message, had wired back: 'Read Luke xiv. 31.'

And Jameson had read Luke xiv. 31. 'Or what king,' Holy Writ had instructed him, 'going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?'

The Matabele were half justice with courage to equal a thousand men, but it has not been compared how much *exactly* courage alone is worth. Had Jameson justice with courage? At least he had courage.

He replied to Rhodes: 'All right. I have read Luke xiv. 31.'

And so much then for Lobengula's blood.

CHAPTER XXI

THE END OF LOBENGULA

I

Lobengula may not have wanted war, the Chartered shareholders may not have known how important to them was war, Rhodes and Jannson may not have been ready for war—these were those who had the desire for war and no doubts: the settlers.

It was now three years since the pioneers had taken the road to Mashonaland. The enthusiasm of adventure was past: daily unyielding travail, sickness, sickness, fear, was their present lot; hope was thinning, patience was going—the land risen too high in the heat had collapsed in the drought, their cult was dough: salvation offered itself only in the crushing of the Mashala, the freedom from their manacles, the taking of their fat lands, their fat cattle, and their prophesied gold. If Lobengula was furious with the administration, so were they. If he had protests to make, so had they. They held meetings, threatened vengeance, authorized or no, against Lobengula, told Jannson if they were not allowed to 'break up the Mashala power' they would leave the country.

Their demands reached the High Commissioner. 'I cannot believe,' he replied, 'that there are any such fair-weather tridders who, at the first breath of difficulty or danger, would think of leaving the country. Should, however, there be any such, then in my opinion the country would not suffer by their departure.'

But the settlers were far beyond these schoolmasterly admonishments. Some of them were old soldiers. Many of them, since the disbanding of the police, were volunteers. They wanted war. 'Go in and finish it,' they demanded of Jannson.

On August 14th, 1891, the day after Lobengula's refusal to

take his monthly hundred pounds from the Chartered Company—"It is the price of my blood"—on August 14th Jameson signed an agreement with his settlers, which is known as the Victoria Agreement, promising land, gold, "loot" and other advantages to those of them who should follow him into Matabeleland. "Loot" is the word used in the document.

II

It was a secret document. The Colonial Office did not know of it. The High Commissioner did not know of it. He was still trying to keep peace between black and white.

Ten days after the Victoria Agreement Lobengula wrote another of his confiding letters to Queen Victoria.

He wrote, saying he was keeping her advice to tell her if there was trouble between him and the white men, and where was this boundary the white men spoke of, and how could white men say they had bought his country and the people in it?

"Your Majesty," he wrote, "what I want to know from you is if people can be bought at any price. . . . Your Majesty, what I want to know from you is: Why do your people kill me? Do you kill me for following my stolen cattle which are now in the possession of the Matabele living in Matabeleland? I have called all white men living at or near Bulawayo to hear my words, showing clearly that I am not hiding anything from them when writing to Your Majesty."

The white men Lobengula meant that were living at or near Bulawayo were these: Colenso, since his return to England to protest against the Rudd Concession, and now the agent of the Chartered Company; Colenso's wife; eight or ten traders; a missionary with his family. They were all of them, in those days, in danger of their lives. The pursued Matabele had returned from Matabeleland, and roamed raiders from Barotseland. There had been months

of terror, burning, looting, ravaging. Heads were on fire. And now, at last, white men had killed Matabele.

For his fear, passion, and resentment Lobengula did this; he sent such white people, as chose to go, to a place of safety. He promised his protection to those who remained in his kraal.

That promise he honoured. Even while Jameson's volunteers were marching on Bulawayo, a guard of Lobengula's black men were keeping watch over the white men in his kraal.

But what happened when, in response to Loch's invitation, Lobengula sent three envoys 'to talk matters over so that there may be peace' was this:

III

The envoys reached, on October 18th, the camp of Major Goudt Adams at Tati. He was here, with his police, to help the Chartered volunteers against the Matabele.

Already, a month ago, he had warned the High Commissioner that Jameson would 'not be able to keep the Salisbury and Victoria people much longer inactive; they will either do something to bring on a war, or will leave the country.'

Since then Lobengula's impi had been mobilising. Along the roads to Mashedanaland were black scouts. Here and there—at a river or a pass—coated battalions of armed warriors. The witch-doctors were deserting the roads.

For months the Europeans had been saying they would not wait to be butchered by the Matabele. From Lobengula's kraal, on the other hand, one Dawson, a white trader, wrote to the High Commissioner that Lobengula would fight only in self-defence. Lobengula and Jameson now communicated with one another through the High Commissioner. 'I am obliged to watch both friend and enemy,' wrote the High Commissioner to a lady in England, afraid that Lobengula would attack the settlers, afraid that the settlers would attack

Lobengula, and that, whichever happened, he would be responsible. But from the High Commissioner, at last, because cattle had been stolen and sheep fired, Jameson had sought and received permission 'to take the necessary measures to clear the border of Mashole impi.'

Which meant war.

His volunteers had long been more than ready. Rhodes had bought horses and supplies. Rhodes himself—Parliament pronounced—was hurrying northwards. Rhodes had said for what they would fetch fifty thousand Chartered shares and arrogantly told the High Commissioner that 'the Company asked for nothing and wanted nothing.' . . . 'I felt,' he later said, 'that if there was a disaster, I was the only person to carry it through.' But also he felt, without needing to say it, that, if there was not a disaster, he was the only person to make terms. Therefore he wanted his hands tied by no obligations.

In the Transvaal, against Kruger's protests, a Dutch Colonial in the Company's service had collected men and horses and joined Gerd Adams and his Bechuanaland police. They had, as guide, the hunter Selous, and, as a contribution from Lobengula's hereditary enemy, Khama, eighteen hundred Bechuanas. Each European force consisted of two hundred and twenty-five white men with their horses, field guns and abundant natives, and the Bechuanas brought their own equipment.

Now, since the High Commissioner's permission to Jameson to take necessary measures, Jameson's volunteers—white men with horses, guns and natives—were marching on Bulawayo. They were accompanied by the Lord's benefactor, a modern man-beaver. The Bishop of Mafekingland (not, he says in his memoirs, as Chaplain to the British force, 'but as Bishop of the country in which both contending parties lived') was with them.

So was Jameson. Jameson combined, in his two posts, Administration, War Office, General Headquarters, Intelli-

great Department, Camalduleno, and everything else. Sir John Willoughby, whom Rhodes had once sent to force the trade route through Selva, and he shot in the leg if necessary, and whose horse (it was his great distinction) had once tied for first place in the Derby, was Janssens's military adviser and staff-officer. He had hurried out from England for the fun. He had no definite commission.

While they went towards Bulawayo, Gould Adams went towards Tati, that place where, in modern times, gold had first been found, and where men were still mining.

He arrived there four days before Lobengula's envoys.

IV

The envoys were two indunas and Lobengula's brother. They had with them, as interpreter, the trader Dawson. They were travelling on horseback towards Cape Town 'to talk matters over "with Loch" as that there might be peace.' They had not heard that Gould Adams was in Tati.

It is said that Gould Adams knew nothing of their mission; that Dawson, without reporting to him, left the natives with a mine-foreman and joined his own friends; and that Gould Adams, seeing some idle Matshele about the encamp, he supposed, of Dawson, 'took the obvious course' of asserting them. Why, without inquiry, it was so obviously his course to arm these idly Matshele, bottled up in a camp of three thousand armed men, white and black, in a place not adequately explained by any portion of Rhodes. It is said that Gould Adams told them that, unless they attempted to escape, they would not be harmed. Well, they did attempt to escape, and they were harmed. One induna was shot dead, the other was clubbed dead; Lobengula's brother eventually returned home.

One may believe that the death of these men was not intended. But, remembering how often missions and messages harmful to Rhodes' interests were intercepted, it seems not

unreasonable to suppose that this particular mission, inconveniently attempting a peace when all was ready for war—men on the march, shareholders eager, money spent—was not held up merely by accident.

Nor did the Germans believe Caesar's explanation of why he had seized the German leaders came to make terms with him, and then destroyed their hosts. Cass suggested that Caesar should be thrown to the Germans themselves for punishment. Even Labouchere did not go as far as this with Rhodes. He did not want Rhodes offered to the Matabele.

So much, however, for Lobengula's desire towards peace. Rhodes, in Kruger's words, had his way and his war.

V

It was a most neat and swift little war. Everything went like clockwork. The Matabele, using against Rhodes' troops, not only their spears, but also the old Lee-Metford rifles Rhodes had paid to Lobengula for the Badi Concession, using them inexpertly, were swept down by the machine. There were two battles fought by the Company's men: each on a river-bank. In the first, on the Shangani River, the casualties of the Matabele were between five and six hundred, and a Matabele general, disabled by wounds, hanged himself from a tree. The casualties of the volunteers were one white trooper and one coloured driver killed, and six white men wounded. In the second, on the Inyanga River, the crack Matabele regiment, the Ingaba and the Imbema, were engaged, and also the regiment that had fought in the Shangani battle. The Imbema Bat, it is estimated, five hundred of their nine hundred men. 'The Imbema and Ingaba,' reports Willsoughby, 'were practically annihilated. I cannot speak too highly of the pluck of these two regiments. I believe that no civilized troops could have withstood the terrible fire they did for at least half as long.' The Company lost four men killed, and seven wounded.

There was also a successful battle fought by Gould Adams'

troops. And, after it was over, the Bechuanas said they had small-pox and wanted to go home. At first, Gould Adams was rather perturbed about this, but already the Company's troops were in Bulawayo, so it did not matter.

The Company's troops arrived in Bulawayo on November 4th. As they approached they heard, they saw, a Venerian explosion, a roaring and a smothering. They hurried to find Lobengula's lair blown up by the cartridges whose Lee-Metfords no longer needed them, and Lobengula gone. The regiments were piped in by an old Pipe-Major of the Royal Scots, and on the Tree of Justice that still stood in the shade of Lobengula's lair was raised the Chartered Company's flag.

Three days later Jameson sent a letter to the flying Lobengula:

" . . . To stop this useless slaughter you must at once come to see me at Bulawayo, where I will guarantee that your life will be safe, and that you will be kindly treated. . . . I sign myself your former, and I hope your present friend, L. S. JAMESON."

To which Lobengula, dependent now, in his flight, on a half-caste scribbler, answered:

"I have the honour to inform you that I have received your letter and have heard all what you has said as I will come. But allowed me to ask you were not all my men wh. I have sent to the Cape? . . . And if I do come were will I get a house for me as all my houses is burnt down, and also as soon as my men come which I have sent then I will come and you must please be so kind and send me ink and pen and paper. I am, yours, etc., KERO LOMBEKALA."

Jameson waited three days for Lobengula and he did not come. He then sent a body of men to bring him in. For a fortnight they pursued him and he evaded them, but at

last, on the Shangani, he held council with the Indians that remained to him. 'Matabele! The white men will never cease following us while we have gold in our possession, for gold is what the white men prize above all things. Collect now all my gold . . . and carry it to the white man. Tell them they have broken my regiments, killed my people, burnt my kraals, captured my cattle, and that I want peace.'

The gold Lobengula had was a thousand sovereigns. Two messengers were despatched to carry it to the white men. How were they to approach these white men? They crept fearfully along beside one of the pursuing bands, and seeing, at last, two troops detached from the main body, they quickly handed these troops their gold, made their explanation, and vanished.

The mission had the fate usual to Lobengula's missions. The gold was never delivered by the troops. They were charged with the theft of it, found guilty, and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment with hard labour. Two years later they appealed on the grounds that the evidence against them was insufficient and the sentence beyond the magistrate's jurisdiction. Their appeal was upheld, and they were released.

During the month of December various deputations of Matabele came into Bulawayo to ask for peace; and on December 10th Rhodes entered Bulawayo with a column he had joined on the march, bringing with him food, surgical aid and horses.

He stood where Lobengula's kraal had stood, in its ashes, and addressed the conquerors of Matabeleland. One might now call them the conquerors of Matabeleland. He recapitulated to them, as characters do on a stage, their own history during the last few months, that a wider audience might know it, and he told them they had done with nine hundred men what it had been estimated would need ten thousand men. This was not quite accurate, for these were also the troops under Girdi Adams, the Bechuanas, the Cape Boys, and the friendly natives. Counting these (and why not? none of the Matabele were counted) there were really about four thousand

men. However, Rhodes said nine hundred, and that is the number generally accepted.

He told them too that they had done the work without assistance from Her Majesty's Government—which again was not quite accurate, for the Bechuanaland police had been increased on account of the war, and four hundred of them were even now left behind to protect the country. Still, Her Majesty's Government had certainly not given him the spiritual support of enthusiasm, and there were actually Englishmen, said Rhodes, who had called them 'boorboosing marauders, bloodthirsty murderers and so on. . . . It is such conduct,' he indignantly commented, 'that alienates colonists from the mother country. We ask for nothing, for neither men nor money, and still a certain portion vilify us. In the same spirit it was that the mother country lost America.'

But that they were moved by simple patriotism was also not accurate. The Company pursued a vast pretension: the volunteers were each to get, under the Victoria Agreement, three thousand morgen (over six thousand acres) of farm-land, twenty gold claims, and an equal share of Lobengula's cattle. Rhodes, it is true, did not value this farm-land at more than forty pounds ('And am I to be told that you left your occupation and employment and took the risk of being shot for the value of a farm worth forty pounds? The thing is ridiculous.') But the agreement valued the land at three pounds a morgen: eight hundred grants—about five million acres—were taken up: there were two hundred thousand cattle distributed, and of the eighty thousand cattle left, the Company had forty-five per cent. 'It is your right,' said Rhodes to the pioneers, 'for you have conquered the country.'

No, one couldn't speak much of idealism.

Yet two things Rhodes said in this speech could not be questioned. It was impossible to deal with Mashonaland while befriended and the upper hand. They had created another state in South Africa and ruled savage rule south of the Zambezi.

The first private wagon that reached Bulawayo, like the first private wagon that entered Salisbury, brought a load of whisky and nothing else.

VII

Only one uncertainty—Rhodes would not, he said, call it a disaster—marred their happiness this day. A party of men that should have been with them, were not. The leaders of the advance guard had failed to return.

They knew, despite Rhodes' refusal to give up hope till the worst was known, did return.

They had gone out—thirty-nine men under Major Allan Wilson—to seize (no less) the person of Lobengula himself. At various times six of them had been sent back to report. It was not till February that the other thirty-four were found. They were found on the Shangani River. Their skeletons were found. They had been cut off by the suddenly rising river and hemmed in by Matsikala. They had fired their last round of ammunition, the able had refused to abandon the wounded, they had been killed, every one of them, in a space fifteen yards in diameter.

Allan Wilson's patrol is to-day a saga in South Africa. A story is told—a Matsikala is said to have brought the news—of how, when only five or six of the thirty-four were left, they had taken off their hats, and, standing, sang the National Anthem, and then fought on again until, at last, only one man was left, the tallest of them: Allan Wilson.

Their bones were discovered by that same Dawson, Lobengula's friend, who had written from his bed saying that Lobengula would fight only in self-defence, and who had accompanied the Indians on their peace mission. In February, 1894, this man was sent out to find Lobengula and speak to him of surrender. He did not find Lobengula, but he came upon all that was left of those that had gone out to capture Lobengula, and he collected their bones, and buried them

beside a great tree, on whose trunk he cut a cross and the words : 'To Brave Men.' It is to Allan Wilson's Patrol the monument stands on the Matoppes near the grave of Rhodes. Their bones too were brought to surround the *Vicar of the World*.

But as Dawson's journey in search of Lebengula was fruitless, so had Allan Wilson's adventure been unnecessary. If Lebengula was not yet dead when Wilson's men went after him, he was soon to die.

On a tributary of the Zambezi Lebengula died of small-pox. It was not merely because they did not want to fight that the Bechuanas under Goshu Adams had talked of small-pox and clamoured to go home. Small-pox was over the land. The fugitive Matshele was full of small-pox.

In the heavy summer rains, beside the swollen rivers, they died of their starvation, their small-pox and their wounds. The white men were against them, the nature of things, and the favour of the Lord.

It was a triumph for the Bishop of Mafikeng.

They say that a day before his death Lebengula called his Indians about him and told them to look to Rhodes for protection. 'He will be your chief and your friend.' To his soldiers he said : 'You have done your best, my soldiers. You can help me no more. I thank you all. Go now to your kraals. Go in peace.'

They wrapped his body in the hides of two newly flayed oxen, and, when it was thus disguised, they buried it there on the river-bank. . . .

It was not until the Raid that Rhodes' world turned on him. But the Raid, unless one chooses to think it provoked the Boer War, is something that might have ruined Rhodes, not by its ruthlessness, but by its silliness—through laughter. There is no point in the breaking of Lebengula at which one can smile.

However, here is another aspect : It could also not have been very amusing for the Mashona to be assailed by the

Matshela, nor for the Barotsa, nor for any of the other tribes in whose blood the Matshela had the habit of washing their spears. And this is what a missionary who was for many years in Matsheland, says: 'Hundreds of innocent men, women and children,' he says, 'were murdered every year because they were supposed, in some way or other, to be traitors to the chief. . . . His own seven brothers were put to death, and his own sister also was murdered at his command. . . . The people were led by the nose, deceived, burned to death, clothed to death, driven out of the land, thrown to the crocodiles, murdered and treated in all shameful ways by witch-doctors.'

Other stories, too, are told: such as that Lobengula killed his wife for refusing to dance, and cut off the noses and ears of several young men for immorality.

These are probably truth in the reports that Lobengula was cruel. Savages are no doubt savages.

On the other hand, Europeans who had dealings with him say that (unless, in Wellington's estimation, Napoleon) he was that thing morally so difficult to define: a gentleman. . . .

Lopards have gathered round Lobengula. Many Matshela refused to believe, at first, that he was dead. To this day expeditions go northwards to look for the hidden gold and diamonds his subjects were supposed to have stolen for him on the Rand and in Kimberley. People talk in millions.

The idea is a plausible one, but its plausibility seems to be its foundation.

VIII

Well, and so it was not only a neat and swift little war, it was also—white people being what they are, and black people being what they are—an inevitable war.

It does not seem to have been a just war. But neither did the Matshela make just wars. And if injus- tion is not the moral reply to injus- tion, it is perhaps the natural reply—

the distant justice of distress whose language to humanity is foreign.

There he stands in the dock, Humanity, like a Kafir before a white judge, staring at him with intent wild eyes. And Nature delivers sentences; and an interpreter gibbers something; and a policeman taps Humanity on the shoulder. And Humanity starts and looks about in bewilderment. And the policeman gives a little push. And out of the dock Humanity stumbles and goes towards the cells. What for? What about? Who knows? . . .

Still—it was a very cheap little war, too. It only cost the Company a hundred thousand pounds. Could the shareholders complain about that?

They did not complain. A fortnight after Jameson's men were piped into Bulawayo there was an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Chartered Company in London, and 'I am sure,' said the Duke of Abercorn, who presided, 'I am sure you are of opinion that, as Mr. Gladstone stated in the House of Commons, it would have been a crime against justice and humanity if, on the refusal of Lobengula to put an end to his raiding and interference with the Mashonas, hostilities had not been commenced, and the cruel military system of the Mashels, so destructive to civilization, broken. (Applause.) It was clearly the duty of this Company to take steps to fulfil the obligations imposed on it by the Royal Charter and afford to the white colonists, whom we had encouraged to settle in the country, and to the native Mashonas, protection of life and property.'

It was a triumphant meeting. Only four people objected to its purpose, which was to increase the capital of the Chartered Company from one million to two million pounds by the creation of a million new shares. The meeting dispensed, says the report, amid cheers for Rhodes and the president.

CHAPTER XXII

IDEAS NEED MONEY

I

IT was a Mr. Bennett, a solicitor, who led the dissentients against the Duke of Abercorn's resolution. He appeared, he said, in the interests of the Maitshelkland Company. He said the shareholders were being asked to give a million shares for rights that did not exist. . . . Why a million shares? What rights?

He meant the Rudd Concession which, at a propitious moment, the Chartered Company were to acquire for a million new Chartered shares.

This is the story of the Rudd Concession:

It belonged to the Rudd-Rhodes group. They amalgamated their interests with various rivals, and applied, jointly with them, for a charter. Before the charter was granted the petitioners formed themselves into a company called the Central Search Association, with a capital of one hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds.

When they heard the charter was to be granted, the principals of the Central Search Association agreed secretly that the forthcoming Chartered Company should have the Rudd Concession only in return for a fifty-per-cent interest. The Board of the Central Search Association was, more or less, the Board of the Chartered Company.

The capital of the Chartered Company, calling itself the British South Africa Company, was a million one-pound shares. These shares were not allotted to the public. They were allotted, most of them, to the promoters, and some were kept in reserve.

In July, 1886, as the Pioneer was taking northwards, the Central Search Association transformed themselves into the United Concessions Company, and their capital of a

hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds into four million pounds. The difference of nearly four million pounds was the value they put on the Rudd Concession.

Next month it was agreed, for the first time in writing, that the Chartered Company should, as soon as possible, issue another million shares, of equal value to the first million, to pay for the Rudd Concession—'which shares shall be considered part of the original capital of the Chartered Company.' Here, in short, was that fifty-per-cent interest.

The original million shares were thrown on the open market only when Salisbury was founded and there was talk of a new Race in Moshaland; and an excited public bought them for anything up to four pounds a share, thus justifying the value placed by the United Concessionaries on the million shares they were demanding for the Rudd Concession.

It was not until a year later the shareholders of the Chartered Company discovered that they did not own the fundamental Rudd Concession, and would have to pay so enormously for it. Some of them threatened to go to law, and, for the time being, it was thought better not usefully to obscure the Rudd Concession.

This reticence was broken in the atmosphere of triumph generated by the Marabou War. If ever the United Concessionaries were to get their million Charters for the Rudd Concession, now was the time.

And these were the million shares of Mr. Bennett's complaint, and the rights which he said did not exist were the rights of the United people to the Rudd Concession.

'We do not deny,' said Mr. Bennett, 'that the promoters are entitled to remuneration for the manner in which they have engineered this enterprise. The first issue of the capital was two hundred thousand pounds. To whom was it allotted? It was allotted to the promoters. I have seen the allotments and the share register, and perhaps I am the only one of the public who has seen them. That there was a further allotment of five hundred thousand shares at the time when the shares

were selling in the market at four pence. How were they allocated? They were allotted to the promoters at par, and that alone was very handsome remuneration for the trouble they had. As if that were not enough, the directors, without taking the shareholders into their confidence, gave away half their whole profits. I say it is an outrageous agreement and should not be confirmed. By giving them to-day one million shares we are confirming that agreement.' . . .

Mr. Bennett had little support. The Duke of Abercorn, R.G., put the resolution that the capital of the Company be increased to two million pounds by the creation of one million new shares at a pound each. Mr. Albert Gray, he who had once opposed the granting of the charter, seconded the resolution.

There were three four dissentients.

THE PROMOTER: The resolution is agreed to almost unanimously. (Loud cheer.)

On December 29th, the day Rhodes stood on the ruins of Lebengula's kraal and addressed the conquerors of Matabeleland, the Chartered Company held its third Ordinary General Meeting, and the issue of the million new shares in payment for the Rudd Concession was notified. For the first time the Chartered Company that, for three years, had been spreading itself in Matabeleland and buying land and mining claims, possessed at least the formal right to do so. It was to exercise that formal right for nearly another thirty years, so find then that no right at all had ever existed.

At this meeting seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds at six per cent was raised in debentures to pay for the war and other things, the interest to be funded and paid on January 1st, 1896.

Later there were other debentures.

One may choose to connect these debts, this date, with the Junction Raid.

At the next Chartered meeting Mr. Albert Grey, now Lord Grey, said: 'Those who appeal to the Gospel of Humanity as their guide will rejoice that the first result of the Matabele War has been to enable the starved and wretched natives to desecrate from their rocky fastnesses and build their huts upon the plains, and for the first time in their lives to cultivate their rich fields in security and peace.' . . .

It was the Mashona Lord Grey meant who now became so happy. It is true the Mashona themselves, asked whom they preferred as lords—the Matabele or the Europeans—said: 'The Matabele burn us and rob us and kill us and take our wives, but then they go away. The white people do not go away.' And when the Matabele three years later rose against their oppressors, the Mashona rose with them. But this merely shows their ingratitude. The white people make a war whose first result is their blossoming in security and peace, and they say they would rather be killed by the Matabele!

But was Lord Grey quite accurate? Was the bliss of the Mashona indeed the first result of the Matabele War? In actual fact, no one was thinking about the Mashona. Lobengula had not yet been taxed, nor had his Indians come into Bulawayo to surrender, nor had Rhodes addressed his volunteers as conquerors, when Lord Ripon, the Colonial Secretary of the day, was telegraphing to the High Commissioners that, according to the newspapers, Lobengula's followers were dying of small-pox and starvation; the Matabele were not being allowed to sow until they had surrendered their arms; their cattle were being seized, and their land—even Lobengula's land—was being mapped out. These, despite Ripon's instructions that Jameson was 'to moderate his proceedings and stop the looting of cattle,' were the first results of the Matabele War. And it was partly to secure them, and partly to get fresh capital for railways and public works in the new

country that Rhodes, having congratulated his workers, now hurried back to Cape Town.

III

In Cape Town Rhodes was entertained at a banquet by representatives of all political parties, the atmosphere was that of *See the Conquering Hero*, he was deeply moved, his audience was deeply moved—he made one of the great speeches of his life.

It was a speech delivered in a spirit of emulation—one might say of almost divine ecstasy. With whatever motive authors had gone into war and shareholderism encouraged that war, Rhodes had undertaken it with one motive only, and this motive the religion of his life. He was spreading England, he was fulfilling his holy obligation, and that obligation was more the less holy because his desire and ambition were bound up with it. 'I can assure you, gentlemen, that when you have to reply to your own fellow-citizens—when they have intimated to you that . . . you have deserved well of the State—I can assure you that it is exceedingly difficult to speak.'

They say he did, in his emotion, find it difficult to speak.

But why were they thanking him? The question was rhetorical. He answered it. They were thanking him for his idea, that idea with which he had come to Parliament and for which he had thought it good and wise to work in season and out of season: the idea of obtaining the unknown interior —'your Hinterland.'

He repeated to them now how Sir Hercules Robinson, the old High Commissioner, had asked him where he would stop and he had spoken of the measure of his imagination. 'I made the outline of the interior a paramount thing in my politics, and everything else subordinate.' . . . 'All I wanted was the pointing of the map.' . . . 'The future is clear—we shall be one.'

But patience was the thing. Never hurry and hasten. He

told them, to point his moral, a story he was often to repeat in the years to come: Now, in his impetuous youth, he had met a very old man planting oak-trees, and asked him why an old man should plant oak-trees. 'You fool,' said the old man, 'that I shall never enjoy the shade!' 'Yes,' said Rhodes. 'I have the imagination,' said the old man. 'I know what their shade will be. . . . I have laid my trees on certain lines. I know that I cannot expect to see them beyond a shrub, but with me rests the conception and the shade and the glory.'

It sounds a little like the story of the retired admiral who planted acorns that England might always have taken fire-ships for her ships—and then ships were built of iron. But Rhodes' old man seems to have been merely thinking of beauty. . . .

And so, said Rhodes, was he too working slowly and gradually for results beyond his own 'temporary existence.' And for what reward? 'My motives have been assailed. I have many enemies, and they have instructed many reasons for my actions. . . . They do not understand yet the full selfishness of my ideas. I will take you into my confidence and will say that I have a big idea that I wish to carry out, and I know full well the reward, a reward which is the highest reward a human being can attain, and that reward is the trust, the confidence, and the appreciation of my fellow-countrymen.'

In England his partners in the United Concessions Company had just rejected the Chartered shareholders of a million shares which were soon to rise to eight pounds, and by their action he would profit. In Matabeleland the land and herds of the Matabele were being distributed among their conquerors. Of their whole territory only two reserves were left them, and of their two hundred and eighty thousand cattle, their one possession, their title to life, they were allowed to keep forty-four thousand and to milk some of the others.

And in Cape Town Rhodes spoke of the trust, the confidence, the appreciation of his fellow-countrymen. That was the reward he wanted.

Was Rhodes a hypocrite? . . . Even his enemies do not call him exactly a hypocrite. A roger, a liar, a scoundrel, capital incarnate, an unscrupulous character, a cane to his country—these things they say of him, but that he enjoyed this whole filthiness which has been called the heritage of vice to virtue, this they do not say. There was a sort of bluntness in Rhodes which even Lefebvre and Harcourt felt bound to admit. His cynicism was open, not secret. He believed, with Robert Walpole, that every man has his price. 'I object to the *baillon des rois*,' he said, 'because I like to know how a person votes.' He threatened, when England's policy irritated him, to 'hold his own rag.' He said such things aloud. But he himself cared at what he called the British policy of 'Philanthropy—plus five per cent.' He spoke with disgusted horror of having to meet, at the Raid Inquiry, 'the numerous rectitude' of his fellow-countrymen. And he called the strictures on the raiders 'a tribute to the upright rectitude of my countrymen who have jumped the whole world.' Rhodes did not, in short, pretend to be a better man than he was.

How, then, is one to reconcile this rathlessness against a dark humanity, this joy in acquisition, this combining of patriotism and profit, with an avowed idealism?

One might point out that it could also not have delighted the Turks and Saracens to be killed by Holy Crusaders; that holy crusading was the amusement of the age; that in the blood of Jerusalem the crusaders trod the wine-press of the Lord; that the conquerors of Jerusalem died not merely of Western chivalry, but of Eastern luxury. As the younger sons of the nineteenth century emigrated to Rhodesia, so did the younger sons of the thirteenth century emigrate to the Holy Land. They too were colonists. They too were rulers and merchants. They too formed chartered companies. They too changed geography. Even idealism has earthly parents as well as a Heavenly Father.

Rhodes did sincerely feel that he deserved well of his

country: his hill in the Maropos is specifically set aside as a burial-place for those who have deserved well of their country—as that in time he will not rest in loneliness, but merely under one of a number of memorial slabs. In spite of his sneer against 'my countrymen who have jumped the whole world' he did think that the more the world was English the greater its chance of happiness. And who had spread England further than he? Certainly he felt himself entitled to trust and appreciation.

Did the Minibela suffer? He was always a man who believed the lesser had to make way for the greater. Did he love money, power and fame? So too did Alexander, Caesar, Trajan and Napoleon, the men whose lives he studied. Nor had he, like these, the thirst for military glory which, says Gibbon, 'as long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors . . . will ever be the vice of the most exalted character.'

Rhodes despised professional soldiers, and his captives were his children as well as his victims. While he lived the natives in his North had success in time of need, they had just hearing and a friend. They said so, and they felt so. He used to bring young Minibela to Cape Town in batches to see his *Gracie Schuur* and the ocean. They loved to serve him. They used to approach him crouching as they had once approached Lobengula. They called him their father. They named their children after him. When he died they gave him, as they had never before given any white man, nor ever did again, the royal salute of 'Bayete!'

II

He was even indignant with those men 'that simply look on the Chartered Company as a means of making money through the sale of shares.' . . . 'You don't seem to care for money,' a friend once said to him. 'For its own sake,

no,' he answered. 'I never tried to shake it for its own sake. It is a power, and I like power.'

And stories are told of how he used to go around without money in his pocket; or pay a cabman with gold, or, on the other hand, forget to pay at all; or lend money or borrow money, and not think of it again.

But other rich men have had this indifference to physical money. Such money was not money to them, nor was it to Rhodes. When he said he did not love money for its own sake he was speaking primitively: he was thinking in terms of the ships and slaves and statues that were the cash of antiquity.

And when Spengler says: 'The conquest and exploitation of Gaul—an undertaking mediated by finance—made Caesar the richest man in the world. It was for power that Caesar amassed these milliards, like Cecil Rhodes, and not because he delighted in wealth,' even he does not appreciate the fundamental value of his millions to the millionaires.

A millionaire must delight in his wealth. He must love his millions because they are an extension of his own personality. They add to him as the tool adds a new limb to the craftsman.

They are, indeed, more a part of him than those with whom he is united by blood. They can more interpret him—his impulses, his feelings, his hopes and his desires. They represent him to the world. They are him—while they are him—to command and use and enjoy as he likes. His millions cannot refuse him, oblige him, rival him, oppose him, deny him. 'Men,' says Machiavelli, 'will rather bear of the death of a father than the loss of a patrimony.' . . . 'My daughter—O my daughter—O my daughter,' cries Shylock in an agonised confusion of wealth and paternity.

'Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that.

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house: You take my life

When you do take the means whereby I live.'

Why does a millionaire—except when he wishes to avoid their distraction through death—duree—keep his millions until the last moment, millions that he cannot enjoy or take with him? He keeps them as he keeps his eyes, his hands, his thoughts: because those millions are his very self—the art of the artist and the passion of the pilgrim—his soul.

It cannot, therefore, be said that Rhodes' money meant nothing to him but power—unless "power" is taken to be something much more comprehensive than Rhodes himself intended.

On the other hand, there is an aspect to a man's possession of money other than its spiritual relation to himself. And that is the physical way he uses it.

V

'There is no proletarian, not even a communist, movement,' says Spengler, 'that has not operated in the interest of money, in the directions indicated by money, and for the time permitted by money—and that without the idealist among its leaders having the slightest suspicion of the fact.'

Granted that Rhodes was an idealist (and it ought to be granted), he disprove at least part of this assertion.

Rhodes was not unaware that his idealism—whether for the swifter pursuit of power, or the outspicing of men—was mounted on money. Money was his Pegasus, and he knew it. 'One is called a speculator,' he told his Chartered audience when he faced them for the first time in England. 'I do not deny the charge. . . . If one has ideas, one cannot carry them out without having wealth at one's back.'

It was a thing he often said—and with a bluntness that was deliberate. To begin with, he knew it suited his type of an Empire-builder to be a little bluff and rough. Should Rhodes of Rhodesia behave as if he had never gone beyond a drawing-room? He feared (he said so) that he could do things in England 'on the basis of a barbarian.' It was expected. He

traded on the savagery of Africa, although he knew this savagery to be a localized affair: 'You must remember,' he said, speaking of a land whose legal system is its pride, 'you must remember that in South Africa, where my work has lain, the laws of right and equity are not so fixed and established as in this country.'

But there was also another aspect than the cynical to this frank credity of Rhodes. 'I find in my life,' he once wrote to Bolt, 'it is far better to tell the towns-people exactly what you are going to do and then you have no trouble.' His enterprises involved very often secrecy and intrigue, but he was not a natural intriguer. To judge by his speeches, he seems really to have acted on his principle that 'the idea of modern politics is to tell the people nothing, but I have an exactly opposite idea. The right thing is to tell them everything.'

He was quite prepared to admit brazenly—not merely brazenly, but boastfully—that he was doing things through his money. 'I have tried to combine the commercial with the imaginative.' He went further. He believed that money could bring about the millennium. Again and again he explains to Bond that his lever for raising mankind is money.

The difference between Rhodes and his fellow-exploiters was this: that, whereas they looked upon the Charter as a means of making money, he looked upon his money as a means of backing the Charter.

In this very Cape Town speech he tells his worshipping audience how he himself had to raise the money to build the Mafeking railway; out of his own means had to provide for an extension of the Beira railway; and alone had found four-fifths of the money for six hundred miles of telegraph through Africa. He had also, of course, financed the administration of Mashonaland, subsidised individual settlers, and sold fifty thousand Chartered shares, when they were very low, for the conduct of the Matabele War. His money was poured out exclusively for his North.

It is true he died a very rich man—a large millionaire. He had so many assets. His money bred money. His *de Beers* bred. His *Goldfields* bred. His *Chartered* shares had the unique habit of rising whenever a South African war threatened—unique, but not inexplicable, for a South African war inevitably and cynically (but often wrongly) suggested some benefit to the *Chartered* Company. Whatever Rhodes moved he seemed to be able to make money.

Nevertheless, there were days when Rhodes did not know where to turn for money. One of his secretaries mentions that, at the time he was with Rhodes, Rhodes' income was a quarter of a million, yet for nine months of the year he was overdrawn, and had to pay as much as five thousand pounds interest on his overdrafts; and he had even to pay interest on his charities. He was in funds only, says this secretary, during the two or three months immediately following the payment of his *de Beers* dividends. And his man of business writes that he refused to check his financial statements, did not know what he was worth until his balance sheets were shown him, kept no books, had no idea what was owed him, registered his securities in the names of third parties, and left them lying about in odd pockets and odd corners.

One is apt to think of money as something acquired at the expense of other people. It is more often made through increasing the world's commodities. One may find a millionaire honest, and be right. Rhodes' money was not only, on the whole, put to creditable uses—the opening up of a closed continent, it was also (on the whole) fairly made. He added no cost by possessing diamond mines, he robbed no one by possessing gold mines. There was no fake about these diamonds and gold: they were there. Insects were not offered paper. Nor did he grind the faces of the poor by making diamonds more expensive. The manipulations with the *Rudolf* Concession may be questioned. But, on the other hand, Rhodes' North, so far from yielding him money, cost him money. He had, of course, his assets in the North. But

they were a poor investment to him. 'No modern chartered company, except the Royal Niger, has been a financial success. And although it cannot be denied that, with his money, he brought even as well as civilisation; and although it has been said that, for money, the Matabele War was begun, and even (it has been said) the Jameson Raid, and actually the Boer War itself; yet with the last, at any rate, Rhodes had no direct connection, and behind all Rhodes' deeds that were evil there was, as he himself pleaded, a high object. 'There have been not a few men,' he said at his old college three years before his death, 'who have done good service to the State, but some of whose actions have partaken of the violence of their age, which are hard to justify in a more peaceful and law-abiding age. It is among those men that my own life and actions must be weighed and measured.' He was thinking mainly of Salisbury, who also combined ruthlessness and the quest of money with a love of luxury and the desire to spread England, and who, no less, believed that the end justified the means. The money Rhodes wanted was money for his railways, his telegraphs, his Rhodesia, his North—money to meet his Chartered debentures of seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds and also hundred thousand pounds, money to pacify his Chartered shareholders—and particularly when they were due to meet on January 22, 1896.

Rhodes has been derided for the way he spent his money in his lifetime, and hated for the way he willed its disposal after his death, yet he gratified the same passion in each. Rhodes had no wife and children to whom to leave his money; and although he was passionately interested in his 'young men,' and wanted (as his Rhodes Scholarships prove) heirs to his tradition, he never found one he could adopt after the manner of the Roman Emperors. As for his brothers and sisters—he dutifully did this or that for them, but there is no evidence that he much loved them. On the contrary. He often demonstrated his indifference to them. Not one of his many brothers and sisters participated in his larger enter-

prices or was motivated as trustee in his will. Only one was present at his death. And for all that he expresses in his will his "fervent belief that one of the secrets of England's strength has been the existence of a class termed "the country land-lords" who devote their efforts to the maintenance of those on their property," and he therefore leaves a country estate to a Rhodes heir, yet he makes it by no means easy for this heir to enter upon his inheritance. "I object," he says in his will, "to an expensive heir developing into a loafer." And he specifies that the heir to his Datchet estate shall for ten consecutive years be engaged in a profession or business—"such profession or business" (these is the final expression of his dislike of professional soldiers) "not being that of the army."

Rhodes' attitude towards his family is interesting when one remembers how eagerly he trusted those he loved, and, in his second will, left, not only his great estates, but also his growing possessions, to the care of the young Fickering.

He even mentions in his open letter to Stand that his secret society for the regeneration of the world might be supported

"by the accumulated wealth of those whose aspiration is a desire to do something, and a hideous emergency created by the difficult question daily placed before their minds as to which of their heterogeneous relations they should leave their wealth to."

A man does not, quite impersonally, write such words.

Rhodes' dispositions in his will are not, then, more remarkable for their generosity than the dispositions he made of his money during his lifetime. Nor are they more altruistic. They were devoted equally to the same cause. They aspired equally to link his name with that cause. ("I find I am human and should like to be living after my death.") They merely express what he believed to be the justification of all his deeds: his "high object." They also express in terms the principle on which that object was founded. This principle is sometimes, in our day, called the Nordic Principle.

Rhodes thought of himself often as a Roman—a Trajan, a Hadrian. 'Take care,' he quoted Marcus Aurelius, 'always to remember you are a Roman. . . . Have a care you are not too much a Caesar.' Marcus Aurelius was his companion, and Gibbon his mentor. He thought of himself also as a Greek—a Pericles. And as an Elizabethan.

Actually he was, by comparison, outlook, and fundamental predilection, a Teuton. 'In our Germanic world,' says Spengler, 'the spirit of Marie and Theodoric will come again. There is a fast hint of them,' he adds, 'in Cecil Rhodes.'

CHAPTER XXIII

RHODES AND THE NATIVES

RHODES thought he deserved well of his fellow-men because he was spreading the rule of England and the blond men. At the same time, however, he had no racial animosities. 'I have no feelings,' he said, and it seems truthfully, 'as to where a man was born; all I desire to know is whether he is a good man, and then I want him.' . . . 'In my social life,' he said again, 'the majority of my friends—people on the Diamond Fields and in Cape Town—were men of a race other than English.' In Kimberley these friends he speaks of were Jews—notably Beit. In Cape Town they were Dutch—notably Halsemer. Without going so far as to say that Rhodes did not prefer men of his own race—he thought an English gentleman the flower of humanity—it does seem that, like Alexander and Napoleon, he had no animosity towards Jews.

His compatriots at Oxford remarked on this inflexibility. He appears to have liked the way Jews understood money, and their generosity. They admired his ability to beat them at their own game, and his idealism.

His feeling for the Dutch was also—Raid or no Raid—genuine. For if Rhodes was a natural financier, and loved the money game he played among Jews, he was also a natural countryman and met the Dutch on a common passion for the soil. He said, after the Matabele War, that his views were changed, and he had a new sympathy for the men who sold him things across a counter, because among those who had helped him destroy the Matabele power were hunters and bankers and stormmen. But he said that only in the emotion generated by his triumph. As in his house he had wanted the 'big and simple—barbaric, if you like,' so, in his life,

he wanted the big schemes and the primitive hand-workers—not the bourgeois.

Rhodes did little for the South African manufacturer: he believed, in fact, that he could not, and should not, compete with the English manufacturer. But he helped the South African farmer as no one else had ever helped him. He established a Ministry of Agriculture; became himself a practical farmer; experimented with fruit and animals; brought out fruit exports from California and Florida; studied the wines of France; imported Arab stallions and Angora goats; discovered a new cattle-grass; got through an irrigation scheme; established cold storage; attempted to cure of their goats oranges and vines and sheep. . . . He used to welcome parties of Dutch farmers to Greeco Springs, give them his finest hospitality, give them presents, and tell them that he too was a countryman, descended from cow-boys. He presented gravely in Parliament against the number of Sunday trains. They trusted him to the extent of saying, concerning the Charter (it was the President of the Bond who said it): "If Mr. Rhodes and his people are in charge, it is all right." It was they who, in the Cape Parliament, defeated a motion that it was undesirable for the official representative of the British South Africa Company to be also their Prime Minister.

The Raid killed that unity and trust. Significantly, the original founder of the Bond, the anti-British Rev. de Tuit, who was now the editor of *De Patriot*, stayed with Rhodes after the Raid. Rather romantic. One might find a novel in such a story: the first enemy who remained the last friend. . . . And yet not so romantic, and the moral all wrong. Rhodes came to control not only most of the English papers in South Africa, he controlled also *De Patriot*. He said, very reasonably, that a man should be properly reported. . . .

The Boersmen themselves, who had come unanimously followed Rhodes, after the Raid resolved "that every consideration of national self-respect, political honesty and good

faith compels the Afrikaner Party no longer to give Mr. Rhodes an iota of political support either at political gatherings, in the Press, at the polls, in Parliament or anywhere else." At the next Parliamentary elections Rhodes said: "Whatever have been my mistakes, I still keep the strong support of a large section of the Dutch." He said: "You tell me I am against the Afrikaners. Surely my whole life's work proves the contrary." . . . Over and over again he speaks of the Dutch who are with him both in the Cape and Rhodesia, and out there come the little moving stories of how he had given them a country as big as Europe and he would get only six feet of it, and of how de la Rey had roared "Blood must flow" and so on.

In vain Rhodes might plead, promise, prophesy. He might threaten. He might speak of his six by four of earth, and know, as he spoke, how soon he must claim that little space—as far as the Dutch were concerned he troubled himself for nothing. The Dutch were gone from him. They would not come back. They would not send him into Parliament to work for them, for their *Hinterland*, for his North, his dream of Union, his dream of Empire, his dream of world-domination by blood men—all these great things whose beginnings lay in the little Cape Parliament. . . .

And should he abandon these, his greater thoughts, as he called them? "I don't falter," he said. And again: "I am not going to be driven out of the country." And again: "I shall pursue the same course as I have done in the past." And again: "I have never altered my ideas, and I shall never alter them as long as I live." Whether the Dutch were with him or not—and so he told them—he was going on with his work.

But through what means? With what human material? It was his election agent who gave him the answer: the natives. . . .

In the year Rhodes founded his Goldfields Company, and was engaged in amalgamating the Diamond Fields, and was begin-

ring to lay his trail northwards—in that year which inaugurated the period of his life when the gods, in their favour, seemed to make him their very equal—in 1887, Rhodes had said, in his arrogance, that if he could not keep his position as the European vote he would rather not be elected at all: he was not going to the native vote for support. "Equal rights for every white man south of the Zambesi," he had demanded. Every white man. It was only three years before his death that he proclaimed what is to-day in South Africa accepted as his guiding principle. On the margin of a scrap of newspaper he addressed his message to the Coloured people of Kimberley thus:

'My motto is "Equal rights for every civilized man south of the Zambesi." What is a civilized man? A man, whether white or black, who has sufficient education to write his name, has some property or work, is fact is not a kaffer. C. J. Rhodes.'

And in these words he wrote the abdication of his hope with the Dutch, and admitted that any man, black equally with white, was good enough to vote for Rhodes.

He lent himself also now to the *Jingo South African League* which hitherto he had scorned.

II

The first speech Rhodes ever made in Parliament concerned the natives—the disarming of the Basuto and natives. That was in 1881. His second speech too concerned the Basuto natives and their disarmament. Rhodes was against that disarmament; and he objected to the natives being subject to the whims of changing Ministers. He himself, he said, would prefer the natives outside the Cape border to be subject to Imperial rule. His wish was granted. In 1887 England took over the Basutos.

She had, however, hardly done so when Rhodes, seized suddenly by the thought of Bechuanaland and the great

country beyond it, decided that there must be an Imperial interference in Bechuanaland, that the Imperial factor must be eliminated, and that the Cape, together with the Transvaal, must administer Bechuanaland. 'I am perfectly consistent,' he said, 'in having voted for the transfer of Bechuanaland and in now holding these views. . . . What we want is to annex land, not natives.'

He is not, politically speaking, as consistent. He is, in fact, with the entrance of Bechuanaland into his scheme of things, quite changed. Natives with land, land with natives—that is not the real question at all. He has just visited Bechuanaland and been struck with its situation. Bechuanaland (the thing has caught his heart and his head) is the key to the whole interior. Can he afford to wait while England broods over what is best for the natives? He must, before anyone shuts it to him, make safe his path to the North.

Well, if not England, why the Transvaal?

The answer is Hofmeyr. Was Rhodes using Hofmeyr or Hofmeyr Rhodes? They both wanted a United South Africa, and they used one another. Hofmeyr backed Rhodes. Rhodes backed Hofmeyr. Did Hofmeyr demand a northern secret hand in hand with the Transvaal—was that his idea of Union? Rhodes was with him. Did Rhodes then find that the Transvaal was going to be a nuisance and object to the establishment of Dutch republics in his northern preserves? Hofmeyr was with Rhodes. Did Hofmeyr want Dutch as well as English taught in the schools? Rhodes supported him. Did Rhodes, putting his private above his public business, resent a tax on diamonds? Hofmeyr stood by Rhodes. As for missionaries, Hofmeyr's ancestors had been hindered by missionaries, and so was Rhodes always being hindered by missionaries. And Kaffirs? More than ever was Rhodes persuaded by his dislike of missionaries, and the feeling they created against him in England, to take the Dutch rather than the English view of Kaffirs.

In 1887 both Rhodes and Hofmeyr decided that the natives,

while they were in a state of barbarism, should be treated as a subject people. 'It is to me a matter of sorrow,' said Rhodes, 'that I am separated on this question from those gentlemen with whom I have usually acted, but I think they will give me the credit of fighting for my principles.'

Were they his principles? Thinking of him as a Darwinian and an ancient Teuton, one might say they were.

But before he died Rhodes was demanding equal rights for the natives. And were those his principles? He was sick and desperate, and he was prepared to accept as his necessary allies any human beings who helped him to go on with his work.

A few years later Hofmeyr died. And he too ended a champion of the dark races. Because his ideas were changed? Hardly. He repudiates, indeed, his right to the 'undying gratitude' they offer him. He cannot admit that he is without 'prejudice of colour and race.' It is merely, as he bludily tells them, that he thinks the political and social security of white South Africa will be none the worse for their goodwill.

With him, as with Rhodes, the native franchise is a matter rather of expediency than of passion. His reasons, it is true, seem more disinterested. He is fighting a country's cause and not his own. Yet was not Rhodes, too—his end so near, and with no hope of averting that end—thinking of something beyond what he always called his 'temporary existence'?

III

Even then Rhodes' change of native policy from 1885 to 1899 is *not* as sudden as the sharp turn in his battle-cry might suggest. There is a whole process of history, experience and spiritual evolution between these two dates. There is his rise. There is his fall. There is his financial triumph. There is his political triumph. There is his human triumph. . . .

There is his taking of the North—his conquest of the

Mashona and Matabele, the elation that brought him, the compensation, the responsibility.

There is his dream of world peace that had to be fed on things of the night—betrayals and shabby shifts.

There is his misanthropism of the Race—the humility it infused in him, the defiance, the despair.

There is his second—his human—conquest of the Matabele.

There is the young vision that he could grow a whole new world, and the final realization that he could but plant a limited garden for others to cultivate. . . .

The heart in his body was great not only with exultation but with disease. His passionate blood was starved at its source. At thirty-four he was a man escaped from Death, and at forty-five Death's mandated prisoner.

IV

In practical terms, these were Rhodes' dealings among the natives:

He came to Parliament, a man whose concern with natives was that of master towards servants—good master, devoted servant: he had to consider natives by the hundred.

By 1887 he had consolidated his Goldfields, he was amalgamating all the diamond mines: he was considering natives by the thousand.

He went North, he took those hundreds of thousands of square miles and with them hundreds of thousands of natives. He became Prime Minister of the Cape, and laid it down that the Prime Minister should have charge also of the Ministry of Native Affairs. He added to the Cape the two Pondoland. He was, before 1894, to annex to the Cape still more territories. He could say, in moving the Glen Grey Act of 1894, that 'by the instrumentality of Responsible Government, and also by that of another position which I occupy, I feel that I am responsible for about two millions of human beings.'

He called them human beings.

8

'Human' was a word Rhodes liked to use. 'We human atoms,' he always said, and he often spoke of the natives' human minds. 'They have human minds.' 'Help them use their human minds.'

Nevertheless, it may be questioned whether, for many years, Rhodes applied the term 'human' to the natives in much more than a biological sense. He liked them, he could be very friendly with them, he could win their confidence and justify it too—but that they were human as white-skinned people, mature white-skinned people, are human: in their minds and passions, that, until doubt and pain entered his own heart, he could not feel.

He held the Colonial view. 'There,' he said in 1889, 'are my politics on native affairs. And these are the politics of South Africa.' He identified himself, in short, not with the missionaries and negrophiles ('I am no negrophile,' he polio-black said), but with the traditional, the Dutch, the standard South Africa.

There were various reasons for Rhodes' attitude.

To begin with, he was not much of a Christian. He was, whether he knew it or not, a Nietzschean, an ancient Teuton. He considered himself a Darwinian.

'At some future period,' says Darwin, 'not very distant as measured by centuries, the civilized races of man will almost certainly exterminate and replace the savage ones throughout the world. At the same time the anthropomorphic apes . . . will no doubt be exterminated. The break between man and his nearest allies will then be wider, for it will intervene between man in a more civilized state, as we may hope, than the *Caecilian* and some ape as low as a baboon, instead of as now between the Negro or Australian and the gorilla.'

So Rhodes might have found in Darwin that, not only would civilization exterminate barbarism, but that the black

man was nearer the gorilla than the white man, and then the white man's inferior.

He said, "I do not believe they are different from ourselves." But he said also, over and over again, "The natives are children." He considered them under-developed human beings.

And that Rhodes believed in the blind people is manifest through all his proceedings. His will, and particularly his last will, directly express it.

He was not therefore disposed to enrol himself among those he held to be the soft cranks who wanted to meet the black people as if they were white people. In this he was like the average European who, whether he has ever heard of Darwin and Nietzsche or not, has hardly had his northern pink face tanned by the African sun, before he has adopted the prevailing attitude towards the native.

Then Rhodes was anxious to link himself in the most obvious way with the Dutch. There might be some English against him, yet on the support of the English he could, generally speaking, depend. After all, he was an Englishman.

For the Dutch support, however, he had to work. There was hardly anything Rhodes did in Parliament which had not as its object the favour of the Dutch. He wanted Union.

The leader of the Cape Dutch was Hofmeyr. For reasons not only personal, but political, Rhodes attached himself to Hofmeyr. And that was for the same thing: Union.

Then, again, because he wanted Union, he had to make his native policy acceptable to the Boer Republics. He could not have the natives as a stumbling-block to Union.

Then there was his North—there was all Africa: Union.

Rhodes did to the natives what would please the Dutch, what would please Hofmeyr, what he thought would suit the Free State and Transvaal, what he thought would work in his North, what he hoped would carry him right up to Egypt. "This is a Native Bill," he said of his Glen Grey scheme, "for Africa."

Not the Cape: not South Africa: Africa.

One of the first things Rhodes did as Prime Minister was to support what is known as the *Strep Bill*. He did it to please the Dutch farmers.

The thing the Dutch farmers were always complaining about was that they could not control the natives: their habits, their idleness, their coverings and their goings. A native earned himself the money to buy a few cattle, and then he lay on his back in the sun gazing up at high heaven. Nor, filling complete freedom, had he anything much against prison. Prison life was no worse than any other servitude: the housing was no worse, the eating was no worse. How was the farmer to punish the unsatisfactory native? By flogging or imprisonment? Useless.

The *Strep Bill* was a Bill empowering magistrates, in certain cases and servant cases, to impose the lash (*hetec* 'strap'). Not only Rhodes, but Hofmeyr, supported the Bill. The Bill did not become law.

A year later there was what is called the *Franchise and Ballot Act*. This has been spoken of as a fair attempt, through political reward, to encourage industry and education among the black people.

That was not its intention. Its intention was to limit the native vote by raising generally the property qualification and adding an educational test. It was during this debate Rhodes objected to the secret ballot because he liked to know how a man voted. And Hofmeyr spoke of 'a Teutonic population, surrounded or intermingled with a mass of barbarism.' He said the only other country where, in similar circumstances, an equal franchise obtained was America: 'and there the system has led to fraud, violence, bloodshed and a systematic falsification of the register.' It was, he said finally, essential for the Cape to have a franchise that would induce the other South African states 'to quit in their lot with us.'

Rhodes supported him, crying *Civilisation and Union*.

The measure was effective. The European vote went up, the native vote went down. . . .

Just a year later there was no going the war in Pondoland. When Rhodes came back from addressing the conquerors at Bulwer's he had new ideas on how to handle natives and annex native territories.

VII

It had happened, while Rhodes was in the North, that Sir Henry Loch, the High Commissioner, touring through Pondoland, a country over which Britain had a protectorate, was insulted by Sigona, the Paramount Chief of the Eastern Pondos. Loch had asked to see Sigona, and Sigona had kept him waiting three days.

There were troubles in Pondoland. The first and most serious trouble was that Pondoland lay between the Cape and Natal—the last of the independent native states in that region. It was in the way. One might call that a fatal trouble. As Rhodes said, the maintenance of a barbarian power between two civilized powers was almost an impossibility. For years it had been an understood thing that, at the right moment, Pondoland was to be annexed to the Cape. It was the only question the Cape had to consider, said Rhodes: the right moment.

Well, the position of Pondoland was the first trouble. The other troubles were like the sailor's two-mile walk with his head in his hands: as Madame de Deffand felt, interesting, but not, after the first step, significant. For instance, a white magistrate and his clerks had been murdered many times before. The murderer had never been delivered up to justice. Then the Pondos were, it cannot be disputed, savages. They had the customs of savages—witchcraft, rain-making, scolding-out and so forth. They quarrelled, they fought, they were a menace to the white people on their borders. Even while the Nutschels were fighting in the North, Sigona and a

brother of his were having a sort of civil war over certain trading concessions held by two Germans; Germany had declined to interfere; the natives were arguing it out among themselves; and the half-brother was hiding in Natal.

There was not, in short, a happy atmosphere in Pondoland when the High Commissioner went to visit it.

Nothing was done about the issue to him or the other troubles until Rhodes returned from Matabeleland and decided that as 'a native power in the North had been dealt with,' the time had now come to deal also with the Pondo Question.

But how? By force of arms? Not, according to Rhodes' tradition, if it could be avoided.

What actually occurred was that Rhodes travelled down to Pondoland in a coach and eight cream-coloured horses, some machine-guns and eight policemen, announced that he proposed to annex Pondoland, and sent for Sigau.

Sigau came. Rhodes kept him waiting for exactly the three days he had kept Loch waiting. He then offered to show Sigau what would happen to him and his tribe if there was any further unpleasantness, took him to where the machine-guns were trained on a small field, opened fire on the natives, and brought down the meagre crop.

Sigau noted the lesson, and ceded his country. The Chief of West Pondoland also ceded his country. Sigau's half-brother was arrested and deported. Some mounted policemen were left in the country. The concessions to the two Germans were held by the Chief Justice 'in trust no legal obligation, because their execution depended solely on the will of the Paramount Chief, and there existed no possible means of enforcing them.' As to this, the Government, said Rhodes in the House, might be right or it might be wrong. Accordingly "when you go into a native country you should obtain all the assurances of Government." He meant, speaking out of his own experience, the Government should itself possess the Concessions. The annexation of the two Pondolands and their two hundred thousand inhabitants was achieved without

the killing of a shot and at a cost to the Cape Government of under seven thousand pounds. 'I do not ask for congratulations,' said Rhodes.

It was not the end of Sigona. Sigona, unlike his brother, had been allowed to remain in Pondoland and given a pension of five hundred pounds a year. 'Five hundred pounds a year,' said Rhodes, 'is enough for the maintenance of a native chief.' Nor did Sigona demand more. What he did demand was adequate recognition of his greatness. Like Lobengula, he pictured in thinking of himself as a ruler of men. His dignity: that was the fatal thing.

Next year Rhodes, as Secretary of Native Affairs, issued a proclamation charging Sigona with 'obstruction' and declaring his presence in Pondoland to be a public danger. Under this proclamation Sigona was arrested and imprisoned. A commission held that, although he had maintained peace among his people, he had obstructed the magistrates by his insistence on his dignity. To Sigona's question, if that was enough cause for his imprisonment? he received no answer. But he insisted on justice and he got it. He went to law with the Government. 'The Governor,' said the Chief Justice, 'has arrested, condemned and sentenced an individual without the intervention of any tribunal, without alleging the necessity for such a proceeding, without first altering the general law to meet the case of that individual, and without giving him any opportunity of being heard in self-defence. . . . Sigona, it is true, is a native, but he is a British subject, and there are many Englishmen and others resident in the territories who . . . if the respondents' contention be correct, would be deprived of their life and property as well as their liberty, otherwise than by the law of the land.'

Rhodes, in short, was not always able to persuade South Africans that 'in South Africa, where my work has lain, the laws of right and equity are not so fixed and established' as in an older country. But he could show the law to give himself the power he wanted, and, after the Sigona case, he did.

When, during the Great War, the matter of imprisoning British subjects without trial was being considered in England, General Smuts referred the commission to the precedent of Sigau.

CHAPTER XXIV

A BILL FOR AFRICA

I

IT was after the passing of the Glen Grey Act—Rhodes' charter to the natives—that he attempted them to create his own law in Pondoland. The natives had rights—the Glen Grey Act admitted it—but Rhodes could still not bring himself to believe that he had the rights of a white man. The Glen Grey Act, indeed, seeks specifically to distinguish those rights.

II

There is a river in South Africa called the Great Kai River. Where the coast-line of South Africa begins to curve upwards to the east, the Great Kai River flows into the Indian Ocean, and the country above it is called the Transkei and the country below it is called the Ciskei. In the Transkei are four regions taken at various times from the natives and Basuto—Pondoland is one of them. In the Ciskei, at the foot of the Stormberg Mountains, lies the district of Glen Grey.

This land through which the Kai flows used to be known as Kaffraria—the land of the Kaffirs. Rhodes justly called it "the best portion of South Africa." It is no longer that. Many things have become different in Kaffraria since Rhodes' time. Only this—since his time—has not changed: Kaffraria is still the land of the Kaffirs.

Two months after the annexation of Pondoland, in the month of the assignment by England of the whole of Lobengula's territories to the Chartered Company—in the evening of this success—Rhodes moved the Second Reading of the Glen Grey Act.

The Glen Grey Act was Rhodes' scheme to solve what is called the Native Problem, which is a thousand problems of

a hundred nations. It was his attempt to re-create, according to his design, that which he had helped to destroy. For two centuries the white men in South Africa had said that something must be done about the black men. Now, for the first time, it was done. Here was Rhodes' Bill for Africa.

This was the theory on which Rhodes worked: There were many of the natives' friends, he said, who 'would hear of their minds being employed in no other pursuit than that of selecting members for Parliament.' But he held that the natives were, in terms of civilization, children. They had human minds, but they were just emerging from barbarism.

At the same time, even if, socially, they were children, physically they were adults. They could work. 'There is a general feeling,' he said, in opening his speech, 'that the natives are a distinct source of trouble and loss to the country. Now I take a different view. When I see the labour troubles that are occurring in the United States, and when I see the troubles that are going to occur with the English people in their own country on the labour question, I feel rather glad that the labour question here is connected with the native question. . . . If the whites maintain their position as the supreme race, the day may come when we shall all be thankful that we have escaped those difficulties which are going on amongst all the old races of the world.'

In short, the natives, in their proper position, were an answer to the labour question.

What was their proper position? How were they to be accommodated in a civilized world? 'The natives,' said Rhodes, 'are increasing at an enormous rate. The old distinctions by war and pestilence do not occur. . . . The natives devote their minds to a remarkable extent to the multiplication of children. . . . They had in the past an interesting employment for their minds in going to war and in consulting in their councils as to war. By our wise government we have taken away all that employment from them. We have given them no share in the government—and I think

rightly, too—and no interest in the local development of their country. . . . There arises the question of the land, which cannot continue to provide enough for all of them. . . . In many parts of the country we have placed customs. . . . We do not teach them the dignity of labour, and they simply loaf about in idleness and laziness. . . . These are my promises.’

Here, then, considering the natives, not philosophically, but practically, was what Rhodes proposed to do: to find land for them, to give them employment, to remove liquor from them, to stimulate them to work, to train them to self-government, and to make this social experiment, first, in the Glen Grey district, and then in the Transkei. If the experiment was a success it could be extended to other parts of the country. It could be extended to his North. It could be applied to the whole of Africa.

In Glen Grey was a surveyed piece of land of about six hundred acres. Rhodes proposed to divide this land into peasant allotments. These allotments would be fertilised if their owners did not cultivate them, but they might not be sold or rented, and they might not be divided among numerous children in that manner which had created among South African Europeans the problem of the poor white. There was to be primogeniture—the English country landlord system which, in Rhodes’ ‘humble belief’ was one of the secrets of England’s strength. The younger sons would have to go out and work. Any natives who did not work would be taxed. They were South Africa’s reservoir of labour.

The allotments would be controlled by village boards, the village boards by district councils, the district councils by a general native council.

It was to stimulate a man’s ambition and effort that Rhodes advocated individual instead of, as hitherto, communal tenure. He had read about this system of separate holdings in a book on Russia by Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace. Rhodes was not to know that Russia would one day exchange it for the old Kaffir system, he himself was discarding. . . .

And then, so settled, the natives would manage themselves, use themselves, educate themselves, build their own roads and bridges, grow their own forests. Drink would not be allowed—Rhodes was prepared to suffer the wine-farmers' objections. Loafing would not be allowed—a special tax of ten shillings on loafing (and here, on the other hand, Rhodes was pleasing the farmers). Europeans were not to be allowed.

That was a very important part of the scheme. Except for a few officials, traders and missionaries, no Europeans; no impossible mixture of races in different stages of development. . . .

There was an outcry over the ten-shilling tax on loafing. Natives said it was nothing but a fine on those natives for whom there was no work at home, that it was a whip to lash them on to work on white farms and in the mines of Kimberley and Johannesburg.

And—partly—they were right. Nevertheless, Rhodes did have a sincere horror of loafing. He constantly expounds that horror. Even in his last will he states it. It was not entirely for selfish reasons Rhodes wanted this loafing tax which, in practice, was never imposed.

One may take it that Rhodes meant to do the fair and decent thing in his Glen Grey Act, that he was moved by an impulse above the mere pleasing of his voters and shareholders. He had played the limit of his life at forty-five years. He was now forty-one. Here was the most difficult problem in Africa, the crucial problem. It had to be settled before Africa could unite. ('All that—all one—that is my dream.') And who would settle it if he did not? Who else had the power, the wit, the will, the energy and the courage? Could he leave the world never having attempted its solution? Could he so betray his dream? . . . Not merely for the sake of voters and shareholders, but for the sake of a lifelong ideal, Rhodes had to make his native investment.

For the sake too of the natives. 'The natives are children, and we ought to do something for the minds and the brains

his land is so overstocked with cattle, they have so ravished the earth, that a native area can be distinguished at sight by its barrenness. There are deserts, there are dangerous woods, where once were grasslands. From the mountain-sides of Glen Grey itself most of the plant life has gone, and with it the soil is once held together. The torrential rains have washed the loosened soil away. . . .

Since the native, as in Rhodes' time, 'devotes his mind to a remarkable extent to the multiplication of children,' where, in Rhodes' words, 'the destruction by war and pestilence do not occur,' since, further, European science now conserves life—not merely can the reserves no longer maintain the excess of cattle, but also not, so primitively developed, the excess of people. The adventurous and ambitious go to the towns. 'A visit to Johannesburg frequently ends with the circumcision school as a necessary preliminary towards the attainment of manhood.' The standard left behind remains the standard of the lowest.

V

So then has the Glen Grey Plan proved a failure? Well, it is true that one may travel half a day in the Transvaal and meet no tree under which to rest, that the natives have robbed their hills of game life and never replaced it. Yet still, when it rains, there is land in the Transvaal greener than any other land in the country. The Commission that speaks of 'desert conditions' being created in the reserves, finds also that the reserves, duly improved, offer the only practicable method of natural segregation, and that, in the reserves, the native problem must be solved. And still the black man will try to poison himself, and still the white man hopes to teach him the art of it. Where Rhodes' experiment has failed, Europeans have their difficult material, their limited experience, and not their evil intentions to blame. The Glen Grey Act remains the basis of the solution of the Native Problem.

CHAPTER XXV

IF ONLY ONE HAD A JOHANNESBURG

I

THAT very day, in these days, Rhodes was looking exhausted, he seemed shrunken, he was going rapidly grey, he was very neurotic. The year 1894 held for him, not merely the official achievement of Matabeleland; his plans for Uganda; the annexation to the Cape of Pondoland; the passing of the Glen Grey Act—he fought also in this year a Parliamentary election; this was the year in which he decided that, as the native question was the fundamental question of South Africa, the Prime Minister must add to his work also the charge of Native Affairs; he sent de Villiers and Haffner to the Orange Colonial Conference to speak of cable and steamship communications and Imperial reciprocity; he wrote, himself, to Washington about the unpleasant effect the new McKinley tariff would have on British trade.

Thirty-four United States senators expressed their astonishment at what they clearly considered news from nowhere; and they replied to Rhodes' letter that, having been inspired by the success of his business, they too had fresh ideas on taxation. 'It is estimated that the United States now absorb from a third to a half of the annual produce of the South African diamond mines, which are controlled by English investors, who have limited the output, created a trust and practically control the price of diamonds in the world.' Would not, the senators pleasantly suggested, a thirty-per-cent tax on diamonds check consumption, beneficially operate on the excessive and artificial price, and 'induce people of Cape Colony to believe that the present attitude of Great Britain in relation to silver is not only unfair and unjust, but is also injurious to the interests of that Colony?'

The only retaliation in Rhodes' power was to make it, as

soon as he could, a part of the new Matabeleland constitution that the duty on English goods—but not on imported goods generally—should not exceed the duty on Cape goods; to tell his Chartered shareholders that one day the United States might have to be dealt with as a naughty child, and told: 'if you will keep up this McKinley tariff, we, for a period, shall keep out your goods'; and to point out that the United States, with a hundred times the population of English South Africa was importing only twice as much goods from England.

Insist on that preferential clause in the Matabeleland constitution, he begged his shareholders. 'It is the little things that change the world, not the big things.'

II

Was it a little or a big thing that changed Rhodes' world? It was in action little as the point of childlessness, and in thought monstrous. It was both in action and thought so grotesque that through all the passion and sentimentality it engendered, there were many wise, from the beginning, could do nothing but laugh at it. It would probably not have happened but for an impetuosity born of a united arrogance and desperation. Rhodes had got to the point of feeling that his desire was his duty, and that if he did not soon fulfil his desire it would never be fulfilled. For his time was short, and no one else could do what had to be done. That terrible time was against him, the only unconquerable, as he said.

'Never hurry and hasten in anything,' he had warned the Cape Town audience welcoming him back at the beginning of this same year of 1894 from his triumph in Matabeleland. 'We can wait slowly and gradually,' he admonished them.

Now, suddenly, he felt that he could no longer wait slowly and gradually, he had to hurry and hasten. He had spent fifteen years, twenty years (sometimes he said the one, and sometimes the other) in amalgamating the diamond mines,

and so all things should be done, he maintained, step by step.

But to-day he could not give fifteen or twenty years to things, there were only a few years left him altogether. Ten years—if only he could have ten years more than the term of life destined to him, he always said. He did not demand the allotted span, he did not ask even to reach sixty. But if only he could have just one more decade for his work's sake!

He could not have it. What remained was to crush into months the work of years. The warning he had given to others he dared not apply to himself. He had to hurry and hasten. He could not progress step by step. He had to leap.

III

Nor had he to leap merely because time was short. In this year, through the very blast of triumphant trumpets, like faint instruments were playing this minor notes: notes of warning and menace. Obstacles were beginning to appear in Rhodes' path. Over these he had to leap.

For instance, his telegraph to the North. How gladly he had told his Chartered shareholders in 1892 that all he needed to connect his telegraph to the Mediterranean was Uganda. If only England would keep Uganda for him he could go through to Wady Halfa. He could then cross the Mahal and reach Egypt.

So England had proclaimed a protectorate over Uganda. And as his own Chartered sphere extended to Tanganyika, and as he had got from Belgium concession of a strip of land along Lake Tanganyika which would connect Tanganyika with Uganda, nothing now hindered the northward path of his telegraph.

And what must suddenly happen? Belgium, inspired by Germany and France, must go and withdraw her concession of the strip of land . . . ruin for his telegraph! It was not until Rhodes met and charmed the Kaiser in 1893 that he

got from him an alternative telegraph route through German East Africa. In the meantime, as far as he knew, his northward march was finally interrupted.

Nor was that all. There was Lourenço Marques lying between Rhodesia and the sea. Three years ago he had spoken to Kruger about taking Lourenço Marques, and Kruger had icily told him that ill-gotten goods were secured. Rhodes had then decided that the Cape must buy Lourenço Marques. Lourenço Marques had everything he needed—harbours, even a new railway—and times were bad in Portugal.

For years Rhodes had had this hope of buying Lourenço Marques, and now Portugal (German interference again) said definitely she would not sell.

The second blow.

And then a third, if a lesser, blow. Swaziland had passed officially to the Transvaal.

But, finally, a blow at the very heart. In September, 1894, as if the year were not full enough already of work and trouble, Rhodes together with Jameson and Hays Hammond, an American who was the consulting engineer to Rhodes' Goldfields Company, went to Matabeleland to look for the New Rand which they had not found in Mankwaland. It was in expectation of the New Rand that Chartered shares had risen to eight pounds. Rhodes had urgent need to tell his shareholders of a New Rand in Matabeleland.

And so New Rand! 'Well,' said a prominent shareholder, 'if we have to depend on Hammond's geological report to raise money for this country, I don't think the outlook is very encouraging. If he cannot say anything stronger than that, I have not much hope for the future of the Chartered Company.' It was to this man Rhodes said, in his bitterness, that if he only wanted money he had better go and sell his Chartered shares.

But most shareholders, he knew in his heart, only wanted money. What was he to do now? With what words now comfort them? Was there, after all, only one Rand in South

Africa, and that in the grip of Kruger? How gold shares were rising since the discovery that gold mines, like diamond mines, had treasure-laden depths! Was it not too maddening that Kruger, so bitterly anxious to keep apart, should have the Rand, and not he, who cared for Union?

In Matibeleland, as they were travelling about, Hays Hammond had spoken of other things than a New Rand in Rhodesia. He had spoken of the old, the only, Rand in the Transvaal. If there was much more trouble between Kruger and the Uitlanders (the Outlanders, the foreigners), he had told Rhodes, there would almost certainly be a rising in Johannesburg. And, after such talk, could one fail to think in one thought of Charterland and the Transvaal?

On his way home from Rhodesia Rhodes called in on Lourenço Marques and asked could he help the Portuguese in their native troubles or do any other little thing for them? They said not. He went on then to Pretoria to talk to Kruger about his railway aims. But it was of a piece with the whole unsuccessful journey that he could do nothing with Kruger. He left Kruger saying: 'If you do not take care you will have the whole of South Africa against you. You are a very strong man, but there are things you may do which will bring the whole of the Cape Colony, and indeed the whole of South Africa against you, and so strongly that you will not be able to stand against it.'

Worst of all Rhodes' obstacles was the old tight-mouthed Kruger.

17

Still, it was no wonder Rhodes had not found Kruger in a good mood. Did not Kruger know as well as anyone else the dangers Rhodes had? Already in April of this year of 1894 a Johannesburg friend of Chief Justice de Wiliem was agreeing with him that Rhodes' policy seemed to be 'a threat and menace to the two Republics. . . . I do not think that when Rhodes started his career he thought of getting rid of the Republics

in the manner he is now setting about it. I fancy his success has made him over-confident and I have become alarmed. . . . Should Rhodes threaten the Republic he will be made short work of. Once he is removed from the scene there is no one to carry out his schemes.'

And here was Rhodes threatening! Yet even that was not the immediate reason for Kruger's bad mood. The immediate reason was what had happened not long ago during Sir Henry Loch's visit to Pretoria. Kruger had gone to meet him. And jolly Englishmen had taken the horses from the official carriage in which they both sat, and dragged it to Loch's hotel, and for a whole mile waved the Union Jack over Kruger's head, singing 'God Save the Queen' and 'Rule Britannia' and, says Kruger, 'the usual English satirical ditties.' At one stage Kruger had been completely enveloped and muffled in the flag, and had struggled, accompanied by their *music*, to disentangle himself from it. At the hotel they had allowed Loch to descend, but had refused to pull the carriage further and left Kruger absurdly sitting there until some burghers collected themselves to drag him to the Government Building.

It was considered by many people a very funny occurrence; but one may believe that to the President it must have been an outrage harder to bear than the Boer War itself, which, at least, had the consolatory grandeur of tragedy. He must have remembered, first, all the time, and then less often, and then, during his whole life to come, suddenly, sharply, indelibly, how Englishmen had made him look ridiculous in the presence of his burghers.

It is no wonder, really, that Kruger lacked inclination to parley with Rhodes.

But he never had owed to parley with Rhodes. Not from the beginning. Rhodes may have been the very man to deal with him—so many thoughts, and yet he was the signal failure among Rhodes' dealings. He had no sooner met Rhodes over the Bechuanaland business ten years before than he had spoken

of trouble with 'that young man'—and this, although Rhodes was nominally (he pretended to be, said Kruger) on his side in the business; at least, he was against his own countrymen who represented those opposite callings he despised, the missionary Mackenzie, and the soldier Warren. Kruger had not been moved to goodwill even by Rhodes' offer to work in Bechuanaland jointly with the Transvaal. Why, so long ago, did Kruger already distrust him?

And then Kruger had tried to interfere in the Lebengula affair. He had gone clucking at Swaziland. He had snubbed Rhodes about Delagoa Bay. Burglers of his had aspired to make a republic in Mafikeng—*they* had actually, until England stopped them, done so in Zululand. He was even now taking himself for trade with the Portuguese of Lourenço Marques rather than with the English of the Cape. He would not come into tariff or railway union with the Cape. He stood there immovably, like a rock in a flood, the great obstacle to Rhodes' whole scheme of Union.

On top of all, so him must happen the Flood. In his Republic meet to the wealth of Africa. 'If only one had a Johannesburg,' Rhodes spoke his brooding thoughts out to a Cape Town audience when the Boer War was already fermenting, 'if one had a Johannesburg, one could unite the whole country to-morrow. . . . Then you would have a great commonwealth; then you would have a union of states; then, I think, apart from my mother country, there would be no place in the world that would compare with it. . . . There is no place to touch this; there is no place to touch it—for the beauty of its climate and the variety of its products. And yet we stupid human mortals are quarrelling over the equality of rights, instead of thinking of the great country that has been given us.'

'There is no place to touch this; there is no place to touch it. . . .' It has the very rhythm of Solomon's passion for the Ethiopian: 'Behold thou art fair, my love. Behold

these art his.' Rhodes loved Adonis beyond money. If only one had a Johannesburg!

If only one had a Johannesburg? What could one set do if one had a Johannesburg? But Kruger had it, the only, the miraculous Johannesburg. And he would not divide it with Rhodes. And, the great ultimate things apart, what was Rhodes to say to his shareholders, expectant of a New Bond in Matabeleland, when he met them in January, 1895?

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If he could say to them that soon there would be a federation of all the states in South Africa, and Rhodesia would be in it too! If he could tell them that no longer need they pay for the running of Rhodesia—a United South Africa would pay for everything! If his shareholders could participate in the boom on the Rand!

At the mere thought of it—when, next year, Kruger made a slip and there seemed a chance of war—what a gambling, what a rare gambling, there was on the Stock Exchange in Chartered!

If one had a Johannesburg. . . . Jameson too had gone visiting Johannesburg and was now lashing himself with that thought. They talked, he and Rhodes, about the troubles the Uitlanders were having in the Transvaal, and the opportunity there might arise of assisting them, and the desirability, therefore, of having in permanent readiness a volunteer force.

To the world at large—in much of it as was interested—they explained that the Company's extended territories needed police protection. The Company's Board, whether, as often say, in full knowledge, or whether in their deluded transports over the conquest of Matabeleland, authorized the expenditure on equipment. For a long time hardly anyone else wondered why the new Rhodesia Horse required so much equipment.

But Kruger wondered. And if Rhodes was beginning to

equip his soldiers, so, too, was Kruger beginning to equip his burghers.

83

Not had he need of warnings from Rhodesia. He knew as much as the engineer, Hays Hammond. He knew what the Uitlanders were saying and doing. That, at least, everyone knew.

'People have talked of a conspiracy,' writes Bryce, who happened to be in the Transvaal shortly before the Raid, 'but never was there, except on the stage, so open a conspiracy. Two-thirds of the action . . . went on before the public. The visitor had hardly installed himself in an hotel at Pretoria before people began to tell him that an insurrection was imminent, that arms were being imported, that Maxims guns were hidden, and would be shown to him if he cared to see them. . . . In Johannesburg little else was talked of, not in dark corners, but at the club where everyone lunches, and between the acts at the play. . . . All over South Africa one heard the same story; all over South Africa men waited for news from Johannesburg.'

It is said that the plot that culminated in the Raid was not going when Jameson visited Johannesburg in 1894. Was it he or Rhodes who first saw in the agitation of the Uitlanders their heaven-sent, urgent opportunity? Whichever it was, of one thing one could be sure: they were not going to let an lovely, so beneficent an agitation die if effort of theirs could keep it alive.

CHAPTER XXVI

KRUGER AND THE UITLANDERS

THIS was, in summary, the trouble in Johannesburg, and the way it all began :

In 1852, by the Sand River Convention, the British Government ' guaranteed to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River the right to manage their own affairs, and govern themselves according to their own laws without any interference on the part of the British Government,' and a *Boer* Independence, calling itself the *South African Republic*, arose.

Difficulties came upon the *South African Republic*, native wars and bankruptcy, and Sir Theophilus Shepstone was sent to find out if its unsettled state endangered British subjects in the Republic or on the Natal border ; and also whether the will of the country favoured annexation by Great Britain. He found the Republic, under President Burgers, weak, harassed, and helpless, rode into Pretoria with eight civil servants and twenty-five policemen and annexed it. England confirmed the annexation as the will of the country.

But it was not the will of the country. Three years later the *Boers* re-proclaimed their independence, attacked the British and defeated them at Majuba. By the Pretoria Convention that followed the independence of the Republic was again recognised, but it was limited by a British suzerainty and otherwise.

In 1884 Kruger did some bargaining which resulted in the Convention of London. This agreement dropped all talk of annexation, and the title of *South African Republic* was formally conceded. On the other hand, the Republic subjected to British approval its treaties with natives or countries other than the Orange Free State, and it was not allowed to discriminate by tariff or prohibition against British goods.

The—call it justice, or otherwise, of the Boer War 1899 an interpretation of these two agreements. The British said the preamble of the 1881 Convention, specifying the territory, stood. The Boers said it did not.

The clause affecting British goods nearly, in 1895, brought about that war, the very hope of which caused Chamberlain and Rhodes' other share to rise.

A year after the London Convention—one (real) year too late—the gold reef was struck on the Witwatersrand, and the Transvaal became the life-source of South Africa.

In 1886 Johannesburg was founded.

II

Now, as adventurers had come to Kimberley, they came also to Johannesburg. When Lord Bryce visited Johannesburg in 1895 he found nothing in it to remind him that he was in a Dutch country except the names of some of the streets. The mixed population was English-speaking, and its social character was English. In the Transvaal generally, there were, at this time, Kruger says, eighty thousand foreigners—mainly males, and they outnumbered the burghers by four to one.

What was more, they could not forget that from 1877 to 1880 England had owned the state. They still felt it to be, somehow, an English state.

One might well imagine that a man who had actually been in the Great Trek which had brought and suffused a thousand miles to be free of interference, whose idyllic dream it was to live like a patriarch among his own, must have been saddened by this coming, pouring, overwhelming flood of foreigners. In 1885, at the septennial commemoration of the Declaration of Independence, even while Moffat, at Rhodes' instigation, was at Lobengula's head persuading Lobengula to reject any dealings with the Transvaal and to make a treaty of amity with England against all other powers, Kruger

addressed his world as follows : ' People of the Lord, you old people of the country, you foreigners, you new-comers, you, even you thieves and murderers ! ' And by this, he said, when the Uitlanders complained of outrage, he meant only that ' everybody, even thieves and murderers, if there were any such at the meeting, should humble themselves before God and acknowledge the wisdom of God's dealing with the people of the Republic.'

The Uitlanders, however, did not believe him. No, they said, Kruger meant they were thieves and murderers.

It does seem the more likely interpretation. One has to read Kruger's case of mind. There was, at this very moment, the Lobengula business. If Rhodes wanted to expand, so did Kruger. Had he been in Rhodes' way ! But here Rhodes had been in his way ! Kruger had wanted to expand in the days when he hadn't, as Rhodes said, a silverpiece in his Treasury. Now where was he to expand ? He could not expand south : Britain had ruled his hopes in Zululand. He could not, but for his bit of power over Swaziland, expand east : Britain had a treaty of non-*expansion* over Portuguese territory. He could not expand west : Rhodes had hindered him in Bechuanaland. He could not expand north : Rhodes had turned from him the ear of Lobengula.

As if that were not enough, as if it were not sufficiently galling that he could nowhere stretch himself, could nowhere even find an outlet to the sea, he was now being forced inside his own domain as job by his horses and slaves. Rhodes himself had just consolidated his Goldfields. Other men who had begun in Kimberley were to-day in Johannesburg buying up claims, farms, building-sites. Foreigners owned the gold. Foreigners ran the shops, the clubs, the racetracks. Foreigners were making the money, having the excitement, the pleasure, the power, the pride. Foreigners considered themselves the best society. Bryce conjectured ' the English and colonial elements to compose seven-eighths of the white population, the American and German about one-seventh, while French-

men and other European nations made up the nation.' The Boers? Hardly any except Government officials. The Boers came to Johannesburg to sell their farm produce to the rich Uitlanders, and then humbly slipped off home again.

Was it not enough to saddles a man? Although Johannesburg was the very meaning of the Transvaal, although it was only thirty-five miles from the capital, although the law prescribed that the President should visit each town and district of the Republic at least once a year—in nine years Kruger could not bring himself to go to it more than three times. This town, his town, bearing his name, the town that should have been his triumph and his hope—he felt about it like an old Puritan father whose daughter has become a dancing courtesan, or like the father of a Joliet who has given himself to the son of his hereditary enemy. He wanted none of it.

How much more likely that Kruger meant, not what he said he meant, but what the Uitlanders said he meant. Actually from the standpoint of literature and oratory and Kruger's essential Bible, should not the word 'even' convey emphasis rather than differentiation? Is he not addressing two *quite* groups of people: 'People of the Lord, you old people of the country! . . . You foreigners, you new-comers, you, you thieves and murderers!'

It was not by accident Kruger spoke simple-sounding words that on reflection had so curious a flavour. He once opened a synagogue 'in the name of Jesus Christ.'

III

Who understood Kruger's bitterness so well as Rhodes himself? 'I pity the man!' he burst out in Parliament a few months after the Moffat Treaty. 'When I see him sitting in Pretoria with Bechuanaland gone, and other lands around him gone from his grasp . . . with his whole idea of a Republic vanishing . . . likely to have to deal with a hundred thousand diggers who must be entirely out of sympathy and

touch with him . . . I pity the man . . . When I see a man starting and continuing with one object, and utterly failing in that object, I cannot help pitying him.'

One might imagine that if there were still something needed to make Kruger completely boil over, this triumphant pity of Rhodes must have supplied it. . . .

The first time Kruger came to Johannesburg was in the days before Rhodes had pushed through the Moffat Treaty, before he was in the position to gloat over him. Rhodes was then in Johannesburg consolidating his Goldfields, and he proposed Kruger's health at a banquet and called himself prettily one of Kruger's young burghers.

After Rhodes had his concussion he appeared, one Saturday morning, to see the President in Pretoria. The President said Rhodes could wait till Monday: his burghers were to town to celebrate *Nachtmal*—the Holy Communion—and he always reserved the Saturday of *Nachtmal* week for his burghers. As for Sunday, he did not do business on a Sunday. Rhodes could wait, or he could go. 'The old devil!' said Rhodes to his companion. 'I meant to work with him, but I'm not going on my knees to him. I've got my concussion, however, and he can do nothing.'

The second time Kruger visited Johannesburg it was to reassure the citizens during a collapse of the stock-market, and also to talk about railways. Perhaps he liked the citizens of Johannesburg better in their troubles than in their triumphs. But a rabble crowded round his house and upon it, broke its railings and pillars, pulled down the Transvaal flag and trampled upon it, and had to be driven back by police.

Kruger vowed then never to come to Johannesburg again. Nor did he, until five years later, when he was persuaded both by his officials and his farmer's heart, to forget his vow and open the first agricultural show. This time—the third time—nothing unpleasant happened. And at the end of the year there was the Raid.

II

Of course, Kruger hated the Uitlanders and did what he could to hinder them. His officials were either Boers or Hollanders. He tried to keep the Uitlanders' expressing voices out of his Government. The Constitution of the country laid it down that 'the territory is open for every foreigner who obeys the laws of the Republic.' A law was then passed making an Uitlander's vote contingent on either ownership of landed property in the Republic, or otherwise a year's residence. In 1886 there was, on one hand, a great acceleration of gold-mining, and, on the other, renewed independence and an enlarged patriotism. And, when it was seen how many foreigners the gold of the Transvaal was bringing in, five years' residence became the stipulation.

More gold appeared, and still more foreigners; the Witwatersrand itself appeared, and tens of thousands of foreigners. They outnumbered the burghers, as has been said, by four to one.

To combat this preponderance, Kruger thought out a new plan. He would set up a second Volksraad—a second parliament, a special inferior parliament for the foreigners, the Uitlanders. This Raad, over which the First Raad had the right of veto, could deal with the things that peculiarly concerned the Uitlanders, it could deal with business matters and gold laws. Two years' residence entitled a stranger to vote for the Second Raad. Another two years (provided he was a Protestant, thirty years of age, and had landed property in the Republic) gave him the right of election to his particular Raad. A further two years brought him the full rights of burghership: he was now permitted to vote for the First Raad: he had the privileges that a true-born Boer acquired at the age of sixteen.

By such measures—by giving the franchise to a Boer at the age of sixteen and to an Uitlander not before forty—Kruger hoped to make good the difference in their numbers.

He hoped to do more. How many Uitlanders, by the year 1890, had lived in the Republic for fourteen years? Most of them had not come until 1886. There were going to be few indeed foreign voters tampering with Kruger's Republic before the twentieth century. . . . And the deep levels had not yet been discovered. And who knew how long the gold would last, and how long, therefore, one would stay in the Republic? The Twentieth Century! What was the use of a vote in the Twentieth Century? In effect, by the law of 1890, the Uitlanders were disfranchised.

That was common-sense?—very pleasant for a proud population. But stop. A proud population. Did the Uitlanders want to become burghers? That is to say, did they want to be merely burghers, to give up their English or French or German or American nationality and link themselves, for what it was worth, not only here and now, but in the world and for ever, with this little primitive nation on the veld? . . . In fact, what the Uitlanders really wanted was what they called the dual nationality. They wanted to remain English, French, German or American. But, for immediate, practical, temporary purposes, they wanted also to be Transvaal burghers.

Another thing they wanted was that their children should be taught in the English medium at the Government schools. They provided, they said, all the money, so why could not the state (whatever might be the practice in other parts of the world) arrange that the children should be taught in their mother tongue even if it were not the language of the country?

Then there were the monopolies Kruger gave away—he believed, he said, in monopolies: they stimulated industry. He gave, therefore, the railway monopoly to a German-Hollander group; and the dynamite monopoly to that same Lippert of the Lobengula land-concession. It was said the country lost hundreds of thousands a year through these monopolies. There was also a liquor monopoly. That, again, debauched the natives.

Then there were the tariffs and taxes. True, the Chartered

Company taxed the gold of their own settlers fifty per cent where Kruger taxed the gold of his foreigners ten per cent; but Kruger did not see to it, against the Convention to which he had agreed, that English goods should be expensive.

Then there were, the Outlanders complained, the unjust awards of the Courts and the general corruption.

And there were the police, the *Zarps*—their name, like those of Russian organisations, made out of initials: the Zuid-Afrikaansche Republiekse Politie. They suffered, cried the Outlanders, at the hands of the brutal *Zarps*.

J. A. Molson, a Boer partisan, denies that the police were such an evil. 'The country Boer drifted into the police force was certainly,' he says, 'ignorant, possibly rude in manner and more than possibly corrupt, but to suggest that out of such matters inferrible grievances could be constituted is a bold defiance of common sense.'

It is not, however, as apparent as he seems to think that the combination of power with ignorance, rudeness and corruption is easily bearable. It is, of all things, the least bearable. The only point is: to what extent did the general population encounter the police? Molson says not at all: these troubles merely skirted the lives of the quiet tradesman, business men or professional men.

'Many of them hated the Boer and believed him corrupt and incompetent; some of them exhibited a certain fervour on the franchise issue, but none of them had undergone any serious personal trouble with police or other officers of state. . . . As for general liberty and even licence of conduct, it existed nowhere if not in Johannesburg. Every luxury of life, every extravagance of behaviour, every form of private vice flourished unchecked; every man and woman did and did what seemed good in his or her eyes. The belief (there was talk of the Outlanders being in the position of helots) "once his golden chains with inlaid compasses. . . . The entire wealth of the country, drawn from the bowels of the earth by Kaffir labour, passed easily into his hands, with the exception of a toll taken by the Govern-

remotest . . . In a land of simple-minded, plain-living farmers he alone had material luxury and the leisure to use it."

And, indeed, if one asks a moderate sort of Uitlander to-day if he suffered much under Kruger, he smiles at the suggestion of his youth passing before his eyes, and he says: "Well, it wasn't so bad. The franchise and all that: what did we really care about the franchise? There'll never be such days again as the old Johannesburg days."

Certainly over thirty-five thousand Uitlanders once presented a petition to the Volksraad praying for relief of their grievances. But then almost anybody will sign almost anything. If one has the necessary education it is easy, and sometimes adventurous, to sign one's name.

V

Nevertheless, that the Uitlanders had just grievances, one may infer from what—as against Hebebrand—Bryce says. Those early republicans, he says, were

"brave, good-natured, hospitable, faithful to one another, generally pure in their domestic life, seldom touched by passion or ambition. But the corruption of their Legislature shows that it is rather the absence of temptation than the any superior strength of moral principle that these men have been able . . . The old Boer virtue was giving way under new temptations. The Volksraad (as is believed all over South Africa) became corrupt, though of course there have always been pure and upright men among its members. The civil service was not above suspicion. Rich men and powerful corporations surrounded those who had occasion to give or the means of influencing legislation, whether directly or indirectly. The very inexperience of the Boer ranchmen who came up as a member of the Volksraad made him an easy prey."

The Uitlanders used to speak scornfully of a Third Road. They used to call the go-betweens, the representatives of the

business, the Third Road. It may be remembered that there was now also beginning to be a certain amount of corruption in the Cape Parliament. . . .

And it was in these circumstances that a number of Uitlanders, observing the rule of people they thought their inclusion, and feeling themselves important and important, both together, persuaded a number of Uitlanders who wanted some excitement, and a further number of Uitlanders who were prepared to do whatever anybody suggested to them, that one ought to form a National Union.

The object of the National Union was 'to obtain, by all constitutional means, equal rights for all citizens of the Republic and the redress of its grievances.'

A Mr. Charles Leonard, a solicitor, was the Chairman.

VI

The National Union had not at first been joined by the most important of the Uitlanders—the mine-owners. These were busy taking the gold out of the mines: they did not intend staying in the Republic after the gold was gone and could exist quite comfortably without the vote; many of their principals lived in Europe and certainly could live without the Transvaal vote; agitation might do their enterprises more harm than good. What the mine-owners, for their part, did was to raise a fund 'to get a better Volksraad,'—'whether,' comments Bryce, 'by influencing members or by supplying funds for election expenses has never been made clear.'

The Volksraad was pained not only with position but also, it would seem, with money. And neither helped. Kruger became President for the third time, a new Volksraad was elected, and it acted no differently from the old Volksraad.

On top of everything, clanking everything, despised mining had come into profitable existence: inexhaustible gold, no speedy departure now from the Rand. It grew worth the while of the mine-owners to consider their griev-

much more seriously: the dynamic monopoly; the heavy railway rates for coal; the tariff on mining machinery and on the food of their labourers; the sale of liquor to the mine natives.

In 1892 Rhodes and Jarnson visited Johannesburg and found that things were as Hammond had told them. It was in these days the Rhodesia Horse came into being, and Rhodes grew more urgent, and the mine-owners, through him, more demonstrative.

Rhodes made dissatisfaction fashionable. He inspired them. To begin with, he was himself a mine-owner. But he was also much more than a mine-owner. He was the deity of *de Beers*, *Charterland*, and the *Cape House*. He had the ear of England. He was Rhodes the Empire-maker, who had merely to decide he must have Matabeleland or Fozzeland or any other piece of Africa, and it was his. Could one resist the feeling that Rhodes' desire and the Lord's avenging judgment were indissolubly mixed?

In Rhodes' heart were other things than the *Uitlanders'* sorrows: Africa; Union; the need for Rhodesia to come into that Union; his whole plan of life that the mere *Uitlanders'* old man was blocking; his knowledge that his life must soon be over; his terrible compulsion, therefore, to hurry.

As for Jarnson—Jarnson was actually the man with the practical experience of how to bring troubles to a head. He was the insinuating surgeon: he could operate, with a few swift cuts, not only on people, but on history. He had discovered that, without any training, he could run wars, counter-wars, and races. He had walked, alone and full of fever, into native territories to take their lands from native kings. He had single-handedly turned away a trek of Boers designing to establish a republic in Matabeleland. Everyone was praising him for the way he had just conquered the Matabele. He has given up his practice and his cruises in Kimberley merely to air, for the rest of his life, with his feet on a stool in Salisbury? He wanted renewed excitement, renewed applause.

He saw Rhodes' breeding up. He loved Rhodes. He wanted anything Rhodes wanted. Jameson, too, inspired the missionaries.

Towards the end of 1894 Rhodes and Jameson were in England receiving the worship of the nation. On January 1st, 1895, Rhodes was gazetted a Privy Counsellor, and this was a preliminary to the official proclamation of Rhodesia as the north of the territories Rhodes had added to the Empire. In the circumstances he could no doubt hear it that he was also, in the month of January (perhaps through the instrumentality of such men as Wilfrid Blunt), blackballed at the Travellers' Club. Later in the same month he met his shareholders and found there some comforting things in Hays Hammond's report, yet warned them more than once not to 'discount possibilities as if they were proved results.' He also told them that he needed no more money from them, and that Rhodesia's relations with Kruger continued to be friendly. At a banquet given to Jameson, with the Prince of Wales in the chair, Jameson prophesied the imminence of a South African economic federation, soon to be followed by a political federation.

Jameson was not the only speaker at banquets. Towards the end of the month Kruger too made a speech at a banquet. As a German club he proposed the health of the Kaiser; suggested that the Transvaal was no longer an infant nation; complained that 'when we asked Her Majesty's Government for bigger clothes they said "Eh, eh? What is this?" and could not see that we were growing up'; and ended with the confident expectation that Germany would help provide the Republic with an adult's wardrobe.

Nor was Jameson's Rhodesia Horse the only new military organisation in South Africa. Kruger was using the Outlanders' own money to complete the fort at Pretoria and to build the new fort at Johannesburg. He had imported big guns from Krupp, and machine. 'We are even told,' said the great Manifesto the leaders of the Outlanders presented

to Kruger three days before Jameson started out to seize them, "that German officers are coming in to drill the burghers."

111

Rhodes declared afterwards it was this Germany-minded speech of Kruger's that finally impelled him to action. And this is quite likely. He had said, not ten years before, of the Cape House: "Do you think that if the *Transvaal* had been united it would be allowed to keep it? Would not Bismarck have some quarrel with the *Transvaal*? . . . There would be some excuse to pick a quarrel—some question of brandy or guns or something—and then Germany would stretch from *Angra Pequena* to *Dallas Bay*?" . . .

On top of everything else, then, Rhodes did fear the incursion of Germany into Africa, and further hindrance of his schemes. Kruger's speech may very well have stimulated his decision that if there were to be a quarrel picked—"some question of brandy or guns or something"—and a stretching across Africa, not Germany, but he, Rhodes, should do that quarrelling and stretching.

Bolt had been anxious to protect Rhodes, and had asked the mine-owners not to embroil him in their *Uitlander* difficulties. It was, nevertheless, left to Rhodes and Bolt to decide "whether it was necessary, from the capitalist point of view, to resort to extreme measures."

Early in 1895 Rhodes returned from England, went up to Johannesburg, and told his mining friends that it was necessary. And urgently necessary. There had been talk enough. The business of a movement was to move. He was prepared to back this movement. He would do for it what he had done for the *Matabele* War: sit in Cape Town and provide the arms, the men and the means. Only not openly—not, as in the other case, with a brazen insistence to England that the thing must be done—and let no one stop him. Rhodes was to say, a few months before the Boer War: "When I

are told the President of the Transvaal is causing trouble, I cannot really think about it, it is too ridiculous. If you were to tell me that the native chief in Seneca was going to cause trouble to Her Majesty's Government, then I would discuss the proposition that the Transvaal was a danger to the British Empire.' And it is true Rhodes was then nearing his end, he was sick and frustrated and reckless and could not, they say, control the enormous anger that he afterwards repented. It is possible that these words are the words of wild passion. Nevertheless, there was one thing that had, from the beginning, infuriated Rhodes against Kruger, and it infuriated him until he died: the fact that he had been hindered, throughout his career, not by the representative of a Great Power, but by the selected leader of a struggling native. He did mean, passion or no, that Kruger wasn't a fit opponent for him.

And yet he might think, feel, say, mean what he [Eld] : these were things he knew: Kruger was not, after all, a Seneca, nor, indeed, a Matshele chief: the Prime Minister of one country could not foment, subsidise, make a revolution against another and nominally friendly government. It was not for him to pick the quarrel about 'beards or guns or something.' He could not, this time, come riding in to join his triumphant column as he had done in Manchesterland: nor stand in Church Square, Pretoria, as he had stood in Lobengula's burnt-down kraal at Bulawayo, saying: 'Dr. Jameson, officers and men of the various columns—I have to thank you for all the excellent work you have done.' Dr. Jameson, in truth, would be there in Church Square (one hoped), and also the officers and men of the various columns, and, come to think of it, he himself. But not at all in the usual capacity. Far from it. He would arrive, Rhodes, not as participant, but as mediator. He would say—surprised—in Kruger's words to the German Club: 'Eh, eh, what is this?' There would not really be bloodshed as with the Matshele—if there was a thing Rhodes hated it was bloodshed. There would

not even be a demonstration shooting-down of results-field as with the Poles. It would be rather a recapitulation of the Shepetov affair. Rhodes would be in Portia's camp to ask if it was the will of the Transval people to enter the Union of South Africa. And Yon I would cry the great voice of the Uitlanders. As for the still, small voice of the Boers, let it whisper No ! if it dared.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE IMPATIENCE OF JAMESON

I

DURING the year 1895 plans went forward. Frankie Rhodes, Johannesburg manager, since Rhodes' recent visit to England, of the Consolidated Goldfields, was now in the plot. Jameson came often to Johannesburg, and it was he, the inflexible, who made the arrangements.

In September, writes Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, Jameson

'visited Johannesburg, and it was then agreed that he should raise a force of fifteen hundred men, fully equipped, a number of machine and some field artillery; that he was, in addition to this, to have with him fifteen hundred spare rifles and a quantity of spare ammunition; and that about five thousand rifles, three machine guns and a million rounds of ammunition were to be smuggled into Johannesburg. It was calculated that in the town itself there would be, perhaps, a thousand rifles, privately owned. Thus, in the event of a junction of forces being effected, Johannesburg would be able to command about nine thousand armed men, with a fair equipment of machine-guns and cannon.'

This junction of forces would naturally not be effected until the appropriate moment. First the Reformers would send an ultimatum to Kruger. This would, of course, be treated with contempt, because all their communications to Kruger were treated with contempt. The Reformers would then rise, take possession of Johannesburg, declare a provisional government, march that same night on Pretoria, seize the fort and its positions, seize the railway and carry off three machines. The fort was undergoing these alterations they complained of, it was completely vulnerable—it could be taken, they reckoned, without the firing of a shot. . . .

But now, it followed, the Boers would gather themselves

together, and trouble would begin. The Boers would here cry out that they were in danger, and Jameson, handsly but ironically doing something with a large force at a convenient spot, would rush in and save them.

Then Rhodes, as Prime Minister of the Cape, would solemnly appear to mediate between the combatants. Then the High Commissioner, as the representative of England, would come to assist him.

Then the Boers would give in; and Rhodes would say, as Jameson to Lobengula, that he was their friend, and he hoped their present, bitter, peace would follow, bliss for the Uitlanders, the Rhodesians, the Chartered shareholders, the Greater Englanders—bliss for everybody: the Union of South Africa.

III

That was the September plan—a very good plan, but for one difficulty. Johannesburg and Pretoria are somewhere about the twenty-sixth parallel. Rhodes' territories adjoin the Transvaal somewhere about that twenty-second parallel he was always talking about in the early days. Was Jameson to be hovering around the Limpopo River when the faint distant wail of Kruger's victims reached him—to travel, by horse and Scotch-cart, across hundreds of miles of open country to their help?

Impossible, of course. Most clearly other arrangements had to be made, very subtle arrangements. These arrangements had been begun, indeed, months ago. They were, unfortunately, not yet completed.

It will be remembered that, after all the trouble with Mafeking and Warren and the Dutch and the Boers, Britain had declared the southern part of Bechuanaland a Crown colony, which was called British Bechuanaland. The Chamber had trading concessions over Northern Bechuanaland, which was called Bechuanaland Protectorate. It had not, however, administrative rights there. And what Rhodes had

been demanding for a long time were these two things: that in the interests of homogeneous management, eventual union and his own various schemes, Britain should hand over British Bechuanaland to the Cape; and that, for the same reasons in inverse order, the Chartered Company should be granted administrative rights over Bechuanaland Protectorate.

Now, just a month ago, the first demand had been granted. Only that was not, at the moment, the crucial demand. It did not help Jameson. The really important thing was to have a legitimate foothold in Bechuanaland Protectorate within easy reach of Pretoria and Johannesburg. And all this year Rhodes had been struggling with the Colonial Office over the question of the Protectorate. Fruitlessly.

The Uitlanders were, at the moment, blowing hot. He and Beit were ready with the money. The difficult High Commissioner Loch had been exchanged, against the Queen's will, for the easier, the older, Hercules Robinson. Jameson was so popular in Rhodesia through the Matabele business, his men asked for nothing better than to assist his further ventures. Rhodesia, for all that, was seeking the Company dry. Despite his assurances earlier in the year, Rhodes had, after all, found it necessary to ask his shareholders to authorize a new issue of five hundred thousand Shares at three pounds ten. These were his predictions, and Jameson's, of a speedy South African federation with Rhodesia in it. It was urgent that the revolution should be brought to a head. Yet, despite all sorts of understandings and promises, first Ripon, and now Chamberlain, sat there in the Colonial Office and made difficulties about giving Rhodes the Protectorate.

In his necessity, in his perplexity, Rhodes thought of a new scheme. Did he really need the whole of the Protectorate? Would not a mere passage to that striking spot they were after be enough?

He was busy in the Cape. Jameson was busy in Rhodesia. Rhodes sent Dr. Richardson Harris, the South African secretary of the Chartered Company, to England to tell

Chamberlain that the Company required a strip of land along the Protectorate border for reasons of railway construction.

Harris was joined in his campaign by several English Chambered representatives.

Rhodes' old friend Shippard was still Commissioner of British Bechuanaland. While Harris was seeing Chamberlain, Shippard and Frankie Rhodes were seeing the Bechuanas about a site for Janssen's camp.

III

All the Company wanted, Harris explained to Chamberlain, was a strip just six miles wide, and, in return, they would make roads for the natives, they would forgo the annual railway subsidy promised them by Ripon, and they would save Britain much expense in connection with her Bechuanaland police by themselves maintaining a police force to guard their railway-construction parties.

It was in August Harris saw Chamberlain, and he then, as he afterwards testified at the Raid Inquiry, 'referred to the report at Johannesburg, and added a guarded allusion to the desirability of a police force being near the border.' . . .

Chamberlain, at the Inquiry, here intervened, saying he did not deny Harris' statement, but neither had he understood his confidence, nor had he allowed him to continue them.

To this Harris countered that he had also explained everything to Chamberlain's confidential assistant, who had soon after died. So, for that matter, compelled by her suspicious questioning, had he explained everything to Miss Fleet Storr, a journalist on *The Times* and the first person to detect a connection between the trouble on the Rand and the six-mile railway strip in the Protectorate.

This lady, afterwards Lady Legard, the wife of the Administrator of British Nigeria, was Rhodes' friend, and the article on Rhodes in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is by her. She saw,

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as Harris' initiation, became the link between the conspirators and the Colonial Office. Various people in England began to hear this or that about the six-mile strip. *The Times* correspondents were given warnings.

It was while Harris was waiting to know about the strip that there occurred something which made Chamberlain rise, which made de Bess and other sharps in Rhodes' companies also rise, which pushed into the background the Uitlanders' grievances, Jameson's preparations, the six-mile strip, the very revolution itself. During the months of September and October there was a prospect of war between England and the Transvaal.

IV

It was not without justice the Uitlanders were always complaining about the heavy railway rates. Kruger was doing whatever he could to shut out British goods.

There were two routes from the coast to Johannesburg: one from the Cape through the Orange Free State, and one from Delagoa Bay. Where each line met the Transvaal border, the Nederlandsche Railway Company, to whom Kruger had given the railway monopoly, continued it. A distance of fifty miles separated Johannesburg from the Free State terminus on the Vaal River border. And now what Kruger had done was, first, to make the rates on the Transvaal section of the Cape line so prohibitive that it could not compete against the Delagoa line, and, later, when in desperation, the Cape merchants sent their goods by waggon from the Free State terminus to Johannesburg, to close the drifts by which the waggons crossed the Vaal River, and so shut them out altogether.

And by doing this Kruger, it was contended, broke that clause of the London Convention according to which he might not discriminate against goods coming from any part of the British dominions.

Chamberlain sent ultimatums to Kruger. Rhodes arranged with Chamberlain that the Cape would share with England the

expense of a war. Troopships on their way to India were told to call at the Cape. It was now shorts run as spectacularly . . . Kruger clanked down.

He clanked down. He opened the drifts. War was asserted. Shares fell. Back again, Rhodes was compelled to the revolution business.

He had one comfort. On October 18th, in the midst of all the war-talk, the Company had been given formal authority over a six-mile railway strip along the Transvaal border. At a place called Pitsani, about a hundred and eighty miles from Johannesburg, Jameson, drifts or no drifts, was mobilising his men. Whether happened, war or revolution, he intended to be ready.

Y

While Jameson was collecting his forces, the Reformers at Johannesburg were as busy. They were holding meetings, delivering speeches, passing resolutions, forming committees, selecting leaders, making decisions, inspiring the newspapers, and passing a truly magnificent declaration of their rights.

It took the form of a manifesto that was to be delivered by Charles Leonard, the Chairman. It was several newspaper columns long, and it began:

'If I am deeply sensible of the honour conferred upon me by being elected Chairman of the National Union, I am profoundly impressed with the responsibilities attached to the position. The issues to be faced in this country are so momentous in character—'

and so on.

It is perhaps not surprising that the contemporaries of Mr. Leonard did not think much of Rhodes as a speaker. With the Manifesto Leonard and a companion now travelled down to Cape Town to see Rhodes. They read it to him. Rhodes leaned against the mantelpiece smoking a cigarette—one might suggest, several cigarettes. He said nothing until they were four lines from the end when he suddenly turned

replied at the words 'Free Trade in South African products.' 'That is what I want,' he said. 'That is all I ask of you.'

Over what had Rhodes been brooding while they read him the long story of their disappointed hopes, their tragic plight, and their just demands?

He added: 'If you people get your rights, the Customs union, railway convention, and other things will come in time.'

They asked him then, the emissaries, how he hoped to recover himself for the money he was spending that they should have those rights. He gravely replied that he had large interests in the country and 'would be amply repaid if living conditions were improved.'

That was all Rhodes wanted.

VI

Yet even the Manifesto was not the most striking piece of literature produced by the Reformers. When, towards the end of November, Jameson came down from Pitsani to make final preparations at Johannesburg, true inspiration fell on the Reformers—from what source is not clear. In one blow the world should hear of their terrible situation and the Chartered directors be made to realise Jameson's mighty compulsion.

What they proposed to do—what they did do—was to write Jameson a Letter of Invitation, a letter begging him to come to their assistance. It was a letter without a date, but the date was to be filled in when the time arrived for Jameson to join them in Johannesburg. It was to be the reason for his joining them. But he was not to use it, he was not to come, the Reformers finally arranged, until they sent for him.

As the rising, they now decided, was to take place either on December 25th, or on January 4th, the letter, written in November, was provisionally dated December 25th. According to the Reformers, it 'was to be used only privately and

in case of necessity.' It has, however, no suggestion at all of a personal appeal. This is the way it goes:

'Dear Sir,—

The position of matters in this state has become so critical that we are assured that at no distant period there will be a conflict between the Government and the Okeana population. It is severely necessary for us to recapitulate what is now a matter of history: suffice it to say that the position of thousands of Englishmen and others is rapidly becoming intolerable.' . . .

This private letter, in short, is twin brother to the great Declaration of Rights. It is in the celebrated Manifesto style. It is even more impassioned, and, naturally, it is appropriate to the occasion.

"The Government," it goes on, "has called into existence all the elements necessary for armed conflict. . . . What will be the condition of things here in the event of a conflict? Thousands of unarmed men, women and children of our race will be in the greatest peril. We cannot contemplate the future without the gravest apprehensions. All feel that we are justified in taking steps to prevent the shedding of blood and to secure the protection of our rights.

"It is under these circumstances that we feel constrained to call upon you to come to our aid should a disturbance arise here. The circumstances are so serious that we cannot but believe that you will not fail to come to the rescue of people who will be so situated." . . .

Several copies were made.

It was with this comforting, promising letter Jamison started to continue his preparations.

The people at Johannesburg looked on with some of comfort and protection. While they had been producing literature, what had Jamison been doing? He had promised them fifteen hundred men. It was not till this November morning they heard that he did not hope to start with more than eight hundred or a thousand. They had expected so many rifles,

cartridges and machines to be struggled in by de Beers, the All Souls's forty thieves, in oil-drum. The closeness with which these resolutions were drifting up to Johannesburg to be hidden there in one of Rhodes' mines, was bitterly disheartening. Jameson had surely told them that as long as there were men and arms enough to take the fort at Pretoria, what more did they need? And what more, it is true, did they need?

They couldn't say. They merely knew they were unhappy. This whirling down seemed to be a bad sign. They did not like it. They did not like Jameson either—not at the moment. He was taking too much on himself. After all, whose revolution was it: theirs or his? Was he assisting the Reformers, or they him? One might think from his manner that the Reformers existed merely to help the Chartered Company.

Nor did they like his brisk habits. For years now they had gone their way, storming their protests and petitions with gambings on the Stock Exchange or race meetings. It was, one might say, that first touch to him: this eager to which they could stir themselves by remembering their grievances. They had learnt the benefit of ill: 'That better is by evil still made better,' and

'Sick of welfare found a kind of medicine
To be disposed are that there was true needin.'

They had spoken of risings and revolutions before Jameson and Rhodes had come in ships to Johannesburg. Where was the hurry? The market was booming. Why this impetuosity? Like a tornado Jameson and Rhodes had blown in and whirled them through the air.

And to what were they now committed? Who could tell its result? What would even a successful revolution do for them? Who could say the decorum of a good Government would make for their greater happiness? Did they, in their hearts, want a good Government? What, in fact, was a good Government? They had licence. Did they need liberty? And the market so active?

In bewildered excitement they found themselves being rushed towards bankruptcy. The *doings* of the month of December were terrific. More committees were formed. More meetings were held. More positions laid. More deputations sent to Kruger. More emissaries sent to Rhodes. An intelligence department was created. A code was arranged. The basis of all affairs was naturally the Intelligence Department. Everywhere strong men, not so silent as they might have been, were rushing by train, horse or bicycle. Along all the wires telegrams in code were burning.

The code fascinated them. If there was one thing they really enjoyed, it was the code. Jameson's Intelligence and Comprehension Department, whose head was a Kimberley friend, Dr. Wolff, became in the code the Rand Producers and Trading Company, and Dr. Wolff was the partner. Jameson himself was, sometimes, the Veterinary Surgeon, in which case his men were horses; or else he was the Contractor, in which case his men were 'boys,' and his business railway construction.

Or, again, the revolution was a polo tournament, and then the revolutionaries were horses or betting men. Most frequently, however, the revolution was a Directors' Meeting or a Shareholders' Meeting or a Session; whereupon the Reformers naturally became our foreign supporters, and the rank and file on either side, shares or subscribers or shareholders, and the High Commissioners, the Chairman. Even the Boers were, most appropriately, the opposition Boer shareholders. The Transvaal Boer opposition shareholders, Rufusden Harris once wired, were holding a meeting on the Limpopo River and at Pitsani—for the benefit, no doubt, of the horses. . . .

There were, however, occasions—and particularly in December, after Rufusden Harris returned from England and put a really imaginative mind to the code, when messages were sent that nobody understood—not even the Boers. He sent, for instance, one urgent telegram about the veterinary

and his banner, signed Godolphin, which only the events it foreshadowed duly interpreted. Who was Godolphin? It wasn't in the code. Did anyone remember that Godolphin was Shippard's second Christian name? Well, it wasn't Shippard sent the telegram. It was Harris. Harris, quite recently labelled, had suddenly become Godolphin. . . .

But there was one really troublesome affair; the question of a flag. Under which flag should the revolution take place? The English demanded the Union Jack—and particularly because of Majuba. The Colonists were against the Union Jack, for they were afraid this might afterwards mean direct British rule. The Americans and Confederates certainly did not want the Union Jack.

In fact, what the Reformers really wanted was—well, what should they want but the good old Transvaal flag? Were they not reformers? Wasn't their object—not change, but reform? Far indeed was it from their minds 'to deprive the Boer of his independence, or the state of its authority.' Far indeed. They craved merely what they had always craved—the things they had, only more of them.

So now Rhodes having thoroughly understood, from their manifestos, why exactly he was making a revolution, more enthusiastic were sent down to Cape Town to consult him about a flag. They returned to Johannesburg with the reassuring news that Rhodes considered the matter of a flag a relatively unimportant one.

But did he? Rhodes had answered Harris, while Harris was in England: 'I, of course, would not risk everything as I am doing except for the British Flag.' On whose behalf was Harris inquiring? It has not been declared. It would be interesting to know. . . . As for Jameson, the Reformers might, said Jameson, be indifferent, but he uncompromisingly demanded the Union Jack.

That meant another journey to Cape Town.

The new envoy—he was the correspondent of *The Times*—found Rhodes at Groote Schuur entertaining, as was now

his custom, a number of guests. Rhodes dragged him away to set his hydrographer. "Quick, what is it?" The enemy said it was that the revolutionaries would just as soon not rise at all as rise under the British flag. "All right," said Rhodes. "If they won't go into it, they won't. I'd wise to Jameson to keep quiet."

And then where should *The Times* correspondent meet on the train back to Johannesburg but Dr. Harris, with the information that Rhodes would not hear of a rising except under the British flag: he had merely said it didn't matter about the flag in order to pacify the objectors.

What were the Reformers to make of such news? Was the revolution on or was it off? There were many who felt that, what with conditions, flags, and Jameson's impatience, their dearest desire was to scrap the whole Chartered co-operation scheme, start over again from the beginning, and manage everything in the good old way they understood. To ward off a dissent just a little longer they told the Charterlanders there was one thing on which they absolutely insisted: the intervention, on their behalf, of the High Commissioner. No High Commissioner, no revolution. He and Rhodes were to leave Cape Town for Johannesburg on the day of the rising. They wanted this assurance.

Rob answered them. "Chairman starts immediately discussion takes place," he wired, ready to promise Robinson would do anything Rhodes asked him.

But the Reformers were still not happy. They sent two more emissaries to Rhodes to tell him so--so explain how wrong they felt everything to be. In the meantime, as it was already Christmas Day, the provisional date of December 28th was definitely abandoned, and the date for the rising and the seizure of the Pretoria Fort now remained January 4th. And, in order to throw the Boers off the scent, a meeting was announced for January 6th.

There was another reason why the revolution could not take place on December 25th. The Christmas-New Year week was Race week. Would not a revolution absolutely ruin Race week?

Frankie Rhodes sent an urgent telegram: 'Tell Dr. Jameson the polo tournament here is postponed for one week as it would clash with race week.' . . . 'Surely,' cried Jameson back, so disappointed that he could no longer trouble himself to be secretive: 'Surely in your estimation do you consider race is of the utmost importance compared to immense risks of discovery daily expected, by which under the circumstances it will be necessary to act prematurely?' . . .

Prematurely! For Heaven's sake, not prematurely!

The latest emissaries had hardly left for Cape Town to see Rhodes when the Reformers decided once for all that they were not going on with the Rhodes-Jameson programme, that the meeting announced for January 5th should take place on January 5th as a final demonstration to Kruger (no blind), and that two messengers should at once post across country by horse and special train to stop Jameson.

The three days before Christmas were spent by Jameson and the Reformers in sending telegrams: He was coming! He must not come! He was coming! Oh, let him not come!

And now from every quarter echoes were reaching Jameson: He must not come! Let him not come!

Sunday arrived, the 25th, the day after the first provisional date of the rising, and it brought Johannesburg two telegrams: a reassuring one from the Cape Town emissaries: 'In view of changed conditions, Jameson has been advised accordingly.' And one from Jameson: 'I shall start without fail to-morrow night.'

Both telegrams had been sent on Saturday. So this Sunday night, if he were not stopped, Jameson would set out.

But, of course, he would be stopped. Any time after the despatch of his telegram he would get the warnings of Rhodes, of Harris, of the Reformers, of the cross-country messengers. And certainly, then, he would not start.

The last few days of December were occupied by the Reformers, not only in telegraphing, but in holding meetings and sending deputations to Kruger. People began to leave Johannesburg. The *Mail* came was published in Johannesburg and in Rhodes' other newspapers. Rhodes now controlled wholly, or in part, all the important newspapers in South Africa. Nothing hindered the public utterances of the Reformers on platform or paper. They libelled President, Executive and Judiciary and were not apprehended. They called on the armies of England to come to their aid: Pretoria suffered it.

Would days so glorious, a Government so divinely appointed, return after the revolution?

If only Jameson would not rescue them!

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE RAID

I

SOMETHING about this time Rhodes must have reckoned, cold and weak, but once more clear in his mind, from his long delirium. The Reformer, the Revolution, the Manifesto, the Letter of Invitation, the Intelligence Department, the Flag, Race work, the oil-drum, the six-calls strip, Charles Leonard, Frankie, Dr. Jamson, Dr. Harris, Dr. Wolff—was it on these—was it, after twenty years among the enchainèd gods, on such as these his schemes, his dreams, his hopes, the very meaning of his life, depended?

Until the 25th he had tried to convince, not only himself, but others that this world of delusion was the solid earth. 'My judgment is it is a certainty,' he had cabled to Harris just before Harris' departure from England—in answer again to whose inquiry? From Flora Shaw he had received heartening news: 'Chamberlain voted in case of interference European Powers, but have special reasons to believe which you must do it immediately.' . . . Though, also, none not as heartening: 'Delay dangerous. Sympathy now complete, but will depend very much upon action before European Powers given time to enter a protest, which, as European situation considered serious, might paralyse Government. General feeling on Stock Market very suspicious.'

Delay dangerous. Still sympathy now complete. Surely one could go on with that reassurance. On December 27th Rhodes wired to Jamson not to be 'alarmed at our having not handed men at Pissani . . . we have a right to have them. . . . If people are so foolish as to think we are threatening the Truce, we can't help that.' Even on the 28th he was still begging Frankie to 'keep the market firm'—to stiffen the wavering Reformers, and promising

Jameson that everything would be all right if he would only wait.

But that was the end. Too many things were happening on the side. The Reformers' deputies were telling him they were not prepared to go on, and, simultaneously, Jameson was telegraphing that he was leaving. On one hand, the Chartered people were expecting a rising on January 4th to save the market. And, on the other hand, Chamberlain, on whose support he had relied, was cabling to the High Commissioner that concerning this "endeavour . . . to force matters to a head by someone in the service of the Company advancing from Bochealand Protectorate with police . . . I incline to Rhodes that, in your opinion, he would not have my support and point out consequences which would follow."

To this Rhodes called Fynn Shaw: "Inform Chamberlain that I shall get through all right if he supports me, but he must not send cables like he sent to the High Commissioner in South Africa. To-day the cross is I shall win and South Africa will belong to England." And, again, presumably after seeing the Reformers' delegates, and hearing once more their difficulties about the Flag, Race week, and the High Commissioner's intervention: "Unless you can make Chamberlain instruct the High Commissioner to proceed at once to Johannesburg, the whole position is lost. High Commissioner would receive splendid reception and still turn position to England's advantage, but must be instructed by cable immediately. The instructions must be specific, as he is weak and will take no responsibility."

But that was the last effort. Then reality struggled through fancy. The Reformers were failing him. Chamberlain was failing him. Only Jameson was still with him, and that, in truth, was the greatest failure of all. It was the solitary clinging of the two passionate adherents when fortune and the jolly company it has brought me together gone—it was the very epitome of failure. To Jameson's message of that day: "Unless I hear definitely to the contrary, shall leave to-morrow."

evening. . . . ' Rhodes answered : ' You must do nothing till all is clear.' ' Shall leave to-night for the Transvaal,' was Jameson's simple intent next day. But Rhodes did not at once get that telegram. And when he replied, saying : ' Things in Johannesburg I yet hope to see amicably settled, and a little patience and common sense are only necessary. On no account whatever must you move. I most strongly object to such a course,' it was too late. Two things had happened to complete Rhodes' ruin : In the Johannesburg office of the Intelligence Department Dr. Wolff had taken a holiday, and, simultaneously, in the Cape Town office of the Intelligence Department, Dr. Harris had also taken a holiday, so no one duly received Jameson's final message. That was the first thing. And the second thing was that Jameson did not get Rhodes' emphatic prohibition, for by the time it was sent, the telegraph wire to Cape Town had been cut. The only wires that had not, in the interests of secrecy, been cut were the wires to Pretoria. For, naturally, before Jameson left there was much drinking to the success of the campaign (the talk is that sapper-loads of whisky and thirty-six cases of champagne had been distributed among the men with leave to get drunk for three days) and the trooper deputised to cut the wires to Pretoria went forth and methodically cut and buried the barbed wires of a farmer's fence.

Accordingly, the only person who knew all about Jameson's movements was President Kruger in Pretoria.

III

Rhodes walked up and down his bedroom that Sunday, coiled in fear—hoping Jameson had got his wire, hoping he would not move, afraid he had moved, and seeing before him the ruin not only of Rhodes, the man, but of Rhodes, the Empire-builder. Schuster, his Attorney-General, came to warn him not to see too much of the Reformers. ' People will be saying you are mixed up in the affair.'

Should he tell him? Had Jameson left or had he not?
'Oh, that's all right,' said Rhodes.

Next morning telegrams came to Schreiner over the restored Mafeking wire, and he went again to Groote Schuur to see Rhodes. Rhodes was not to be found. It is generally said he was wandering about the mountains. But it is also said without positive description, that he was having a heart-attack. In the evening a message came for Schreiner, and a guide went a lantern to conduct him through the dark woods to Groote Schuur.

He found Rhodes in his study—a man he had never seen before, a man utterly different. He had not opened his mouth. Schreiner afterwards told the Cape Commission of Inquiry, he had not spoken when Rhodes said: 'Yes, yes, it is true. Old Jameson has upset my apple-cart. It is all true.'

'I said,' Schreiner went on to tell the Committee, 'I had some telegrams.'

'He said, "Never mind, it is all true. Old Jameson has upset my apple-cart."

'I was staggered. I said, "What do you mean?" . . .

'He said, "Yes, it is true, he has ridden in. Go and write out your resignation. Go; I know you will."

'I asked: "Why did you not say anything to me yesterday when I was here?"

'"I thought I had stopped him. I sent messages to stop him, and did not want to say anything about it if I stopped him."

'"Why do you not still stop him? Although he has ridden in you can still stop him."

'" . . . Poor old Jameson. Twenty years we have been friends, and now he goes in and ruins me. I cannot hinder him. I cannot go in and destroy him."

'He was really broken down,' said Schreiner. 'He was broken down. He was not the man who could be playing that part. He was broken down. . . . He was absolutely broken down in spirit, ruined.' . . .

III

Jameson himself was having his troubles that Monday night, but he little understood even then what was before him.

He had set out on his ride for the simple reason that he could no longer wait. He was wild with impatience. His position was becoming not merely untenable but ridiculous: drilling his troops there at Pitso, with the Boers knowing why, with the uncertain, un-patched men themselves gradually drifting away. He was maddened by the irresolution of the Reformers: their delays, as he wired Rhodes, meant only one thing: fear. He was angry even with Rhodes: 'Rhodes,' he told one of the cross-country messengers, 'has cold feet along with his Johannesburg friends.' So had Chamberlain, it seemed, cold feet. Seventeen telegrams (including, says Wilfrid Blunt, one from Queen Victoria) came to Jameson from various people who had cold feet.

Jameson himself had no fear, he hadn't cold feet. There is one thing no one has ever said against Jameson: that he had fear. As for cold feet, so far was he from having cold feet, he was dancing on coals, he was burning to get away.

Nor did he think he could fail. Three weeks before the Raid he told a friend that 'anyone could take the Transvaal with half a dozen revolvers.' And he was sure, as he afterwards said, that with success would come forgiveness.

He rode forth. He had not the fifteen hundred men originally promised to the Reformers; nor the eight hundred or a thousand men he had spoken of in November; nor yet the seven hundred he knew, on his way, announced by telegram: 'The Contractor has started on the earthworks with seven hundred boys, hopes to reach the trekkers on Wednesday'; nor even the six hundred men concerning whom Rhodes had wired him. In the end a number of men had refused to fight otherwise than under the Queen's orders, and so Jameson, seeing himself soon left with no men at all, had ridden out from Pitso with under five hundred followers.

But how full of righteousness, courage, and good whisky were those five hundred. For days they had toasted someone to one another. Sir John Wilmaghby, Jameson's assistant against the Matabele and in command here, had congratulated them on their smart appearance and hoped they would give a good account of themselves. Jameson had stirringly addressed them and read them a part of the Letter of Invitation: "Thousands of unarmed men, women, and children of our own race will be at the mercy of well-armed Boers. . . . We cannot but believe that you and the men under you will not fail to come to the rescue of people who will be so situated." . . . Great making bears. Thunderous applause. God save the Queen. *Fiswi* in the middle of sunrise, the hot sand, no hills, no trees—Bechuanaland.

They were still cheering when they rode through the streets of Mafeking, followed by their eight maxima, their three machine-guns, their six Scotch-carts and their Cape cart, and so announced the news that next morning was telegraphed to Schriener. They did not cheer again.

IV

There was hardly a thing that failed to go wrong. They had provisions for one day. After that they had to depend on Dr. Waff's commissariat. And the feed for men and horses did duly meet them, it kept on meeting them, it met them every twenty miles or so, but as they were allowed only half an hour's pause each time for resting and eating, they merely, as often as not, threw themselves down in their scorching weariness and tried to get a few minutes' sleep, and made no attempt to eat. The horses too, never of the best, were exhausted. The reindeer were unsuitable, and some were not used. They thought they had cut the wire. How was it they were always hearing about Boers—bands of them, hundreds of them, now ahead, now behind, along their path?

On Monday night, just about the time Rhodes was saying to Schneider, 'Old Jamison has upset my apple-cart. . . . It is all true. Old Jamison has upset my apple-cart,' just about then two Boer messengers were asking Jamison, on behalf of their commandant, why he was breaking the law. On Monday, too, the High Commissioner, advised by Hurlweys, was instructing the Resident Commissioner at Mafeking to tell the riders 'that this violation of a friendly state is repudiated by Her Majesty's Government, and that they are rendering themselves liable to severe penalties.'

On Monday night, again, Kruger was issuing a proclamation calling upon 'every powerful inhabitant of Johannesburg of whatever nationality he may be' to support him, and upon persons, civilised or not, to remain within the pale of the law; he was offering to protect life and property in Johannesburg and still . . . 'to take into consideration all grievances . . . and to submit the same to the people of the land without delay for treatment.'

On Monday Shippard (yes, he was here too) was saying to the Reformers: 'Whatever may be your other aspirations, you have a great duty to that man and his gallant companions, and under the circumstances it is your duty to lay down your arms in men of honour.' By 'that man and his gallant companions' he meant Jamison and the riders.

V

And the Reformers themselves? What were the Reformers doing this busy Monday night?

What should they be doing? They were amassing a committee, of course: the very essence of committees, the absolute quack-ery of committees: the Reform Committee itself—sixty-four strong, and all of them, in due course, to be lodged in jail.

And then, besides, they were also forming sub-committees.

And was Dr. Harris idle on Monday? By no means. Instructed by Rhodes, hardly, at this moment, sure, he was asking to Flora Shaw the Letter of Invitation that it might be published in *The Times*. On his own initiative, however, he was altering the provisional date of December 20th to December 25th—a date which made it impossible for Jameson to have received by post or messenger this letter first, on Sunday, he read to his troops. Another letter, dated December 24th, was found by the Boers and brought forward as evidence against its signatories.

Next day Harris cabled to Flora Shaw: 'You can publish Letter.'

The Letter appeared in *The Times* on New Year's Day of 1896. It had the effect for which Rhodes had hoped. The heart of England burnt out in flames of anger, sympathy, and admiration: anger against the cruel Boers; sympathy for their helpless victims; admiration for their noble return.

This was Wednesday, the day on which the Commander, having started on his Earthworks, was to have reached the Tormbos.

Jameson did not reach his terminus on Wednesday despite his anxiety 'to come to the rescue of my fellow-men in their extremity' (so ran his answer to the High Commissioner's warning proclamation); despite a letter from those unfortunate themselves saying he was a fine fellow and they would send out to meet him and duly drink a glass with him. . . . An extraordinary picture: the victorious rescue. The accompanying ovation. The welcome. The toast. God Save the Queen in Johannesburg. . . . But Jameson was not there that Wednesday because he had other engagements to fulfil. At a village, twenty miles from Johannesburg, appropriately named Krugersdorp, Jameson fought the Boers and was

compelled to retreat. Next day he found himself manœuvred into a trap by a force two or three times as large as his own, and had to hoist the white flag. His hungry and exhausted men stalked their arms and dropped to sleep where they had fought—on the open field in the hot morning sun.

Jamson's surrender asked for safe conduct for his forces. The Boer commandant accepted his surrender on those terms.

The Boer losses were nine killed and wounded. Jamson's fifty-eight.

The prisoners could barely sit their stumbling horses as they were escorted into Krugersdorp by the Boer—farmers in the clothes of farmers. They had not eaten for twenty-four hours. They 'devoured with ravenous hunger' the food their captors gave them. Jamson was hated.

XIII

In Johannesburg the Reformers had seen the Old Year out by closing the saloons, shutting the bars, distributing three thousand rifles among twenty thousand volunteers, placing women and children in safety, and collecting money to support a campaign. They were hurriedly rising. The matter of the flag had not yet been settled, but they had been suddenly inspired to rise under the Transvaal Flag—flowed upside down to express their ideal of reform.

They heard with derision Kruger's offer to rush them on food, but agreed to a twenty-four-hours' armistice for further negotiation. Had they even wanted to, they were thus prevented from going, at the crucial time, to Jamson's assistance, and Frankie Rhodes was against the armistice. 'My view,' he wrote in a postscript to the letter that comforted Jamson with the assurance that he was a fine fellow, 'my view is that they are in a funk at Pretoria.' Yet—so much for Frankie's view—on that very day the German Consul-General at Pretoria, presenting the Kaiser's compliments, had asked if he might bring up some German marines from Delagoa Bay to

defend his Consulate, and Kruger, laughing, had offered him the protection of fifty of his burghers.

And why was Kruger laughing? How could he be so levith with his burghers? Was he not concerned about his unprotected Fort, his arsenal? 'Nothing in the world,' writes Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, 'could have saved it (the Fort)—except what did.' While the Reformers were delaying their revolution on account of Race week, Boers from all over the country had congregated in Pretoria to celebrate *Nachtmaal*. Kruger had all the defenses he could possibly need. The moral is beautiful.

The Letter of Invitation was in *The Times*, winging the heart of England, Jameson was on his way to defeat at Krugersdorp, when a Reform Deputation opened the New Year in Pretoria by (quite seriously this time) putting the Uitlanders' grievances before a Government Commission that had offered the Reformers an olive branch. And for whom, asked the Commissioners, did the Deputation speak? What was its authority? It spoke, said the Deputation proudly, for every member of the Reform Committee: here were the names. The Commissioners expressed their thanks. It was the evidence they needed, the only evidence they were ever to have, concerning the exact composition of the Reform Committee. And it was while the Deputation was thus engaged in giving itself away that news came of the High Commissioner's proclamation which Jameson had turned aside saying he must rescue his fellow-men, the proclamation which had called on him, under pain of penalty to retire, and on all British subjects in the South African Republic to disavowance his violation of the territory of a friendly state.

The Reformers humbly guaranteed 'with their persons, if necessary,' that, provided the Government allowed Jameson to come in unharmed, 'he would leave again peacefully with as little delay as possible.' Jameson was, just then, engaged in restoring them.

Dr. Harris was still cabling cheerful information to England,

operations on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange were in full swing, when next morning the news came of Jameson's surrender. But the first man to receive the news held it back a little for the necessary purpose of first disposing of some shares.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE FALL OF RHODES

WHAT had happened—was happening—was going to happen? No one knew. There were men on the very Reform Committee itself who did not know, never had known, and to this day do not. 'And what took place then? No, I really can't say. I don't suppose I was at that meeting.' . . . 'The flag? Was there trouble about a flag? I don't remember.' . . . 'Why did I join? Well, I was young. I wanted the fun.' The present-day recollections of many Ulstermen quite bear out the discovery Arnold Bennett made when he wrote *The Old Wives' Tale*. People remember the little personal incidents, not the great historical facts.

Now suddenly the air was charged with repudiations. The rank and file of the Ulstermen repudiated the Reformers, crying: The gallant Jameson, their comrade, why had not the Reformers gone to rescue their rescue? The Reformers repudiated Jameson: 'The position taken up and maintained by them to the end was that they were not responsible for Dr. Jameson's incursion, and were simply prepared to defend the town against attack.' Jameson repudiated the Reformers: he impugned their courage. The Reformers repudiated one another: Where was their leader, Charles Leonard? Why had Charles Leonard not come back after his last mission to Rhodes? He never did come back.

The High Commissioner, he, who, at Rhodes' orders, was to have intervened after the revolution, repudiated Jameson and the Reformers, both together. The man who urged him to that repudiation was Hofmeyr, and Hofmeyr wired to Kruger repudiating 'Jameson's *filibusters*.'

'Filibustering,' too, was the word Chamberlain used in warning the Chartered Company of England's repudiation of

their charter, should it be found they had assisted Janssen. The Little Englanders repudiated not merely the Chartered Company, but the Rhodesians themselves.

'If ever men died with their blood on their hands,' wrote Labouchere, 'they are the men who fell in this Raid, and if ever prisoners of war deserved smart money, Janssen and his comrades are those prisoners. They may thank their stars that they have fallen into the hands of men who are not likely to treat them as they themselves treated the Matabele wounded and prisoners.'

And then the Kaiser kept forward and, in congratulating Kruger on his stand against the 'armed bands' and on 'maintaining his independence,' repudiated England. Whereupon everybody, from *The Times* in London to Hofmeyer in Cape Town, turned round and repudiated the Kaiser.

And once more the benches of England were moved towards Janssen, and Alfred Austin, the new Poet Laureate, expressed his mood:

'I suppose we were wrong, were madmen,
Still I think at the Judgment Day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There'll be something more to say.
We were wrong, but we aren't half sorry,
And, as one of the buffed band,
I would rather have had that fog,
Than the crashings of all the Band.'

He meant he would rather have had the expenses here recorded than three thousand million gold pounds.

And Rhodes, reading the Kaiser's telegram, said to himself, and he said it, in effect, at the Raid Inquiry, and he said it, laughing, in due time, to the Kaiser himself: 'This justifies me!'

But it never justified him with those who had always opposed him in England. It never justified him with those he had

striven, for fifteen years, to make his brother: the Boer of South Africa. It did not justify him with the friends and followers he had deceived. The people in South Africa whose affection and support he most craved repudiated Rhodes. Men who had not repudiated him after the Marabell War, not in the days when he was corrupting their Parliament, repudiated him now. 'My Rhodes is unworthy of the name of the country,' said Merriman. Men who had always repudiated him, repudiated him the more. 'Put money in thy purse, and then call it expansion of empire and the progress of civilization,' said Harcourt.

The Bond members who had stood by him even against their own blood repudiated him.

Hofmeyr repudiated him. 'If Rhodes is behind it, then he is no more a friend of mine.'

II

They met the day after Rhodes' resignation to Schweizer, and his instruction to him: 'Go and write out your resignation. Go.' He had himself, the very next morning, tendered his resignation.

But that was not enough, Hofmeyr now told him. He must dismiss Jamieson from his Administration, set the law against him, and altogether repudiate him.

It was the only repudiation that did not occur. 'Jamieson has been such an old friend. I cannot do it.'

'I quite understand,' said Hofmeyr. 'You need say no more.'

Rhodes could not do it. He was not in a position to do it.

A few days later a cousin of Hofmeyr, whose intervention Rhodes had sought, wrote to Hofmeyr to 'take pity. He does not defend himself. He admits he was wrong.' Whereupon Hofmeyr drove out to Groote Schuur.

Rhodes' secretary has described how Rhodes spent the days immediately after the Raid—a disintegrated man, unable to

collect himself or confront the life about him. He could not rest. He could do nothing but walk with his thoughts—staring vaguely at people who addressed him, looking unseeingly at the telegrams that came, one on another—walking continually.

He did not undress for forty-eight hours. He barely slept for five nights. At all hours of the night, thus he was still walking. They heard him walking up and down his locked bedroom. But sometimes he broke into an endless monologue. A guest reports that one midnight Rhodes came into his room and for four hours did not cease speaking of *Justice*. . . .

It was just after this period Hofmeyr went to see Rhodes, and found him—as one might imagine.

'What am I to do? Live it down? How can I? Am I to get rid of myself?'

He must have wanted to be told that he was not so bad, that all great men stumbled, that Hofmeyr, for one, still believed in him, that he was not to suffer so deeply: it would all blow over—such things as those.

But Hofmeyr, far from comforting, somberly considered how, indeed, Rhodes could live down the Raid. He thought he might perhaps work out some sort of salvation by resigning from Parliament and exiling himself in Rhodesia for a term of years. After this probation he would have a chance to win back the Bond favour that he had now forfeited. Hofmeyr was to make this advice public in years to come. It was a sort of getting-rid-of-himself he recommended to Rhodes.

Even a smaller man, a man less maddened and sick, might have rejected, at such a moment, such advice. Rhodes had met Hofmeyr in hostility. He seems to have sent him away with the impression that he had presumed to demand to 'a young king, the equal of the Almighty.' The words are Hofmeyr's.

They did not reject again. Hofmeyr said he felt 'as a man

feels who suddenly finds that his wife has been deceiving him." And Rhodes, after hearing this too many times from too many people, interrupted one informant decisively : " Oh, yes, I know—about the wife and so on."

Schweizer, indeed, wrote to him : " Whatever you suffer and whatever you seem to have lost or be losing, don't let them induce you to do anything small. You must go on living your life on big lines." But he refused, henceforth, to differentiate between all these non-virtuous people. In later years he went about telling election audiences how Schweizer and Merriman and Sauer were being " used " by Hofmeyr : they were no more than his servants. They had to do as he told them. So had all that party : they had to vote, not according to their feelings, but according to Hofmeyr's orders. . . . And would his audience like to know the name Merriman himself had found for Hofmeyr ? The Mole—that was what Merriman called him. " There is a little heap of ground thrown up which tells you he is somewhere near, but you never see him." And thus, said Rhodes, from underground, in back passages, Hofmeyr worked.

Rhodes went from platform to platform in the year 1898, deriding his old colleagues, " the men with whom he had once," as he said, " been friends together." These had ceased to be, after the Raid, his friends and colleagues, nor was Hofmeyr's little heap of ground ever again thrown up in his direction. He was also never again to address his audience as Prime Minister, or as an Independent who had the Bond and Hofmeyr behind him. " Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour : so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour." Rhodes was rank in the nostrils of the men who had once worshipped him, they turned from him with composed noses. In his need he found himself a new set of colleagues, he joined a new party called the Progressive Party, and the Bond was the party against which he worked. He was the god now of those he had once scorned : the Jagers. And he found himself other

friends. They say that a self-respecting man could not, in the days after the Raid, find any at Groote Schuur—the place was so full of panders to his worst spirit, and Rhodes so consequently, even while he threw at them what they were asking, emptied over them too the gall that filled and refilled him.

III

It seems as if Hofmeyr's advice to Rhodes to 'Get thee to a nunnery, go. . . . To a nunnery go, and quickly too,' was the thing Rhodes needed to kick him into life again. He did, indeed, now set out for Rhodesia, but by no means in the spirit of repentance suggested by Hofmeyr. On the contrary. He was full of bravado. The *New York World* called to ask if he had declared South Africa independent, and what were his views? And he gave them a version of the situation which extremely annoyed Hofmeyr, and also told the *World* that the *Uitlander* population was 'largely composed of Americans.' And when, on his way north, he stopped at Kimberley and found that here he was still adored, he made what has been called his great 'fighting speech,' in which he rejected his friends' advice to retire and said his political life was only just begun. He did not, however, go on to Rhodesia, for while he was in Kimberley, he received a cable from the Board of the Chartered Company calling him to London, and a week after seeing Hofmeyr for the last time he was on his way overseas. . . .

In September, 1894, during the talk of war over the Drifts crisis, Chartereda had stood at nine pounds. By December 28th, the first provisional date of the rising, they were down to £5½. On the same day notice was given that the five hundred thousand new shares at £1½, authorized the previous July, would be issued on January 8th, 1895, and it was urgently hoped that the rising promised for January 4th would actually take place then, and a victorious result once more send up Chartereda shares.

But since, so far from a rising taking place on January 4th, Elton was writing in his *Diaries*: "Those blackguards of the Chartered Company in South Africa, under Dr. Jameson, have made a filibustering raid on the Transvaal and have been annihilated by the Boers, Jameson a prisoner. I hope devoutly he may be hanged!"—since such was the news, Chamberlain, on January 4th stood at £34. And Rhodes had not left for England in the middle of January when they were selling at £34, so that the people who had hoped last year to make a fortune by taking up the five hundred thousand Chartereds at £34 were in the position of losing now on the deal.

It was not a Rhodes with flags flying who this time went to meet his fellow-directors. Whatever he might say to the workmen of de Beers, proud words would not enter his shareholders' ears. And the very Charter itself was being threatened by Holmeys and Chamberlain. Holmeys had vehemently demanded of Chamberlain "a radical change in the government of the territories under the rule of the B.S.A. Company, now that such rule has proved to be a source of danger to the public peace of South Africa," he had asked for inquiry into "the conception and development of the conspiracy." And Chamberlain had readily agreed to do anything—everything—"to prevent further embitterment of relations between British and Dutch"; his tone was very different from that stident voice in which he had addressed Kruger during the Drifts crisis; over the Atlantic, like mournful doves, flew his messages cooling cordiality. When Rhodes saw him now in England he reassured him about Rhodesia: that would not be taken out of his charge. But as to an inquiry—an inquiry could not be avoided.

And so the Chartered directors too requested Her Majesty's Government "to institute a full inquiry into the circumstances attending the invasion of Dr. Jameson." Such a request looked well, and since the situation was not in their hands, it could do no harm.

In the meantime, the issue of the five hundred thousand

new Charterade brought them in the money to pay for their various liabilities, and they were also left with some cash in hand.

IV

Jamson had soon followed Rhodes to England. From Krugersdorp, after his capture, he had been sent, with his staff-officers, to the Pretoria gaol. Despite the conditions of their surrender, they were to be shot, the rumour went. Hofmeyr wired to Kruger and the Chief Justice of the Transvaal for authorisation to contradict these rumours, so 'harmful to the Transvaal cause.' 'Rhodes retires as Premier and Chartered Company will be punished by England,' he wired. 'For God's sake,' he wired to a violent Free State, '... drop all talk of shooting.' Kruger says the burghers wanted to shoot down the rebels and he prevented them.

It was by Hofmeyr's arrangement with Kruger that the High Commissioner now journeyed to Pretoria to intervene—in circumstances, alas, how different from the Reformers' expectations of only a week ago. The result of the High Commissioner's mediation was that the Reformers surrendered on condition that Jamson and his men were turned over to the Imperial Government for punishment.

An amnesty was proclaimed for all but the ringleaders of the rebellion. The Reform Committee were put in gaol. Jamson and his officers were sent out of the country. The relieved Chamberlain, having called to thank Kruger for his magnanimity, now began to instruct the High Commissioner to use firm language about the President's 'neglect to meet the admitted grievances of the Uitlanders.'

The Reformers were duly committed for trial and pleaded guilty. The result of the trial was that four out of the five signatories of the Letter of Invitation (Charles Leonard having left the country, never to return) were sentenced to death, but their sentences were the same afternoon commuted to sentences of fifteen years' imprisonment. The other members

of the Committee were sentenced to two years' imprisonment, a fine of two thousand pounds each, failing which another year's imprisonment, and three years' banishment from the state.

There followed appeals for clemency by the sentenced and their friends—among others Barnato, who threatened to withdraw from the Transvaal, not only himself, but his expenditure of two hundred thousand pounds. Some rather unorthodox bargaining took place between Government and prisoners. All the prisoners, except one who had died, and one who became ill, and two who had refused to petition, were released on payment of fines and a promise not to "meddle" for a term of years in politics. The four leaders (Franklin Rhodes and Hays Hammond among them) were fined twenty-five thousand pounds each and Rhodes paid their fines; but Franklin Rhodes would not undertake to give up meddling in politics (having now reason to believe himself a gifted statesman) and so he was banished. The others merely paid their original fines. The man who was ill duly pleaded not guilty, and was let off. The two who would not sign the petition were released, on Hofmeyr's advice, as a present to the Queen on her Diamond Jubilee.

Two months later Jackson and his principal officers were committed for trial at Bow Street, London. They were then tried before a three-judge Court presided over by Lord Russell of Killowen, who passed a wavering jury down to a verdict of guilty. They were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment without hard labour, ranging from fifteen months to five months. They were sent, first, as ordinary convicts, to Wormwood Scrubs, but soon after, as first-class misdemeanants, to Holloway.

Jackson had ceased to be Administrator of Rhodesia in February. He lived to become Prime Minister of the Cape; a member of the National Convention that framed the Constitution of the Union of South Africa; Leader of the Opposition in the Union Parliament; a baronet and a Privy Coun-

ciller. He lost not a friend through the Raid. And why the Boers, having triumphed all the way against him, did not laugh at the Raid must be sought for in reasons that concerned not only the Raid itself.

Earl Grey succeeded him in Rhodesia.

CHAPTER XXX

THE MATABELE RISING AND HIS REDEMPTION

I

'**B**URNOUT, the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattle which is in the field . . . there shall be a very grievous mourning.' However Jehovah might trouble his chosen, he remained with them: Rhodes was not long to languish in shame. In the grand old way, there fell, for a sign, a wonder, and his redemption, a plague on Africa. It was such a plague, such a foul, infernal, deathly cattle-pox, as the Egyptians had known in the time of Moses. All Asia had known it since. Europe had known it. They had known it again, a generation ago, in Egypt. It was in Abyssinia in the year Rhodes' pioneers went to Mashonaland. Now, even while he was on his way back to Rhodesia (still his Rhodesia) after one week's sojourn in England, it appeared in Mashonaland. Within the year, of the hundred thousand cattle in Mashonaland, five hundred were left. . . .

The year 1896 is remembered in South Africa as the year of the rinderpest. The rinderpest was treated as wild fire: are treated when the grass is burnt down and a caution of destruction made to save the fire from reaching the grass. Infected cattle were segregated; and not merely infected cattle, but infected herds. Whole herds among which the rinderpest had been discovered, and even herds among which it was merely feared, were taken away, and sometimes all were killed, and, if they were not, the sick sickened the healthy, and they died just the same, except for a meagre few who recovered and were then considered to be 'milked': they were safe, that is to say, against further infection. Nature had immunised them as, in that very year, man attempted to do: by following Nature, and giving them mildly the disease itself.

But man had not learnt to do this before the land was desolated. The cindepest which came to South Africa in 1895 is one of the godparents of the poor white. It marks the final calamity of the Kaffir. Thousands of people, black and white, had nothing left of their beards but the skins. In March the High Commissioner gave permission for the segregating and slaughtering of herds affected with cindepest, and such few cattle as the Matabele had left to them after the war of 1893 were so segregated and slaughtered.

II

When Bryce visited Bulawayo in 1897, not two years after its occupation by Rhodes' settlers, he found that 'everybody was cheerful because everybody' (and with good reason, he thought) 'was hopeful.' Bulawayo, standing, not exactly as Rhodes had romantically planned it, on the site of Lobengula's old laud, for the gold reef was supposed to be under that, but two miles away—Bulawayo was prospering. Streets had been made wide enough (so Rhodes had decreed) for the turning around of an ox-wagon with its team of oxen. Quick-growing trees, by Rhodes' command, had been planted: they were already twelve or fifteen feet high. He had called for 'Hanza, more hanza,' in the country of his name, and brick houses were appearing among the corrugated iron. A cricket ground and a racetrack had been laid out. There was talk of an opera house. Building sites had gone up in prices 'which nothing,' as Bryce says, 'but a career of swift and brilliant prosperity could justify.' For the Rhodesians were remembering the fortunes made out of property during the Kimberly boom. They had their eyes on Johannesburg. They dreamt of a New Road going past Bulawayo, through the very heart of what had once been Lobengula's laud.

And certainly gold was being found: not so much perhaps as in the days four hundred years ago when Vasco da Gama reported it to be the principal traffic in Mozambique, still,

enough to keep them hopeful. The diggers were coming in daily with samples of ore. The farmers were coming in. The bars and shops were busy. The white man was a superman in this land of black men, a bearer of romance and a pilgrim of civilisation. He was not merely an adventurer, a rough secker after gold like the diggers of Klondyke and Ballarat. He had something of Rhodes' own spirit. He was a builder of empires, and conscious of it. He had actually a sort of breadth, an air, a quality.

He did not think of the natives except as a tool. It was only two years since the Matabele had been despoiled of their land and cattle, and it never entered the mind of any Rhodesian that they might be other than satisfied with their lot. He had no fear of their resentment. And, certainly, if he had no fear of the proud and warlike Matabele, he had no fear of the meek Mashona. No one remembered that if there is a thing which outrages a native it is—not punishment or the natural results of defeat—but what he considers an injustice. The talk was that the Matabele themselves were happy to be free from the tyranny of Lobengula, the tradition was comfortably accepted, without any regard to circumstances, that a native tribe once conquered remained conquered.

It did not matter that there was conscription—often brutal—of able-bodied male labour at ten shillings a month; that the Company took the natives' cattle—still as war-payment—whenever they chose; and that, in the very year the white man settled in Mashonaland, locusts appeared for the first time, and now came regularly to eat up the young mesquit, for which also the white man (the Matabele naturally believed) must be responsible.

Settlers lived on lonely farms or ranches and were not afraid. So unafraid were they that Jameson hardly thought twice of taking all but forty-eight of the Company's white police away with him to raid the Transvaal (the force had been increased again after the Matabele War).

But it was Jameson's departure with his policemen; his

raid and the rising in Johannesburg ; his ignominious defeat ; the looting ; the conscription of men and cattle ; the harsh administration ; the memory of old days—it was finally the tinderpoint ; the consequent removing and killing of the few hearts left there ; their famine—that saddened the natives to action. They could not understand—no one explained to them—this taking away, this wanton slaughter, except as another example of the white man's devilishness. Their prophet who lived in a cave, their *Milimo*, told them to rise against the white people, and on March sixth, the day Rhodes landed at Bulwa, they rose. The Mashona (so much for Gey's pronouncement to the Chartered shareholders of their new-found happiness) joined their old enemies in attacking their savages. On March sixth the first white settler was killed. The savages spread themselves over the country bushwhacking in lonely places—unconsciously mutilating—white men and women and children. They did to death one hundred people.

III

Rhodes had come, as usual, with gifts for his Rhodesia. Past his private perturbations, he had thought to go by Egypt and there arrange, among other things, that Egyptian donkeys should be sent in substitution for the horses that another of Africa's plagues, the tsetse fly, had wiped out in Rhodesia. Whatever he had lost, at least Rhodesia was left him : "My North" (he actually spoke these words) "My North. They can't take that away. They can't change the name. Did you ever hear of a country's name being changed?"

And now Rhodesia—sinking already on account of the Raid and the loss of confidence in the Company, was in further trouble, the worst trouble yet : blood trouble.

With malaria wild on him Rhodes joined a column marching to the rescue of his settlers. He little saw in this blood trouble the Lord's assistance.

There is a letter that, just about this time, he wrote to

Harcourt. With it he enclosed a cable he had received concerning Harcourt's indictment of the soldiers in the House of Commons.

'The most brilliant women in society,' writes A. G. Gardiner in his *Life of Harcourt*, 'stood as guests to take their place in the ladies' gallery, and crowds of Stock Exchange men stood hunched below waiting for a chance to get into the crowded galleries. Two great issues were at stake, the honour of the nation and the price of Chamberlain, and there could be little doubt which issue was of most moment to the brilliant throng inside and outside the House.'

Here is Rhodes' letter, and it reads strangely like the final letters of young men who have gone wrong and found the world too much for them. Such letters are written before suicide or battle. The writers say they have not been bad, but merely unfortunate or misunderstood. They ask for forgiveness and give it. If they have ruled their own lives, they offer advice to everybody else. If they have been bad, they tell other people to be good. They feel in these moments, with the painful blood burning their hearts and heads, good themselves—Christlike, and as if they now understand everything. . . .

Gwelo, Matabeleland, May 17th, 1896.

The enclosed explains my letter. It has come just as we start to try and make a junction with Bulawayo. We are two hundred and fifty men and the Bulawayo column is three hundred. There are about six thousand natives between us and Bulawayo, and we may make a mess of it.

I would be sorry to think that you thought I was 'capable but not honest.' I have tried to write South Africa, and no selfish motive has influenced me.

You might say why do I write, certainly not to mitigate your offence, but in case we come to grief I wish you to know that I feel that, whatever you have said, you have said from a sense of public duty, and that I hope you will under-

stand in the future that I understand the reasons of your career, though bitter, and I am still pleased to think that you had an affection for me. But remove from your mind the idea of a scolded native.

This letter is only written because I do not know what will happen during the week.

C. J. Rhodes.

May 14th. We start in an hour. I am minded to tear this up, but the outlook is gloomy, and I would not like you to misunderstand me. If I get through, well, tear this up; if I do not, I think when you are sitting in that smoking-room at Rathchild's, you will be pleased to think that I understood your reasons, but I could not go out from here to an uncertainty without saying, blame me as much as you like, but do not do the cruel thing of attributing any conduct to scolded motives. Good-bye.

27

Had Harcourt received this letter by June 21st? If so, he was not moved by Rhodes' admitted comprehension of his patriotic motives. For on that date he wrote to Chamberlain: 'As long as Rhodes remains as Managing Director there can be no peace in South Africa. He is in his own person the red flag—perhaps I should say the black flag.'

Nor, although Rhodes got through well enough, did Harcourt obey Rhodes' request to tear up his letter, so much more revealing than Rhodes himself appreciated, the most revealing letter—in its consciousness, its youthfulness—of all Rhodes' letters. The deliberate openness of his Open Letter to Stead does not so clearly exhibit him—just as the conscious autobiographies of writers show their innermost hearts less than the works in which they do not know that they are giving themselves away. . . .

Fighting took place and Rhodes was in it. Despite the Cape tradition that denies Rhodes physical courage, his

Rhodesians found him to be in these encounters cool (so they say) to the point of recklessness.

One may be romantic, yet truly express a state of mind. People who speak in terms of melodrama have quite often the sensations they so turgidly describe. It is necessary to look for truth beyond even taste. Rhodes felt innocent, noble and self-sacrificing; he appreciated his romantic situation; he was determined to justify himself; and he was more courageous because the drama of his life demanded heroism and, for all he knew, death. Deep in his heart he may not have believed the words he wrote to Harcourt: 'We may make a mess of it. . . . In case we come to grief. . . . The outlook is gloomy. . . . I do not know what will happen during the week. . . . If I get through. . . . If I do not—but he thought he believed them, and it was as a martyr-hero he went against the Matabele.

V

The curving, slaughtering Matabele hid among the hills of the Matoppes, and from these desolate fastnesses, from secret caves, came out to fight and kill. By July the terrified Rhodesians had prevailed against them not at all, and Imperial troops were helping them. Within a fortnight the new force had lost twenty per cent. of its thousand men, and there was talk of sending for five thousand more.

It meant ruin for the Company. They had only just, through their issue of the half-million new shares at three pounds ten, paid off, among other things, their liabilities on the Matabele War of 1893, already what had been left over was gone, and here they were faced with a fresh campaign that was costing the Company four thousand pounds a day, and that night, in the end (so they feared), cost them anything up to five millions. It was not merely that they had the ordinary expenses of a campaign: Providence, as Rhodes said, had sent them the rinderpest, and the outcome of this,

he said, would be the perfect replacement of the ox-cart by the railway. In the meantime, the nearest railway was six hundred miles away. Supplies had to be brought by mule-wagon. Not only was food scarce, but because the oxen were dead, the rate for bringing food by mule-wagon was terrific. What was to be done? 'Your list of killed and wounded,' Rhodes told the people of Bulawayo, 'is seven in the extreme. . . . Now we shall have to hunt the Matibele in the bush and in the stones and in the kopjes, in a country nearly half the size of Europe.' . . . 'I am here,' he told them later, 'and you have done me the favour of giving this country my name. My return for that will be to make this country as great as I can.' . . .

He felt, to the point of passion, the responsibility he owed his settlers whom he had brought into this wilderness merely, it seemed, to be ruined and killed. There was his honour, his pride, so tragically reduced by the Raid, to make whole again. But five million pounds? Where was he to find five million pounds? His shareholders had lost on the January issue of new shares. He had borrowed one million one hundred and fifty thousand at five per cent. He would be compelled to issue new shares. Where was it all to end? How long would his shareholders, already shaken in their faith by the Raid, suffer this watering down of their possessions? They were even now complaining of the way these shares were being issued; as many set aside for secret underwriters who were selling behind their backs. Was ever a man in so suicidal a position?

Suicidal? We have seen Rhodes' romantic mood. It was the enlightening word. Let it be suicide or let it be redemption. Out of Rhodes' predicament was born a plan.

He would do with the Matibele what he had done with Groot Adriaan de la Rey: 'Blood must flow.' . . . 'Give me my breakfast, and then we can talk about blood.'

VI

This was what Rhodes proposed to do : He proposed to go alone, and unarmed, among the Matsibele, where they lay in the Matopos, and talk to them. He had always held that dealing was better than fighting. It was here not only better—it was the only course possible. However impractical it might seem, nothing was more practical, nothing else was practical at all. Soldiers could merely lose themselves in this wilderness of uncertainty. Machine-guns would not find the limit of its curves and fastnesses. Starvation might move the Matsibele from their Matopos, but Kaffirs can starve a long time before dying. The natives would yield to final despair, and the Chartered Company go bankrupt before these arrived an end to this trouble.

He sent a young and devoted native, a Tembu who had fought against the Matsibele and knew their ways, to find out what chance there was of dealing with the Matsibele. It was Rhodes' hope that the starving men might want to deal, that they were fighting because they had no idea what else to do, because they were afraid even to surrender.

The Tembu, with field-glasses, a blanket, and a few days' food, set out. Two friends accompanied him. They walked among the hills by night.

VII

Rhodes remained waiting for them at the camp.

They returned on the sixth day with good news. Not all the chiefs were there, but such as were would meet Rhodes if he went to them with no more than three companions, and unarmed.

This was what had happened to the Tembu and his friends : Lying hidden, they had heard two Matsibele women, on their way to fetch water, talking of their hunger and the troubles of the Matsibele. The men had come out of their hiding-place, and offered the women food, and told them of their

mission, and asked them to report it to their chiefs. The Tembo had given the women a piece of his shirt for a flag, and, if they had a favourable answer from the chiefs, they were to raise this flag at a place agreed upon, and then the Tembo and his companions would go to meet the chiefs there. They would stay four days for an answer. No fighting would take place during those four days. If, at the end of this time, the flag did not appear, they would return to Rhodes and fighting would begin again.

They saw the flag on the fourth day, but no human being came forward, no chief to parley. Next morning, however, an old woman, a most ancient cross, one of Moselekatse's wives and Lobengula's stepmother, appeared through the bush. She was here to answer for the coming of the chiefs. They would come, she said, at noon.

This is the old woman with the beamed-together face and the rheumy slits of eyes and the arms like sapless branches and the hands like dead veils and the empty sacks of breasts, whose portrait hangs in Rhodes' bedroom—the only portrait of a woman in Rhodes' house to-day, the only one he ever did have except a painting by Reynolds he had covered as a youth and brought out of his wealth.

The chiefs came and told the Tembo they would meet Rhodes. . . .

There were men who thought that Rhodes should not go. They remembered what Dingaan had done to the Voortrekkers—the luring and the killing.

Rhodes said he had no such fears. He could not tell what their Mlimo might induce them to do, but he was prepared to trust the Matabele.

With the three white men permitted him, he set out on horseback for the meeting-place. One of Rhodes' companions was that Colerhaender who had gone with Lobengula's indunas to England to protest against the Charter, and afterwards remained at Lobengula's knee as the Company's agent. He had since fallen out with the Company, but Rhodes he

could not resist, and he was the interpreter. Another of Rhodes' companions was Vera Brent, a journalist, who recorded the proceedings. The Tembu, on foot, guided them.

They entered the hills, and passed through a cutting whose path lay between high crusted rocks on one side, and, on the other, a wooded valley. Among the rocks they saw watching natives.

Their path led to a small open space surrounded by kopjes, and empty but for a few tree-stumps and an ant-heap. There they stopped, undecided whether to remain on horseback or dismount. 'Dismount,' said Rhodes. 'Dismount, of course. It will give them confidence. They are nervous too. How do they know we have not an ambush ready for them behind the hill?'

They dismounted, and sat down on the ant-heap to wait. Then a white flag appeared among the bush. Black men appeared. Men and flag came towards Rhodes. He turned with acclation towards his companions. 'This is one of the moments in life that make it worth living.'

There were twenty Matabele, chiefs and their attendants, and they planted the flag in the soft ground, and sat around Rhodes in a semicircle.

'Mabiz 'mbikope,' said Colenbrander for Rhodes—'The eyes are white': not flushed, that is to say, with passion, not, in the phrase gone, seeing red.

'Mabiz 'mbikope, Nkosi, Nyumawane '—'Chief, Great Hunter.'

RHODES: Is it peace?

SOMATILANE: It is peace, my father.

RHODES: Speak, Somatilane.

Somatilane spoke. Time is nothing to a native, and Somatilane gave Rhodes the saga, from its beginnings, of the Matabele. He himself, he said, had been one of Masedikane's young men in those days when Masedikane had fled from Goba's wrath along a path of blood to a new home in the north. On that path they had fought black men and

they had fought white men, and at Ocholwaya, the Place of Killing, they had finally rested. . . .

Lobengula had succeeded Mosilikatse. Peace had come, happiness had come, but then the white men had come too, and that was the end of peace and happiness.

For the white man had seen the gold in Lobengula's land, and whatever Lobengula could do for them it was not enough. When they approached him on their knees, begging him for his gold, he might treat them as a brother, and shelter them, and kill his own for them, and send them his young women, and offer them half his kingdom—it was not enough. They wanted everything. For only three years they had sat in the hall of his kingdom he had given them. And then they had come between the Matabele and their justly punished vassals, the Mashona; they had brought their guns 'that spit bullets as the heavens spit hail'; who were the called Matabele to stand against these guns? . . . The white men had won the land from the Matabele as the Matabele had won it from the Maholi and the Mashona. Their king had been driven into exile. And the presents he had sent for peace offerings had been taken, but the peace had been refused him.

The white men were silent before Somabulane's truths. Rhodes told him to continue.

He spoke then of their present troubles, the tyranny of the native commissioners and the magistrates. How were they treating the Matabele?—the Mashona and Maholi, like dogs—the Amambile, the sons of Kuzula, the Indu—Children of the Stars—as dogs.

'You came. You conquered. The strongest takes the land. We understood. We lived under you.

'And you treated us as dogs. Should we not choose to die? Is it not better to be wiped out' (he passed his hand over his mouth and away, as they express annihilation) 'than to live as dogs?'

'Ask them,' said Rhodes to Colenso, 'by whom and how they were made dogs.'

By the native police (answered Samabulane), who raped their daughters, insulted their men, disdained their chiefs, offended their old women, collected taxes at the point of the assegai, and trod them into the earth. . . . By the native commissioners themselves. By the men above these.

'Once I myself visited Bulawayo. I came to pay my respects to the Chief Magistrate. I brought my inkhams with me, and my servants. I am a chief. I am expected to travel with attendants and advisors. I came to Bulawayo early in the morning, before the sun had dried the dew, and I sat down before the courthouse, sending messengers to the Chief Magistrate that I wanted to pay my respects to him. And so I sat until the evening shadows were long.

'And then, my father, I again went to the Chief Magistrate and told him that I did not wish to hurry him in any untamely way: I would wait his pleasure. But my people were hungry. And when the white men visited me it was my custom to kill that they might eat.

'The answer from the Chief Magistrate, my father, was that the town was full of stray dogs—dog to dog: we might kill those and eat them if we could catch them.

'So I left Bulawayo that night, my father; and when next I came to visit the Chief Magistrate it was with my impis behind me: no soft words in their mouths, but the assegai in their hands. Who blames me?'

Not Rhodes. He could not discuss his white officers with black men, but he knew the truth of what Samabulane said. He knew, too, the native police: the sons of tribes once conquered by the Matabele, avenging themselves now, under the white men's protection, against their black superiors.

'Tell them,' said Rhodes to Colbrander, 'that the native police shall go. I can promise them that. There will be no more native police.' . . . 'Tell them,' he interrupted Samabulane's further recital of their grievances against the white officials, 'tell them I have listened to all that; that is part

and done with. Such things will not happen again. Now I want to know: is it peace? Are the eyes white?'

Somabulane threw down a steel he was carrying in token of submission.

'There is my assegai. There is my rifle.'

'Tell the chief I accept his word: he will send in his arms. . . . I will stay among them to see that right is done.'

The sun was going down. Somabulane stood up. His men stood with him.

'It is peace?' said Rhodes.

They agreed. 'Ha vuvuwa.'

'How do we know it?'

'You have the word of Somabulane—of Babiano—of Didiwa, chiefs of the House of Kumalo.'

'It is good, my children. Go in peace.'

'Hamba gaba, Baba.'

'Hamba gaba, Amaduma.'

'Mhlo! mhlopi, Baba.'

'Mhlo! mhlopi, Amaduma.'

Go in peace, father. Go in peace, chiefs. The eyes are white, father. The eyes are white.

It was the gesture to those leaders in the Matrypos that were to save Rhodesia and renew Rhodes. But there were people in Bulawayo who could not bear to see Rhodes parleying with the murderous savages. They wanted, they said, to see the Matabels killed off until the last few came crawling on their hands and knees for mercy.

A week later Rhodes, with him four other white men—two bringing their women—set out on horseback to meet the Matabels chiefs. The place of meeting was a mile and a half from the soldiers' camp. Contrary to their agreement, there stepped forth several hundreds of armed and hostile-looking

naïves, nor had all the chiefs come : many, it appeared, were still seeing blood, their eyes were not yet white.

There were some moments of tension while Rhodes rebuked the chiefs present for the rashness of the armed warriors : ' Tell them,' he said, ' to lay down their arms at once.'

He disengaged them, and sat down on a boulder, waiting for obedience as one who is aware that he must be obeyed. Nor had he to wait long. The old man harangued the young men ; the young men threw down their assegais, sticks, and rifles ; called Rhodes their chief and their father ; gave him now the name by which he was henceforth known among them : *Lawala Mkhosi, Separator of the Fighting Bulls* ; they recited their grievances again ; Rhodes told them they were his children ; they asked him for salt, tobacco, and food—the end of the affair was that Rhodes returned to his camp accompanied by a cavalcade of praising and singing natives.

Next day he travelled to the kraals of those whose eyes were red and there pitched his tent. As Lobengula had done in the days of his power, so Rhodes did now. His house was open, and his hospitality endless. His parlance, too, was endless. First one chief came, then more came, then they all came. Whenever they wished to unburden their hearts of their troubles or even merely of their anxiety, there they were. Daily, weekly, Rhodes waited for their coming and their talking, and answered them according to their needs and understanding. ' I used to be fat before the fighting. Now I am only bones. I look to you, U'Rhodes, to help me get round in body again.' Rhodes accepted the obligation.

He would repeat the simplest sentences over and over again. What was time to the Matabele ? What could they do with time ? What did they know of Rhodes' thousand urgencies ? A native will describe the tolling of a bell by saying *ata-ting, ata-ting*, as often as the bell said it. Three days, four days, seven days to talk over this or that—they were in no hurry at all. They would put their points to Rhodes, hear what he

said, go home to make explanations to their people, return for further talk.

They saddened Rhodes' companions. The sight of the chiefs coming again and again, day after day, week after week, irritated them to their limits. Rhodes himself, the impatient, the arrogant—more than ever, since the Raid, impatient and arrogant—Rhodes went on repeating himself to the naked savages:

'Tell them they are all fools. Ask them do they want peace, ask Bulawa, does he want peace, and also Dhliso, does he want peace, do they all want peace? . . . Tell them they are fools, they are children. If they do not want peace, why do they not come down here in the night and murder me and all of us? The thing would be very simple; they need only send down a few of their young bloods one night—twenty-five would be enough—and the business would be over. They would have me. They would have him' (he indicated his companions) 'and him, and him, and him. If they were not fools they would do this. . . . Tell them, if they want peace, then why do they not all come and shake hands with me, and then they could go back to their wives and children and be happy.'

The conversations continued. The chiefs spent the day. They stayed overnight. They brought their wives. The Matabele were hungry; they had not planted; their cattle were dead; they were living on roots, berries, wild hares—in caves and forests. At Rhodes' camp there was food, there was tobacco and the comfort of talk.

Earlier in the year Rhodes had gone to London to discuss with Chamberlain and his directors the future of Rhodesia that had been made so lamentably different by the Raid, and these inquiries had taken a week.

Here, in the Matopos, August made way for September. September passed—his companions protested, officials protested, the waiting soldiers protested, and it was not till the middle of October that the last chief had admitted that his

eyes were white, that Rhodes was his father, and there was now for ever peace between black and white in Rhodesia.

Rhodes kept his promises to the Matsabels. He gave them food: a million bags of mealies, to be paid for, if necessary (but it was not necessary—the Company was agreeable) out of his own pocket. He gave the chiefs the authority they perished for. He compensated the settlers. The peace he made has been kept.

III

One writes the words *chiefs*, *warriors*, *royal houses*, *Children of the Stars*—the words of the Matsabels themselves—and romanticism invades the mind. A memory comes then of a photograph of Matsabel *chiefs* taken after this trouble of 1895, and good-bye to the pretty words. The chiefs are not shining-skinned and battle-plumed. That one spoke truly who said he had been round and was now flat broad, and could Rhodes make him round again? The haggard chiefs wear old military hats and caps, bits of second-hand uniforms, second-hand—fifth-hand—coats, overcoats, waistcoats. Some of them have trousers, some, below an upper garment, an apron of leopard-skin, monkey-skin or leather thongs. They are hunched. They look no better than the *drab* and dusty natives who crowd round the pass-officer in towns, waiting to be examined for their diseases, compelled to return to their hungry households if they cannot get work.

The old chiefs on the photograph crouch on the ground. The faces of the chiefs, like their clothes, wear a discoloured look. Their minds, like their clothes, are half-savage and half-civilised. The past is gone and there is no future. The Matsabels may well keep the peace. They have little else to keep.

CHAPTER XXXI

RHODES FINDS HIS BURIAL PLACE

IT was during these incursions on the Motoppon that there came to Rhodes one day an indignant band of chiefs, crying a desecration! a desecration! Soldiers belonging to the camp Rhodes had left behind him, had found—sitting on a natural chair of rock in a great circular tomb of granite—the skeleton of a man. Around the skeleton was an accumulation of old weapons, carriages, furniture, glass, savings bank lost. The soldiers had robbed the cave and disturbed the skeleton; and the skeleton was the skeleton of Mowikatee.

Rhodes accompanied the infuriated chiefs to the tomb to see for himself what had happened. He found three hundreds of excited, shouting natives. The bones of Mowikatee, the tomb of Mowikatee, the spirit of Mowikatee had been affronted. See what the white man had done!

Rhodes entered the tomb. Its entrances were broken down; the ground within dug up for treasure; its contents rifled. The head of the skeleton rested on its thigh-bones. Rhodes' indignation satisfied even the indignant chiefs. He offered to make reparation.

It was decided finally that black men should be allowed, unhindered by white men, to repair the tomb, and that they should be paid while they were working. To purify the tomb and appease Mowikatee's spirit, ten black men were to be sacrificed, and the vandals punished.

They were punished; the tomb restored; the men sacrificed; their bones arranged round the tomb for its future protection; ten more men given by Rhodes for a feast.

The memory of Mowikatee sitting on his chair of rock, looking in death over his kingdom, remained with Rhodes. Death was in his mind in those days, and so, he thought,

a monarch should rest at last, erect and overtopping his world.

II

It was during these Indian too that Rhodes, riding out one day with Karl Grey, the new Administrator, found his tomb. He came upon this hill of granite on whose black floor giants had played at marbles. Beneath it lay this rocky waste, this endless desolate waste, this story figure of a world unmarked, unformed, neglected even by that terrible Time. Rhodes stood there musing of its power, its chaotic grandeur and the helplessness of man. 'I shall be buried here,' he said.

III

The things that Rhodes did in these days were beginning to shape themselves in his mind as permanent. He knew he had little longer to live, but he was not yet so ill that he could not bear the thought of death. After what had seemed the breaking for ever of his life, he had found, in the Matoppo, his greatest moment. He had done here a good work—the best, indeed, of his accomplishments—and he knew it. He had made a hundred thousand enemies in the South, but in his North he was loved. 'My Rhodolures have never bitten me.'

How pleasant to brood among the Matoppo on the panorama of his life, his legacies to the future and his dominion in death.

It was with pain he drew himself from these romantic thoughts of annihilation to go and answer for the things he had done in a hygienic life which hardly now seemed to be his.

In December Rhodes left Bulawayo for Cape Town—thence to face in England an inquiry into the Raid. He was hardly perturbed—so distant was the old life—when he was told, just before leaving, that George Selous with all his con-

were had been burnt to the ground. 'Is that all? . . . I thought you were going to say Jameson was dead.' . . . 'What with Jameson's Raid,' he agreeably informed a friend, 'the Raid, rebellion, famine, disaster, and now my house burnt, I feel like Job, all but the bulls.'

The Cape inquiry into the Raid was past: he had not attended it, and it had perhaps gone the more lightly for him because of his work in the Maseppan. The Committee found that he had not directed or approved Jameson's final act, yet could not be absolved of all responsibility since he had smiled at the whole scheme's inception.

Things he had not expected—a greater welcoming than he had dreamt of—met him on his way from Beira to Cape Town. True, this approbation came almost entirely from one class of colonist: the Niggers he had once defied. He was aware of that. Yet he was moved. At Port Elizabeth forty old Rhodesians took the horses from his carriage and drew him through the streets to the Town Hall where he was to speak. It was in this speech he said he was going to meet the 'unknown multitude' of his countrymen. 'Unknown multitude?' a solicitous journalist suggested. 'No, unknown multitude,' Rhodes insisted with relief.

At every station between Port Elizabeth and Cape Town vociferous crowds met him. In Cape Town people ran after him, shouting their welcomes, touching him, clatching him.

The year had been too full—he was too exhausted—he could not bear the emotion all about him and within himself—the tears streamed down his face. He said something about his—being moving to see the kindness of one's fellow-men. 'Such appreciation,' he told the crowd, following the thought that was always with him now, 'such appreciation as this generally comes after a man is dead.' At a private dinner he offered to do his best to make amends for his error "by untiring devotion to the best interests of South Africa.' He was prepared, he wrote, to say as much in public. He began,

a few days later, to do so, and exclamatory words interrupted—finally—the declaration.

He met a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry in England on February 16th, 1897. The ghosts of Raleigh, Clive, and Warren Hastings stood behind him.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE SHAREHOLDERS TURN AT LAST

I

When Macartney indicated the Raiders, his audience were more perturbed about the price of Chartwell than about the nation's honour. So his biographer suggests. And certainly Chartwell, living or no, gave cause for perturbation.

Rhodes was still in Malakoland when, in November, 1895, there took place an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Chartwell Company. The shareholders had been called to make arrangements for meeting the expenses of the war and rinderpest. The various monies raised during the year were gone. It was proposed to issue now still another million one-pound shares. The capital of the Company would then be: The original million one-pound shares. The second million of equal value raised to pay for the Rudd Commission. The half-million issued in July of this year, and the latest million: three million five hundred thousand pounds in all.

Of the million new shares, five hundred thousand were now to be issued to the shareholders *pro rata* at a price slightly less than the current market value: namely, two pounds. Three hundred thousand of these shares were to be underwritten.

The second five hundred thousand shares were not yet to be issued except for a hundred and fifty thousand at two pounds fifteen—on which the underwriters of the other three hundred thousand had an option.

A Mr. de Punt, a shareholder, objected to this. He said they did not need underwriters. 'The same people who have underwritten these shares have been the allies of Chartwell. It is altogether a monstrous business. We are asked to give the call of a hundred and fifty thousand shares at two pounds fifteen each, and yet we are told the prospects of Rhodesia are most favourable, and most likely they are. It is only

forty-two months since these shares were worth nine pounds ten each, and yet this option is to be given at two pounds fifteen. If the Directors carry out this underwriting business it will be a detriment to the interests of the shareholders, and it ought not to be done." ("Hear, hear," and uproar.)

The President, the Duke of Abercorn, repeated his resolution, previously seconded by the Duke of Fife, to increase the capital to three million five hundred thousand pounds, and the resolution was carried.

The motion concerning the underwriting was now seconded so cries of 'No, no.'

Mrs. DE PAUL: I oppose the granting of this underwriting. The price of the shares has been knocked down to about two pounds.

A SHAREHOLDER: We can see through it.

Mrs. DE PAUL: I move an amendment that the shares be offered to the shareholders without any underwriting.

A SHAREHOLDER: What are the names of the underwriters?

THE SECRETARY or THE CHAIRMAN suggested the withdrawal of these arrangements if the sense of the meeting was against any underwriting.

THE PRESIDENT thought the resolution had better be put.

A SHAREHOLDER: May we know who the underwriters are?

THE PRESIDENT: No, I do not think that is necessary. I will now put the resolution.

A SHAREHOLDER: Who are the underwriters?

THE PRESIDENT: Order, order, if you please. . . . I will now put the resolution. (Interruption.) Order, order. The resolution is "That the underwriting arrangements referred to in the circular accompanying the notice concerning this meeting be and the same are hereby approved." Those who are in favour of this resolution will please hold up their hands.

A SHAREHOLDER: Put the amendment first.

THE PRESIDENT: Those who are against the resolution will please hold up their hands. (Voices: "Against, against.")

A SHAREHOLDER: It is not understood.

THE PRESIDENT: I will put it again. Those who are in favour of the resolution will be good enough to hold up their hands. On the contrary, those who are against the resolution will also hold up their hands. (Great uproar.) If the meeting will be good enough to keep quiet— (Interruption.)

A SHAREHOLDER: Is any portion of the money now proposed to be raised to be devoted to Mr. Rhodes's indemnity? (Laughter.)

THE PRESIDENT: No, sir. Now, one moment, gentlemen, please, while I put the resolution.

A SHAREHOLDER: Let us have the names of the underwriters first.

THE PRESIDENT: I must ask you to keep order for one moment.

A SHAREHOLDER: Is it true that Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Holt are going to pay up?

THE PRESIDENT: I have been asked to read the resolution once more, and if you will kindly listen, I will do so . . .

A SHAREHOLDER: Put the underwriters first.

THE PRESIDENT: There is no amendment; it is a direct negative. Those who are in favour of the resolution will hold up their hands. ('No, no.') Those who are against the resolution will hold up their hands. The resolution is lost, gentlemen. (Loud cheer.) Now, gentlemen, I have only to say this, that I rely upon you to take up the shares which are asked for at this meeting, and show your confidence in the Company.

A SHAREHOLDER: Half a million?

THE PRESIDENT: Half a million, yes.

THE SECRETARY: Half a million shares at two pounds each.

II

It will be seen that things were no longer so sweet at Chartered meetings as once they had been—when eager crowds were ready to do anything Rhodes demanded of them. The

resolution about the underwriters was lost almost unanimously, but the underwriters, it was declared, were not directors of the Chartered Company. Were Rhodes and Beit the underwriters? It does not emerge. Certainly they had resigned their seats on the Board of the Chartered Company in the previous June, and so had Dr. Harris. The resignation of Rhodes had involved the resignation also of his English representative on the Board. In February there were further resignations—one by the Prince of Wales' son-in-law, the Duke of Fife. In Rhodesia practically the whole administration resigned in the years 1896 and 1897.

No wonder the House of Commons had been thronged with anxious shareholders during Harcourt's indictment, and Rhodes had gone out to do or die among the Masai.

18

But if there were two great issues at stake when the Chartered shareholders (among them the fashionable women who had bought just a few shares that they might see and hear Rhodes at shareholders' meetings), when these notable people so crowded the galleries to hear Harcourt, there were two questions that all the world wanted clearly answered at the Raid Inquiry: What was the true purpose of the Raid? Had Joseph Chamberlain any complicity in it? And as much as the issues concerning the nation's honour and the price of Chamberlain were ever resolved, so were the world's questions about the purpose of the Raid and Chamberlain's complicity ever answered.

As in the last act of a *revue* or comic opera all the *acteurs* lately on the South African scene, appeared now in a body on the English scene, and with them a few others who had made the fun merely in England. Rhodes came, of course, and Jameson; the Reform leaders came: Charles Leonard, and the truthful Frankie Rhodes, and the other three; the doctors of the Intelligence Department came, and Flora Shaw,

the head, one might say, of the English Intelligence Department of the Raid. Everyone made speeches, and Rhodes made many, but Dr. Rutherford Harris and Flora Shaw, too delicately placed as the links between Rhodes and Chamberlain, threw up the thickest snake-screen of all.

The Select Committee used time even more extravagantly than the Marbels in the Mariposa; its intake lasted a year; and what, at the end, emerged quite clearly was that Jameson had indeed ridden into the Tinswald.

IV

For the rest, certain documents were allowed to be withheld for reasons so vaguely stated that it was rumoured they incriminated the Prince of Wales and contradicted the Queen's personal statement to the Kaiser that her Ministers were not involved. Certain Imperial officials, who had known things and not told them, were deprived of their positions, and duly given others. Certain officers were discharged the service and then reinstated. Neither the Secretary of State for the Colonies (it was held) nor any of the officials of the Colonial Office 'received any information which made or should have made them or any of them aware of the plot during its development.' Rhodes was censured for being simultaneously a Prime Minister in one country, a Chartered ruler in a second and a conspirator in a third, and Chamberlain followed up this censure in committee by saying in the House that Rhodes had done nothing in any respect inconsistent with the character of an honourable man. . . . Whereupon the talk was that if Chamberlain had not, in the words of Swift MacNeill, M.P., who was present in the House, 'fulfilled the conditions required by Rhodes—as a signal from a confidential friend who was sitting under the clock, Mr. Thomas' (Q.C., a Liberal Member) 'was to disclose correspondence which would make Mr. Chamberlain's complicity in the Jameson Raid incontrovertible.'

Yet why more evidence was needed to involve Chamberlain thus had already appeared is not, honestly speaking, clear. The giving of the railway strip. Flora Shaw's cables to Rhodes: 'Chamberlain would,' etc. 'Sympathy now complete,' etc. Rhodes' cables to Flora Shaw: 'Inform Chamberlain that I shall get through all right if he supports me.' . . . 'Unless you can make Chamberlain instruct the High Commissioner to proceed at once to Johannesburg, the whole position is lost.' . . . Chamberlain's own last-minute cable to the High Commissioner to stop Jameson. Rathfriland Harris' statement at the inquiry that Chamberlain's confidential assistant knew everything: that he had possessed Chamberlain understood his guarded allusions, upon which presumption the conspirators had acted. . . . More than anything, Chamberlain's very intervention at this point that he had stopped Harris' confidences: an action implying so obviously that he knew what must not be spoken—all these and more make, one may suggest, a good *prima-facie* case against Chamberlain . . . which is the most that can be said of any man never brought to trial.

However, one who was at the heart of the conspiracy has written down the truth. His document, sealed, is deposited at a certain institution in South Africa. It is to be opened on January 1st, 1948. And on that date knowledge will take the place of speculation.

Yet to Chamberlain, of all people, Harcourt wrote: 'I have always believed that Rhodes since the Rand has been, and will be, the evil genius of South Africa.'

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS

I

In fact Rhodes, after the Raid, had little influence in South Africa. He certainly became the leader of the South African Jingo and the bagymen of the Boers. Yet the Jingo of South Africa could not have made the Boer War, nor did the Boers win it. Over Milner, who was now sent out as High Commissioner, Rhodes had little power. Milner's own letters—the declarations, on the whole, of a lonely, suspicious foreigner—attest this. 'Rhodes,' he writes, 'is just the same man as he always was, undaunted and unbroken by his former failure, but also untroubled by it.' And, in an access of that knowingsness which is the mental quibbling of the lonely and suspicious, he adds some recommendations about keeping a hold on Rhodes by interminably dangling before his delirious vision the otherwise valueless Bechuanaland Protectorate. 'The North,' says Milner, 'is perhaps going to be of more immediate urgency than the Transvaal.'

Milner was wrong, not only in this last idea, but in many of his thoughts about Rhodes. Rhodes was bitterly taught by his former failure. He said himself, concerning the Transvaal: 'I made a mistake there and that's enough for me. . . . I keep aloof from the whole Transvaal crisis, so that no one will be able to say, if things go wrong: "Rhodes is in it again."' . . . 'I must say to you,' he said, 'that one has had great troubles during the last two years—most probably, as one might say, owing to my fault; but with a high object. The methods have been worthy of condemnation; but, gentlemen, remember this, you all have your trials, you all have your troubles, and then you are better men.' . . . 'I honestly believe that my years of trouble have made me a better man.'

He had thought himself, as Hofmeyer said, the equal of the Almighty. He had imagined, like Napoleon, that the human laws of morality and decorum did not apply to him, and that he was invulnerable and invincible. Now, after the Raid, he not only many times echoed Napoleon's sentiments: 'When I was happy I thought I knew men, but it was fated that I should know them in misfortune only,' he went further, saying: 'If I may put to you a thought . . . a man does not know himself, his own mind or character. It is a good thing to have a period of adversity.' . . . And though these are not profound discoveries—they are any old woman's platitudes—yet such words do suggest a certain new humility in Rhodes which Milner could not refuse, they do mean Milner was wrong in his conviction that Rhodes remained unscathed by the Raid.

Rhodes himself always dated everything from the Raid. He told an election audience this in one of those *speeches* which are intended to cause amusement. But he meant it. And even if he still wanted the Union he had always wanted, and was often angry and unpleasant and violent about it, nor ever ceased demanding the eventual inclusion of Rhodesia and the Transvaal in that Union, there is little in his conduct after the Raid to suggest that through him occurred the Boer War. 'It is not Rhodes,' he said himself, 'that is coming across in South Africa. It is the Transvaal position that is causing unrest in South Africa. And if I were dead to-morrow the same thing would go on.' The Boer War was not, we may think, the outcome of the Raid, except in that the Raid irritated Kruger, an old man losing grip. It was the outcome of those things which, as a most significant incident, also produced the Raid: the century-long hostility between Boers and English that had never, for a generation, abated; the widening of different ideals of life; the annoyance caused the English by the fact that the wealthiest part of South Africa had fallen, under their very noses, into the accidental hands of a primitive people; the exemplification of that pettishness in

Kruger himself: the ambition of Chamberlain; the passion of Milner. The actors in the scene that closed the nineteenth century in South Africa were not Rhodes and Kruger, but Chamberlain and Kruger. It was Chamberlain who broke Kruger because Kruger would not stand him by bending, while Rhodes stood on one side, thrust out by his own deed, sighing: "If you were to ask for a practical solution, I should say the best solution possible would be for myself and President Kruger to meet. . . . I am afraid that such a solution is an impossible one, because we are not broad enough." Yet Rhodes himself was broad enough.

Spengler speaks of men who become History's commanding officers. But even such men must work with the materials left by others, when they die their accomplishment falls into fresh hands, and behind all is an unknown design. Chamberlain himself opened upon a scene not long before his time, and the scene that was to follow had been conceived in a mood of mockery.

People said, after the Raid, after what they called Rhodes' betrayal, that he had destroyed faith itself: he had been so trusted, who could again be trusted? But this very fact threw Rhodes clear of the whole business, and, in one blow, both relieved him of responsibility and punished him.

II

In the end, the only person punished for the Raid was Rhodes. The Reform leaders became wealthy men, the conspirators who had been deprived of their rights and homes received them back again, Jameson in particular triumphed over the past—Rhodes lost what he most truly cared for: the mould of his work was broken. "The fool folded his hands together and smothered his own flesh." Rhodes was not the man to sit in idle grief. "If I have ever so many faults . . . the best atonement I can make is to work for this high object" (Union). . . . "They have devised all sorts of retreats for

me . . . a hermit's cell on the Zambesi . . . I am going to continue to take a share in public affairs." . . . "My public life is only beginning. It is not over. It cannot be over. I must go on. . . . My time must be spent in the service of this country." . . . Such were the things he said. And 'work,' he insisted, 'survives the worker.' And 'Does it matter,' he urged, 'what people say about us so long as our work goes on?'

But work needs a shape, and if the mould is smashed, and there is little time to make a new one, and the hurried fingers are clumsy and the eyes strained and the heart exhausted, what then?

Goethe suggested to Eckermann that there was perhaps a divine reason in what seemed like the untimely coming-off of great men: that every extraordinary man had a certain mission to fulfil, and when this mission was fulfilled there was no further need for him, so he was scrapped and the next great man had his place. But that this Divine economy should not be exercised on other than great men, and proof of the theory be so humbly inaccessible. South Africa has not recovered from the ruin of Rhodes' work.

In this year in which Milner writes that Rhodes is just the same man he always was, and that, regarding Bechuanaland, "Let him wait for it and deserve it," in 1897, Rhodes, so far from settling down to wait for his deserts, has another heart-attack; and at about the time Milner is writing his letter, Rhodes is discussing with his man of business the terms of the will which was finally drawn up in 1899. That will becomes now the dearest companion of his life. His thoughts are hanceforth on death, his plans are testaments and his latest memorials.

He rebuilds his house, Groote Schuur, and it is to be the abode of the Prime Ministers of a United South Africa. He builds a house in his garden where artists may come and dwell. He sets aside grounds for a university. He buys farms in Rhodesia to leave to Rhodesia's people. He makes

a dam to hold fifty million gallons of water—beside it an agricultural college. He settles four thousand natives on his estate—mostly the rebellious chiefs and their witch-doctors, both for their comfort and for the convenience of having them all assembled under his eye. He plans a sanatorium for disabled workmen, and a three-mile avenue to Government House in Bulawayo. 'You say I shall not live to see those trees grow? I tell you that in imagination I already see people passing and repassing under their shade.' . . . 'Get that avenue through,' he says on his death-bed. 'See it through. We have got to fulfil our promise to give shade to the natives in the afternoon.'

He plans a railway from Bulawayo to the Matopos, 'so that the people of Bulawayo may enjoy the glory of these hills from Saturday to Monday.' He asks one of his engineers if the spray from the Victoria Falls will splash the train that is to cross the Zambesi bridge on his Cape to Cairo line. 'That would depend on the way the wind was blowing.' 'But if it blew the right way, would it?' 'It might, and probably would.'

Rhodes will never see this spray, but the thought enchants him. If Mark Twain's 'When he stood upon the Cape Peninsula, his shadow fell on the Zambesi,' carries a sinister tinge, there is no equivocation in Bryon's less spectacular 'From Cape Town to the Zambesi it is all Rhodes. When I asked who built that, who made this industry, who created that, who is responsible for this, I got one reply—Rhodes.' Rhodes' monuments, Rhodes' legacies, are memorials to himself.

But what of his larger thoughts, as he called them, what of his dreams beyond South Africa? Are they gone? 'It is ridiculous,' he said, 'to lose one's ideas by death.'

They are not gone, but the will Rhodes began to plan in this year of rilly declares that he has come down to earth. He has folded up youth's manuscript—five manuscripts, indeed—all the other wills. His first will speaks of 'extending British rule throughout the world,' of 'the restoration of

the Anglo-Saxon unity destroyed by the schism of the eighteenth century,' and 'the foundation of so great a power as to hereafter render war impossible.' The next four wills are merely variations of the first will; not more, really, than manifestos, with no declaration as to how these grand ideas are to be effected or even, practically speaking, initiated. The sixth will is the will of a mortal man. This man has certain wants that shall be applied in a certain manner towards a certain purpose. The sixth will has its own glamour, but it is not the glamour of *monarchie*. In this will Rhodes makes various arrangements for his relations, for the people of South Africa and for his old college, Oxford; but the essence of the will, as the world knows, is the Scholarship Foundation. In the end all that Rhodes can do towards extending British rule throughout the world and restoring Anglo-Saxon unity and founding a guardian power for the whole of humanity is to arrange for a number of young men from the United States, the British Colonies, and Germany to go to Oxford.

The proportions of that number are not, to-day, as Rhodes planned them. When Rhodes assigned his scholarships—so many for each State and Colony and a complimentary few for Germany, he believed there was still only the original thirteen States in the Union of America. Nor did his man of business in South Africa, nor the solicitor of the Chartered Company, who drew up his will, know better. There are, accordingly, rather more Rhodes Scholars from America than from all the British Dominions put together.

The germ of his scholarship idea had come to Rhodes in the year 1891. In that year, as he told a Bond Congress, he 'saw at Bloemfontein the intense feeling of friendship that all the members had for the Grey College where they had been educated and from which they had gone out in the world. . . . I said to myself: If we could get a teaching university founded in the Cape Colony, taking the people from Bloemfontein, Pretoria and Natal . . . the young men who will attend it will make the Union of South Africa in

the future. Nothing will overcome the associations and the aspirations they will form under the shadow of Table Mountain.²

Since then his plan had grown. It had grown until it seemed to him the only practical plan—all he, personally, could do towards Testamenting the world, and thus regenerating mankind. If the Union of South Africa could be made under the shadow of Table Mountain, why not an Anglo-Saxons Union under the spire of Oxford? After thirty years there would be, in the words of Staud, "between two and three thousand men in the prime of life scattered all over the world, each one of whom would have had impressed upon his mind in the most susceptible period of his life the dream of the Founder, each one of whom, moreover, would have been specially—mathematically—selected towards the Founder's purpose—thus :

Thirty per cent. for 'literary and scholastic attainments.'

Twenty per cent. for 'fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football, and the like.'

Thirty per cent. for 'qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship.'

Twenty per cent. for 'exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates.' . . .

In speaking of these attributes to Staud Rhodes defined them, with that defensive cynicism of the romantic, as : strength, brutality, unscrupulous methods, and tact.

He added the Germans after meeting the Kaiser.

Before his death his plan was tested on a South African school.

It is thirty years, the period mentioned by Staud, since the first Rhodes Scholar went to Oxford. About eighteen hundred Rhodes Scholars have been selected for Oxford, forward

by Oxford, sent out from Oxford. What has been the effect on the world?

Well, eighteen hundred young men have been given a time of happiness, and chances in life they might not otherwise have had. Most of them have married and begotten families that will participate in the enhanced opportunities of their fathers. Five thousand beings are probably the happier for Rhodes' dreams. And more men will be selected, fostered, sent out, more generations get something in life they might not have had, but for Rhodes. One speaks in terms of the likely and obvious, not in terms of *O Life! O Fate!* and of what seems good fortune, yet may not be. Rhodes' Scholarships have brought things to a number of people, which, unattended, may have some meaning. And that, in itself, is a satisfactory result.

Whether the Scholars have done their share towards fulfilling Rhodes' plans, whether many of them have gone out from Oxford with the sense of a particular responsibility, is another matter. One would suggest that, on the whole, the Rhodes Scholars have taken, but not given. But was it in them to give?

The Rhodes Scholars have been selected for being—one might say shortly—*decent fellows*. Decent fellows are the best fellows for composing the world. The Rhodes Scholars must be better than average men. They are to-day confidently following their professions, they are good citizens. But that, as Rhodes expected, they have had any influence on the world at large is not apparent. Few of them, proportionately speaking, have even gone into public life—hardly more than would have done so, Rhodes Scholarships or not.

It may be said that thirty years is only one generation, and what can be proved in a generation? The response of a certain type of individual in given circumstances can be proved in a generation. The final test, indeed, is the individual. The sum of the world's suffering or happiness is only one man's suffering or happiness, for no man can feel

more than it is possible for a man to feel, and that, therefore, in the limit of feeling. In our linked and opened world the accomplishment of any nation, young or old, great or small, is not a national accomplishment, but merely the work of its individuals, for the past is a general inheritance and the present an equal spectacle.

Similarly, decent fellowship is merely one decent fellow, and its quality and influence a constant thing. Eighteen hundred decent fellows are always eighteen hundred decent fellows, and one may test all the generations of decent fellows by one generation of decent fellows.

The greater number of Rhodes Scholars to-day must be between thirty and fifty years of age. If a man is going to do anything he will, between thirty and fifty, at least begin to give some indication of his likelihood to do it. The impression the mature Rhodes Scholars have made on the world is the impression an equal number of them will probably make in the future. And since, as some come and others go, the number of Rhodes Scholars between thirty and fifty will be fairly constant, their influence in the world may be considered as permanently what it is to-day. One may allow for those killed in the War. But the accidental cause always be part of a regular calculation. And, on the other hand, some men might have received Rhodes Scholarships who would have gone to Oxford without them. It may occur that a Rhodes Scholar will do something significant. One must assume, however, that such a man will achieve distinction, not because he is a Rhodes Scholar, but because he is this particular individual. The material for judgment exists. . . .

Rhodes' idea was twofold. There was this going forth into the world of young men with certain associations and aspirations, and the world's benefit from young men so associated. This he indicated in his speech concerning a university at Cape Town. And then, according to Jameson, he wanted another Rhodes; he wanted, as the Roman Emperors adopted their heirs, to design his successor.

It seems not to have entered his mind that he himself could never have won a Rhodes Scholarship: he was nothing of a scholar, he was nothing of a sportsman, he lacked most of those qualities he lumped under 'uncommon recalcitrance,' and there is no evidence that he ever led or took an interest in his schoolmates. Even Kipling, who dreamt as Rhodes dreamt, and came to do that dreaming in the cottage Rhodes built, and wrote *The Light That Failed* as Rhodes was tiding up his North and the White Man's Banner—even Kipling, a man more sentimental than Rhodes, knew better than to make his heroes fit subjects for a Rhodes Scholarship.

II

The fact is that abnormal people are pathetically respectful of normality. Rhodes once told a bishop that his church was 'up the mountain,' and, in laying the foundation-stone of a Presbyterian church, admitted that he did not 'care to go to a particular church even on one day in the year when I use my own chapel at all other times.' Yet he envied General Booth his religion. 'Happy! I happy! Good God, no! . . . I would give all I possess to believe what that old man believes.' And he insisted—since such things pleased the world—that the school-children of Rhodesia should be taught religion.

When, therefore, Rhodes fashioned his successor, he compounded him of the obvious characteristics of the ideal Englishman: he forgot that the Empire-makers have been, not the decent fellows, but men rather sickly, imaginative and artistic, never at one with their youthful contemporaries, yet always very nice in their dealings—as likely as not persecuted for their pacifism or done away with for their unbearable transcendence. He did not take his examples, as in his own life, from Alexander, Caesar, or Napoleon; nor yet from Raleigh, Clive, Hastings, Durnell. He ignored himself.

CHAPTER XXXIV

RAILWAYS, MORE RAILWAYS

I

'It was,' writes the editor of his speeches, 'a Rhodesian impetuous and more human . . . a modern man like themselves who had known failure and suffering' that, in the year following this third heart-attack, found a Chartered audience in London. Rhodes had resembled even, says this authority, 'an old Roman Emperor born with the single ambition to amuse and administer the habitable world, and careless alike of the praise or blame of lesser mortals.' There had been those, he says, who could see nothing in him but humanity, cynicism and the insatiation of unscrupulous power. . . .

The Field had revealed his weakness, and the Matabele indubitably his humanity. It was, indeed, a new Rhodes who, re-elected to the Chartered Board, stood before his shareholders (his shareholders once again, and as wild for him as ever), and begged them not to 'go and gamble over the shares. It is a great mistake. You do not know the worry it gives to those who are responsible for your interests. I know exactly what you have spent, and I feel perfectly certain that in my lifetime I will return good interest on that. But I do hate to read the lists, and see at times that people have gambled those shares up without warning for it, because it is in the perspective that they have lost rather than in the present. You will excuse me saying that frankly.'

Yes, it is a new Rhodes, a troubled, divided Rhodes, a Rhodes speaking, as he says, to two audiences: one in London and one in Rhodesia, torn between his senses and his shareholders, his dreams and his directors, his beautiful hyperbolic and the little ugly facts. He comforts his people, out of his desire, with this, and warns them, out of his conscience,

of that. He says: 'I have not lost my faith in the minerals,' and adds: 'I have always spoken with extreme caution; I do not want you to gamble in these shares.' He believes 'absolutely in the minerals,' yet 'it will take time to develop them.' He sees his way to balancing expenditure and revenue. He has plans for getting in more money. The country, he persists, is a fine country: didn't Lobengula, the greatest chief in Africa, the greatest African king, know a fine country when he saw one? There must be minerals: he cannot believe that so many excellent engineers can all be telling untruths. . . .

Now he has put in railways and telegraphs, he is civilising the country, it is not true about the vamps, Rhodesia is a white man's country, it is the finest country in Africa: surely the settlers alone are an asset, and will one day, when they have self-government, repay the shareholders what they have spent in acquiring and developing the country. Ten millions, Lord Grey thinks that may be, but he himself thinks six millions. Moreover, let his audiences, both here and in Rhodesia, understand that, not the shareholders or the pioneers must pay for this development of a land from barbarism to civilisation, but its eventual fortunate citizens. . . .

And so, one day, everything will come right. 'I do not want to be pessimistic because I am an optimist.' Only, in the meantime, no gambling. He cannot say it often enough: no gambling, no gambling.

II

Everything will come right—*Alles will recht kommen*—it is the creed of South Africa. And yet there are South Africans, Rhodes continues, 'who want the country' (his Rhodesia) 'demanded; who want it to be a hopeless country; . . . who get up every morning and wish that their Hitherland, instead of being a success, should be a failure; and every report they can get to the discredit of the country they are delighted with. Fancy your discovering a new country lying at your

back, and a session of you wishing that it might be a hopeless failure!

Surely England, surely his shareholders, are not going to let it be a hopeless failure. How can one prevent a country from being a hopeless failure?

Well, why does one come to England between one's work in Rhodesia and an election at the Cape—after a heart-attack, and with one's mind full of testaments and death? The truth is one needs money.

III

Railways. There must be railways. Railways, says Rhodes, are his right hand. Only a few months ago the railway from the north had reached Bulawayo. Hundreds of people had been invited to celebrate the occasion. The High Commissioner had come, the Governor of Natal, six members of the Imperial Parliament. Stanley, the explorer, was there to report it for an English paper, and 'Four scores of the century,' he wrote, 'surpass it in interest and importance. It marks the conclusion of an audacious enterprise which less than ten years ago would have been deemed impossible, and only two years ago as most unlikely. It furnishes a lesson to all colonising nations. It teaches methods of operation never practised before. It suggests large and grand possibilities . . . ' and so on to a climax in which he prophesied that Bulawayo would become the Chicago of South Africa, and Rhodesia overtake, and even exceed, the population of the Transvaal. . . .

And now, having brought the railway to Bulawayo, Rhodes wants to get it to Lake Tanganyika, which will cost two million pounds. He has come to England for that two million pounds. And now, he asks his shareholders, borrow two million pounds at five per cent. when England, that has such excellent credit, can get money for three per cent.? They have cost England nothing, they ask her for nothing, but may they not just expect to lean on her credit—in return for which conduct

they will give her an African wholly linked up by rail? 'You get the railway to Lake Tanganyika, you have Her Majesty's sanction for the railway to Uganda, and then you have Kitchener coming down from Khartoum.' . . .

Is it the Raid? Has everything been spoilt by the Raid? Are those lovely times past when Rhodes had but to ask and it was given? 'I think,' says Rhodes wistfully, 'the two objections to the idea are that it is unusual and that Mr. Rhodes is in it.' . . .

And then, railways apart, there are other things, other liabilities, other needs. The Duke of Almonte, who has thought it, he says, his duty to remain at the helm, stands up. He begs to propose: that the capital of the Company be increased to five million pounds by the creation of one million five hundred thousand new shares at one pound each.

The shareholders will do anything when Rhodes is there. Raid or no Raid, they are still his to command. They sanction the loan.

CHAPTER XXXV

RHODES' LAST ELECTION

I

A n election is being fought in South Africa when Rhodes returns from telling his Chartered shareholders of these South Africans who want the country damned and their Hinterland a hopeless failure. And during this election he goes, the leader now of the Progressive Party, from platform to platform saying the same things to the electors: There are many who "would welcome with delight the morning paper that told them the mines (of Rhodesia) had collapsed." . . . "Did you ever hear in the history of the world of a Hinterland to a country being obtained, and yet a section of the country saying everything they possibly could to damage it?" It is a distressed, maddened, sleepless Rhodes that goes, with his dogged articles, stamping the country, hardly able to speak of more than one thing: a union of South Africa with Rhodesia in it. And almost Rhodesia comes now before Union. He is not to save the child of his name, his Rhodesia. He is failing, he will soon be gone, and who then will care for his Rhodesia? If he could depart with the knowledge that it had a hero!

It is the middle of night, and Rhodes is forty-five. He looks sixty. His hair is grey, his face purpling, his body thickening. His breath is growing heavier, his clumsy walk clumsier. More often than ever his voice breaks now into its strange falsetto. He cannot restrain his passion. He breathes first this way, and then that way. He gives himself away in every direction. He speaks, by turns, in humility and arrogance. He explains and demands, he pleads and threatens. . . . But yet it is a significant rule which faces the diggers in the schoolrooms—the only places of assembly—along the Vaal River. There is still that big body, that brooding eye, that

great brow, that fire, that energy, which make him noteworthy among men.

Union. Union. Union. 'I could have had a happy, a pleasant and a great time given to few in the development of a new state representing eight hundred thousand square miles of Her Majesty's Empire, but the picture would not be complete unless that state kept in complete harmony, in complete union with the South.'

And do they refuse to unite because they hate him? Are their hearts, he asks in those words, hardened against him? 'My life is a temporary one, but the country will remain after me; and if you do not go there, your children will and ours.' . . . 'I do not think anyone will suggest that there is any personal advantage which I could obtain by being retained. I wish to be retained for a bigger idea than personal advantage.' . . . 'The Board leaders ask you to believe that I am the most despicable man in the whole country. . . . What have they done for you?' . . . 'Sit down and think that the man whom they denounce so vehemently has done more for you in a practical way than anyone else in South Africa.' . . . 'Ask yourselves whether it is a good policy that you should drive out of public life a man who has been largely instrumental in doing work from which you have so greatly benefited.' . . . 'Do you think you are wise in howling against Rhodes?' . . . 'Give me your confidence because your Homeland is at stake, and I am the only man who can work the North with the South.' . . . 'Whatever your personal feelings may be regarding me, you will get the country and I shall get only six feet by four.'

It is the old over-repeated Irish painful joke.

Or do they distrust Rhodesia? Do they think he wants the Cape to take Rhodesia because it is a failure? Then let the Cape not unite with Rhodesia before it becomes a gold-producing country. He has heard it said he wants to sell Rhodesia, he wants to sell it, so the story goes, for twenty million pounds. 'We don't propose to sell Rhodesia or put

it up to action. We think it is a much better country than this, and having got it we mean to keep it."

Certainly he thinks it a much better country than any other man's country: hasn't it every child's unique quality of being its parent's own child? . . .

Or do they charge him with race-feeling? Is it race-feeling that hinders Union? "Race-feeling I cannot have in me, because my feeling is that the best man must come to the front whatever his race may be. And this is not an electioneering speech, for I am expressing ideas that are many years old." . . . "You cannot live on race-feeling. It will not give you new lands for your children; it will not feed your people; it will not give you clothes to wear." . . .

"Take the North," he pleads, "that new state which has got its own railway built, which has borrowed nothing from you and asked for nothing." . . . "The North is my thought. Co-operation is my thought—Federalism and the Union of South Africa." . . .

Useless! Neither his humility nor his pride, not his prayers nor his promises, can help him. The Boers are with him, he insists. Whatever may have been his mistakes, the large mass of them are still with him. He tells an unlikely story of how, after the Raid, a Dutch commandant in Rhodesia said to him: "We forgive you everything. We know you wanted the Union of South Africa." He says the Dutch are coming to Rhodesia, and he is making them happy in Rhodesia. Nothing helps. Foes come in his grounds at Groote Schuur, his tears are cut down, the animals of his zoo injured, a charge of bribery is brought against him which fails on a technicality.

Even Jameson is against him: "Rhodes has done absolutely nothing but go backwards," he writes to his brother. "The election has been badly organised. I hate it all and hate the people more than ever—would clear out by the next boat, but have not pluck enough to acknowledge myself beaten."

It is not with Jameson, as with Rhodes, a wild effort to save his own hegemony. He cannot bear Rhodes' ponderings to the Dutch. He is not prepared to sink his British pride. He wants, not Union, but dominance. He is all for 'recognition'. He finds Milner 'the only really healthy personality in the whole crowd.'

Rhodes himself is elected, but his party is defeated. Narrowly. Yet narrowly is enough. He says he does not despair. He departs for his North crying: 'We shall not relax our efforts until by our civilisation and the efforts of our people we reach the shores of the Mediterranean.'

And he struggles on. But his eye is now on a day and a hope beyond his own existence.

It falls to Jameson, after the death of Rhodes, to bring the Progressives into power and to be a member of that Convention which creates the Union of South Africa.

Time has, for ever, the last laugh. Not merely Jameson as leader, Jameson and Union: the joke does not end here. It happens that, by Rhodesia's own will, just precisely Rhodes' North is excluded from this Union.

'I GIVE MYSELF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS'

I

There is not even time enough left Rhodes now to make an apéritif of his end—forgetting death, man's final humiliation, the dragging horse of a whimpering child that will not go and man—forgetting certain death as a part of life. True, there is one grotesque incident: Rhodes meets, after much initial scheming on her side, a middle-aged Polish princess, once wealthy, divorced, still fairly handsome, still not without uncertain hope and the remnants of charm. She arranges to find herself a passenger on the ship that takes him to Africa, to sit at his table, and to interest him in her conversation. In South Africa she comes often to Gusto Schuur; talks international politics to him; writes international politics for foreign papers; edits something of an Imperial Journal herself; acts occasionally as his housekeeper; goes riding with him; becomes utterly tedious to him; tells people they are to be married, or, alternatively, that she is his mistress—both of which stories his intimates deny; forges his name for twenty-nine thousand pounds, is prosecuted, convicted, sentenced to one and a half years' imprisonment, and released, on grounds of ill-health, after nine months in a Cape Town goal; threatens, after Rhodes' death, to sue his trustees for four hundred thousand pounds damages; writes a book about Rhodes and her own reminiscences.

And it remains to this woman to speed Rhodes' end. He is infuriated by the scandals that lick his name with the forger's; insists, against medical warning and the plans of his friends, on hurrying out from England to attend the prosecution; and, on his death-bed, gives evidence against her.

It is the only mark any woman makes on Rhodes' life.

That life, for the rest, continues its unswerving course from

the right direction to its conclusion. 'I do not falter,' he says, and truly. He works, still, for his Rhodesia: strives to fructify its earth, since there is, as he points out, a bottom to every mine; plans a school-system for it, since education, he maintains, is the whole difference between barbarism and civilization; tries to lure to it black labourers and white settlers; never goes out or rides out but he has a purpose beyond the mere activity: a farm to see, a mine, a hotel, a white man, or a native.

During the Boer War he is persuaded to lead a prayer for the suspension of the Cape Constitution, yet past this weary yielding, he schemes still a Union of South Africa; advocates Equal Rights for Every Civilized Man South of the Zambesi, and designs the new Groote Schuur to be the home of the future Union's Prime Ministers. This distinction might once have fallen to him and, through his own act, now cannot; but he looks at what he calls the comparative, and, thinking of his Will, sees himself guiding a union far beyond the limits of South Africa: a union of blond men, fostered by that land which, twenty-five years ago, Ruskin had called upon the youths of Oxford to make once more 'a royal throne of kings, a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light, a centre of learning and of the arts, faithful guardian of time-ried principles.' . . . 'Wake up, Grey!' Rhodes cries one night. 'Have you ever thought how lucky you are to have been born an Englishman when there are so many millions who are not born Englishmen?'

III

The year 1899 finds him back in England to get that money from the Government for his Cape to Cairo railway. He does not get it. He has to tell his shareholders—as ever, his own—that the Imperial Government 'do not see their way' to giving him the money for the railway to Tanganyika. He has suggested an alternative plan, and the Government 'do not see their way to accede' to that. Nor is two million pounds,

after all, enough. He needs three million pounds. 'How are we going to get three million pounds?'

Rail has offered to lend him half a million; he can find half a million in the City; he himself will provide two hundred thousand ('I should have liked to take more, but during the last ten years I have devoted my mind to politics, and politics and the accumulation of money do not run together'); and, for the rest, will the shareholders come forward? Will they lend him another million or two at five per cent.? There are still a number of unissued Chartered. They shall be allotted to those shareholders who lend him money for his railway.

A SASSONOWITZ: At par?

RAIL: No, at five pounds a share.

It is a haughty Rhodes speaking, a Rhodes whose gold-mines in the North have begun to produce, whose new issue of Chartered has been over-subscribed—a Rhodes who has discovered more (reluctant English Government or not) that he can deal with people.

The Kaiser, no other, is Rhodes' latest triumph. Rhodes has visited the Kaiser in his stannel suit, laughed with him about the Raid telegram, talked about his telegraph through German East Africa, and, glancing at his watch, said: 'Well, good-bye. I have to go now. I have some people coming to dinner.' Future generations, thinking in one thought of republics and empires, will never understand the significance of these things, nor Rhodes' achievement in coming away from such a meeting with his telegraph assured. He adds a codicil to his Will: the Kaiser is personally to choose five Rhodes Scholars a year.

III

But the most moving of his triumphs still waits him. The man who was rejected by one Oxford college to be accepted by another with the words: 'All the colleges send me their failures,' this man is now honoured by Oxford with the D.C.L.

degree. And not only that. The other recipient of a degree, *America comes*, is Kimberley, and it is Rhodes the assembly, shouting *Colonus!* chiefly acclaims. 'Not more under-graduates,' he tells an enchanted audience when he gets back to Cape Town, 'but Masters of Arts, gentlemen with grey beards, because, after the day's proceedings, the under-graduates numbered four hundred and the others five thousand.'

Kimberley swells in him at the recollection. He is not only Rhodes the Empire-builder—Rhodes of the gold and diamonds, Rhodes the millionaire, Rhodes the politician, Rhodes of Kimberley and Cape Town and Rhodesia and England's future—he is also Rhodes, the young man who journeyed from the Diamond Fields to Oxford and heard with awe the words of Ruskin. He is even Cecil John, a hero-worshipping schoolboy, a schoolboy worshipping—whom? Why, all the other Rhodeses the child Rhodes has fathered. He cannot contain his exultation: 'I went to Oxford with the great general on whom the eyes of the world were fixed. . . . I can assure you, gentlemen, they gave me a greater reception than Lord Kimberley.'

Even at Oxford he cannot diminish his pride: 'There have been not a few men,' he says at his old college, 'who have done good service to the State, but some of whose actions have partaken of the violence of their age, and are hard to justify in a more peaceful and law-abiding age. It is among those men that my own life and actions must be weighed and measured; and I trust in the justice of my countrymen.'

He cannot but feel that if he gets this justice, if his life and actions are fairly measured, his place in the world's history will be a high one.

How long does Rhodes expect to be remembered? According to Jameson, four thousand years. 'I give myself four thousand years.'

'It was not a boast,' says Jameson, 'he would not have said it at all if I hadn't asked him, and he seemed to be stating

a fact like a fact in history. It did not seem to have any personal meaning."

A man does not know himself, said Rhodes in the days of his childhood. But the first sign of a great man, we have here told, is that he knows his destiny. Kauts foretold his epitaph as: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' Does this not mean he believed it should be writ enduringly?

Rhodes makes no such pitiful equivocations. He boldly declares him for his race: 'Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes'—no date of birth, no date of death, no name of country or begotten. . . . Rightly or wrongly, but imperitly, he declares himself, like the greatest of the Caesars, as immortal.

CHAPTER XXXVII

BAYETÉ!

1

THE South African War and the last chapter of Rhodes' life run together. The war began on October 11th, 1899.

Rhodes had never believed such a thing could happen. There is his remark that a native chief in Barotsa might as soon make trouble for the British Empire as the Transvaal. 'I am sure,' he says again, 'that the President is going to give Her Majesty the terms which Her Majesty demands.' . . . 'It is only a temporary trouble in South Africa,' he maintains. 'Kraeger will at the final push give anything . . . nothing will make Kraeger fire a shot.' . . . 'There is not the slightest chance of war.'

No, he could not believe it. He could not believe Kraeger would fight any more than he could believe people would come to mark their betrothals with diamonds, or Rhodesia fall to dominate South Africa, or the British Empire the world.

Yet he had not been back in South Africa three months after being honoured at Oxford when war was declared.

He hastened immediately from Cape Town to Kimberley. It was the last thing anybody in Kimberley wished. If there existed a person in Africa the Boers were desirous of taking it was Rhodes. 'Under all circumstances,' wrote the harassed, yet polite, Mayor of Kimberley, 'would ask you kindly postpone coming.'

But Rhodes knew his place. His mines were in Kimberley. He arrived in Kimberley on the last train to reach the town before it was besieged, he arrived, indeed, after the Boers were already encircling the town, because, owing to an accident, the train had been delayed.

Jameson was in Ladysmith, another besieged town—again to the chagrin of its inhabitants. The third besieged town was Mafeking, on the way to Rhodes' North.

Both apart from the increased danger Rhodes brought to Kimberley, he brought troubles. As he displaced soldiers, he could not submit to their methods in warlike. As he was the ancestor of Kimberley, he insisted on ruling it, whatever the military might decide.

He handled the town in a Rhodes-like way: fed the poor; against military authority, sent women and children down the mines for shelter; raised and equipped a volunteer corps and a corps of native runners; and had a twenty-eight-pound gun made in the de Steen workshops by an engineer who read up the process in an engineering journal. But he considered the officer in command with his orders and criticisms, that, in the end, they were not on speaking terms; he was very nearly arrested for his various misdeeds; French was even asked to arrest him when he relieved Kimberley; Michosen sent a message saying: 'On my way into Kimberley, Mr. Rhodes must take his immediate departure.' He wrote to Roberts telling him personally to relieve the town:

"Your troops have been more than two months within a distance of Erika over twenty miles from Kimberley, and if the Sperrdaals hills are too strong for them there is no easy approach over a level flat. . . . It is absolutely necessary that relief should be afforded this place."

Another two months, however, passed before the town's relief and Rhodes' long-lying offer to Roberts and Kitchener to forward them supplies provided 'I have full power and no one to interfere with me. . . . Reply sharp as otherwise I am going to Cape Town.'

Apparently, and perhaps unfortunately, they were not prepared to give the conduct of the war over to Rhodes' hands. He spent another two years waiting for his death, now in

Cape Town, now in Belwaze, now in London. In London they said he might live a little longer if he would rest. But he refused to rest. In a flood of passion he suddenly rushed back to Cape Town to give the evidence about the forged will.

He found he could not breathe in his cabin, and a bed was made for him on a table in the chart-room. All the portholes were left open for air and he caught a cold. There was a storm, and he was thrown from his table and so injured that for days he could not move. He knew he was dying. He spoke of the days even to come when he would not be there, of the things to be done in which he would have no part. He hoped for peace with the Dutch. 'They are a fine people, and you must work with them. We have to work together.'

II

The people who saw him on his return from Cape Town were more than moved, they were shocked to speechlessness. He was repulsively blained, with wild grey hair, heavy staining eyes that asked those terrible questions the mouths of the dying dare not utter, the shape of his face lost in its swelling, his skin a livid purple.

He could not live in Grote Schuur, it was too hot that February. He walked up and down the rooms as he had done after the Raid, and gaped at windows for air.

They took him to a little ivy-roofed cottage at Molenberg, and tore a hole in a side of it that he might get air. In bed he gave the evidence about the forgery.

He had come back to Cape Town in winter fury. But what now did he care for twenty-nine thousand pounds or Polish prisoners or scandals or the men who hovered about him or the crowds waiting in the road outside for news of his death. He had compared himself, after the Raid, with Job. He might have said now, in the words of Ecclesiastes:

'I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards:

"I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in groves of all kind of fruits :

"I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees :

"... I had great possessions of great and small cattle, . . .

"I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of kings and of the provinces : . . .

"So I was great. . . . And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy : for my heart rejoiced in all my labour : and this was my portion of all my labour.

"Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do : and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. . . ."

Rhodes had millions. He was the great Empire-maker, the great Energy, the Colossus. But now he needed a little air and could not get it.

They say his last words were : "So much to do, so little done." But, in fact, his last words were more simply human, more poignant, than these. He said to one of his secretaries : "Turn me over, Jack."

Eight men and no women were with him at his death. He was unconscious when a cabigram came from Hofmeyr saying : "God be with you."

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"I admire the grandeur and loneliness of the Maropos," says his last Will, "and therefore I desire to be buried in the Maropos on the hill which I used to visit and which I called the "View of the World." In a square to be cut in the rock on the top of the hill covered with a plain brass plate with these words thereon :—"Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes."

To this hill, then, his body was taken. It was covered with an old Union Jack from Groote Schuur and escorted by Mounted Police to the House of Parliament. Here it lay for

a day and a night. 'Know ye not,' said the Archbishop of Cape Town in his funeral sermon, 'that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?'

From Cape Town, in a new train Rhodes had ordered that travelling might be made pleasant to his North—on the maiden trip of this train Rhodes' body was carried to Rhodesia. The train was draped in black and purple. The carriage in which the coffin rested was the old de Beers special car he had always used. The coffin was covered with wreaths brought by people to the wayside stations. Two troops of the Cape Police stood on guard with arms reversed. At stations and sidings bugles sounded the Last Post. A pilot engine preceded the train to Mafeking, but from Mafeking an armoured train escorted the funeral train and searchlights raked the country, for it was still war.

The body of Rhodes passed along the path of his spirit: from Cape Town where he had ruled, through the Western Province of his vineyards, to Kimberley that had begotten his dreams and his wealth, along his own railway in Bechuanaland, through the country of his name, to the hills where he had made peace with the sons of Mosellekane.

A gun-carriage, drawn by twelve oxen, carried the coffin up the black slope of his hill. It was lowered with chains into the rock. The hill was swarming with the Matabele he had won and betrayed and won again and succoured. 'Our father is dead!' they cried, and gave him, alone of white men before or since, the regal salute of 'Bayete!'

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1853

Rhodes is born at Bishop's Stortford on July 24th. In 1853 also are born his most intimate associates, Jameson and Deit. The South African Republic has received its independence a year before Rhodes' birth, and the Orange Free State gets it a year after.

1861

Rhodes goes to school at Bishop's Stortford.

1870

He is found to have a tubercular tendency, and is sent to join his brother Herbert in Natal. In this year diamonds, discovered in South Africa two years before, appear in large quantities at Kimberley.

1871

Rhodes follows Herbert to Kimberley.

1872

He has heart trouble, and spends eight months on the veld with Herbert.

1873

Rhodes, already on the way to wealth, matriculates at Oxford.

1874

His lung trouble resuming itself, he returns to Kimberley.

1876-1878

He keeps terms at Oxford.

1877

Inspired by Ruskin's Inaugural Lecture at Oxford, he makes his first will.

1880

He founds the de Beers Mining Company, and is elected a Member of the Cape Parliament.

1881

Shortly after the Battle of Majuba he enters Parliament, his maiden speech concerns the disarmament of Basutoland, and he takes his pass degree at Oxford.

1882

There are established in Bechuanaland the Beor Republics of Stellaland and Goshen. Rhodes goes to examine the position in Bechuanaland and then visits Goshen. He makes his signed will.

1883

Rhodes visits Stellaland, becomes inspired with thoughts of the North, and sees in the two new Beor Republics a hindrance to Northward progress.

1884

Basutoland is transferred to Imperial control. Rhodes becomes, for a few weeks, Treasurer of the Cape. He visits Bechuanaland on a delimitation commission, falls out with the missionary Maclean, and is hostile to all missionaries. He becomes aware that other European countries are rushing down Africa and towards Bechuanaland, and asks that General Warren be sent to occupy the country.

1885

Rhodes meets Kruger for the first time in the company of Wagon and Maclean, and makes a bad impression on Kruger. Southern Bechuanaland becomes a Crown Colony. Northern Bechuanaland becomes a British Protectorate. Rhodes attacks Warren in Parliament. He finds Marshall, over the Bechuanaland business, more in sympathy with the Cape Dutch leader Hofmeyr than with British soldiers and missionaries, and his association with Hofmeyr begins.

1887

Gold having been discovered on the Witwatersrand in the previous year, and Johannesburg founded, Rhodes establishes his *Cecil Rhodes Company*.

1888

Rhodes expresses the value of the North as the Cape Government, Sir Hercules Robinson, and the Moffat treaty is made with Lobengula, King of the Mashike. Rhodes sends his partner Rudd to get a mining concession from Lobengula over all his territories. He monopolises all the diamond mines of Kimberley, and founds the de Beers Consolidated Mines Company. He makes his third will.

1889

Rhodes donates £10,000 to the Irish Party. . . . He is granted a mining, trading and administrative charter over Lobengula's dominions and the British South Africa Company, called the *Chartered Company*, makes its triumphant appearance.

1890

Rhodes takes office as Prime Minister of the Cape. His plans are plant their flag in Mashonaland. He demands that the Cape railway go north instead of east. He acquires concessions over Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, and makes an attempt on Gambia. He is locked in England.

1891

He sends Jameson as administrator to Mashonaland; establishes stability in the Cape with his Bank Act; obtains "anonymous subscriptions" for a university at the Cape; scotches a Dutch republic in Matabeleland; negotiates with Kruger, who tells him that ill-gotten gains are accused, to take Lourenço Marques from the Portuguese; wants Pondoland annexed to the Cape; offers to run Bechuanaland for England if England will give him £20,000 a year; arranges to connect the Cape railway through the Free State with Johannesburg; begins to build railways in his new territories; obtains Imperial sanction to his further territories; talks waffle to the British government; attempts to link himself

for Imperial purposes with other British colonies ; donates £1,000 to the British Liberal party ; buys the Lyppert Land Concession over Lo bangula's Concession ; visits his North. The year 1892 is the apex of Rhodes' life. At the end of the year he lifts again a horse, he also has influenza, his heart begins to trouble him again, and he feels beforehand that his life is to be short and he must hurry. He makes his fourth will.

1893

He begins to build his house, Groote Schuur. Assisted by Hofmeyr, and Hulsewyl's followers, the Afrikaner Bond, he passes the Franchise and Ballot Act—and-native in readiness. He meets his Chartered Shareholders in England for the first time and entrances them. He talks to Stead, a new friend, about world-domination by Bond men. He passes his Imperial and tariff views on Gladstone, and demands the British extension of Uganda, in which Bousbury supports him. . . . In Johannesburg there is trouble between Kruger and his non-Dutch citizens, the Uitlanders, and the Uitlanders form their National Union.

1894

Certain of Rhodes' more ardent Ministers refuse to serve him, because he will not appoint a fourth minister, not so ardent, and he forms a new Cabinet. In Matabeleland, for the sake of economy, Jameson is running the country on his, instead of seven hundred police. At Fort Victoria there is trouble between the Matabele and the Chartered Company, Lo bangula is still in authority over Matabeleland ; a war, begun far by the Matabeleland Europeans, results, and Matabeleland is taken. Rhodes makes his fifth will.

1895

Rhodes goes to Egypt, the Paramount Chief of the Eastern Peoples, in his place, and answers to the Cape both Eastern and Western Parliament. The British, as he desires, proclaim a Protectorate over Uganda—Uganda is on his way to Egypt. He passes the Glen Grey Act, which is his solution of the Native Problem. It appears that the Witwatersrand gold reef does not extend, as was hoped, to either Matabeleland or Matabeleland, Jameson and Rhodes encourage dissension among the Uitlanders.

1895

warfare is granted a Privy Council. Togoaland is annexed to the Cape. Chamberlain becomes, officially, Rhodesia. Kruger fails to stop the entry of British goods into the Transvaal, and there is almost a war with England. On December 24th James sails the Transvaal. Rhodes has assisted his preparations.

1896

On January 1st James re-enters to the Boma. Bulwage and his *Afrikaner* Bond turn against Rhodes. Hangerforth his nephew comes from the Orange. He resigns as Prime Minister of the Cape and Managing Director of the Chartered Company. The Matabele rise. He enters among them in the Maseppos, wins their confidence, and makes with them an enduring peace. He chooses his burial place near Mankwato in the Maseppos.

1897

He answers before Cape and British Commission of Inquiry for his participation in the Jameson Raid. His railway reaches, amid Imperial celebrations, Bulwage.

1898

Rhodes is returned to his position on the Chartered Company. He leads the newly formed Progressive (Orange) Party to his last election at the Cape. He preaches Union and his Faith.

1899

Rhodes and the Kaiser charm one another. He gets a telegraph agreement from the Kaiser. He is honoured with the D.C.L. Degree at Oxford. The South African War breaks out, and Rhodes, much to their discomfort, insists on joining the citizens of Kimberley a day before its siege. He falls out with the military authorities. He offers the natives Equal Rights. The Rhodes Scholarships (including now five to be allocated by the Kaiser) are the feature of Rhodes' death and last will.

1900

Kimberley is relieved. Rhodes' heart is now disused beyond hope.

1891

The Transvaal and Orange Free States are proclaimed British.

1892

On March 25th, two months before the end of the Boer War, Rhodes dies at the Cape, and his body is taken by train to his tomb in the Masopos.

SOURCES

There are a number of men living who knew Rhodes and worked with or against him. Many of these have frankly and generously searched their memories or notes for the sake of this book, and their testimony is beyond question. Since, however, some of them do not wish their names mentioned, it has been thought best to identify only published authorities and to class all personal information under the title "private source."

The speeches collected by Fiske are the storehouse in which most of Rhodes' sayings have quoted were found. One could not describe the *Jameson Raid* without Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's *Transvaal from Within*. The account to which exploration has been lightened through the guidance of Messrs. Walter, Williams, Hadeney, Hyatt, Colvin, Hale, and John Harris may be judged by the number of times their names are given as references; and Rhodes' experiences in the *Masopon* are largely drawn from the material in the books of Sir J. G. McDonald and Mr. Von Sont.

Published works on Rhodes should: lives and impressions and newspaper articles beyond count. He is the hero of several novels. He figures in practically every book concerning the South Africa of the eighteen eighties, the eighteen nineties and the early years of the twentieth century, and often in the books dealing with the English public life of his period. He is the dominant figure in South African histories. Government Blue-books of his time are full of him. Many of these authorities have been consulted—if not for facts, then for background or comparison, and also the lives of other Empire-builders—can scarcely be English. More might have been consulted but for the unconscious that too rich a harvest shaken as regions, and that there comes a time when one must be getting along. Only those works on which this book directly depends are named below. These are:

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